# FORUM

*The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.*

**HENRY GODDARD LEACH,** ***Editor***

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

## Editorial FOREWORD

ARE YOU, a white American, in your daily behavior influenced by your negro fellow-American? Are you likewise inadvertently subject to the influence of the half-forgotten red-skin on the sites of whose wigwams we are building our skyscrapers? The leading article in this issue presents an interesting answer to these questions.

SOME MONTHS ago a South-African, a white man, came to my office to discuss the race question. Many South-Africans are traveling in this country on that mission, for their problem is even more difficult than ours. I invited to meet him a gifted negro poet, James Weldon Johnson. The conversation turned to jazz, and Mr. Johnson maintained that the negro has contributed more than is obvious on the surface to American musical composition.

AFTER THAT meeting I wrote to Zurich and put the question of negro influence on our æsthetic life up to the Swiss psychologist, Professor Carl G. Jung. His answer in this FORUM expresses the belief that the negro is influencing not only the white man's art but his behavior. The force of the negro contribution is not biologic but by association. The negro contributes his artistic sensitiveness, his restlessness, his gaiety.

THE REDMAN, too, Professor Jung believes, is possessing our national soul. Witness our secret societies, our terraced architecture. "Without conscious imitation America instinctively molds herself to the spectral outlines of the Redman's mind and temperament."

CLIMATE, I think, in the long run may exercise a greater power in shaping national traits than heredity. The climatologists claim that the violent changes of temperature on our Atlantic seaboard, while they bring us temporary discomfort, cold, and vexation, develop resourcefulness, variety, energy, cheerfulness. The

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# FORUM

## Next Month

### THESE RUSSIANS

*William C. White*

The first of several articles telling how life is actually being lived among the Bolsheviks, by an American student who has spent three years in Communist Russia. We have had information a-plenty about the new political and economic system of the USSR, but until now no one has told us how the Russian Revolution has affected various classes of human beings very much like ourselves in their everyday adventures of living. Mr. White's first article is about the Moscow housewife and her daily battles with breadlines, crowded living conditions, and the new system of marriage and divorce.

### SHOULD PREACHERS PLAY POLITICS?

*Bishop James Cannon, Jr., vs. Heywood Broun*

A hot debate in which the Methodist Bishop of Virginia defends his belief that the modern minister is the prophet of a new social order, while Columnist Broun issues a spirited and witty challenge to American freedmen to overthrow the new theocracy.

### THE CRITICAL CIRCUS

*George Jean Nathan*

A running commentary upon the inanities, dogmas, and pomposities of the great and near-great. An exhibit of super-Americana.

### WHY BE GOOD?

*James Truslow Adams*

At a time when the old moral codes seem to be breaking down, the greatest problem of our generation is to discover new sanctions for good behavior. To this all-important task Mr. Adams addresses himself in this article — the ninth in THE FORUM's series of living philosophies. And he finds plenty of sound reasons for being good without leaning upon scripture. Says he: "There has been a Something in the universe which has developed a moral sense out of emotion in the same way that it has developed stars out of nebulæ."

### POLYGAMOUS WOMEN

*V. F. Calverton*

"Love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." Mr. Calverton gives a new interpretation of this old saying by presenting a startling array of scientific evidence to prove that women are polygamous *by nature.*

### THE HUMAN CRUCIBLE

*Bernard Jaffe*

The Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge was won by a Brooklyn schoolmaster. This is the first installment of the $7,500 prize book. The late Edwin E. Slosson read Mr. Chaffe's manuscript just before his death and pronounced it "quite as good a piece of work as Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters.*" It is a biography of the world's greatest chemists, from the early alchemists down to Langmuir and the Curies — a romance built upon the thesis that the patient heroism of the laboratory transcends the more spectacular heroism of the battle field.

### LET'S WORK IN THE COUNTRY

*Stuart Chase*

The city dweller, almost suffocated by mobs and machinery, turns envious eyes on the country and wishes he could live and work far from the madding crowd. And now the brilliant prophet of our economic scene lends him hope by forecasting the break-up of cities. With the development of high-tension lines to carry electrical power over long distances, he sees factories deserting Megalopolis for Main Street, with the workers following to their vine-covered cottages.

## FOREWORD

*Continued*

tropical dweller in our midst is susceptible and exhibits in an exaggerated degree the effects of the peculiar stimuli of our climate. We wake from disturbed dreams to hear the black man's whistle in the morning. He seemingly has to keep smiling and to begin the day's work with a laugh. One of our negro poets once wrote a couplet somewhat like this: "Though I wake all the night and weep in the dark, I shall rise in the morning to sing with the lark!"

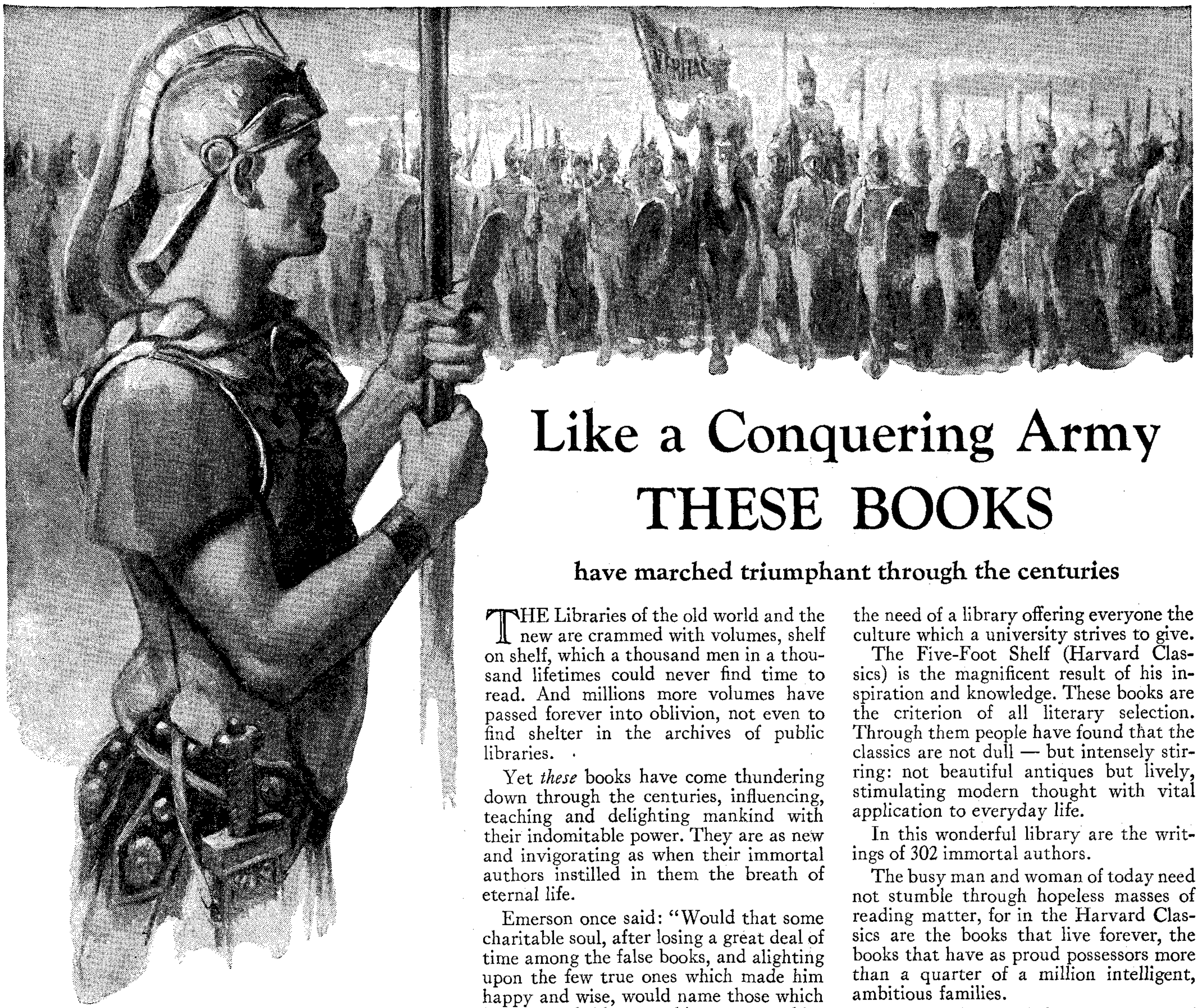
AMONG the suicides you have known or read about, did you ever hear of a negro who committed suicide? A negro porter, when asked, "Why don't negroes commit suicide?" gave the following explanation: "Well, you see, it's this way. When a white man gits worried he thinks and thinks, and then he thinks some more, and then things look black, and he goes and he shoots himself. But the colored man he sits down, and he thinks and thinks, and then he just thinks some more, and then he falls sound asleep."

THE FORUM this month probes into a lot of other ideas which, I believe, every serious-minded household is discussing. In his countribution to our Credo series, Sir Arthur Keith, the British anatomist, asks bravely some of those questions the young people of to-day are asking about the meaning of life, and answers them bravely too. Although as candid as Theodore Dreiser, Sir Arthur is able to offer comfort where our American novelist found none.

WHO ARE the people who, with you, are reading THE FORUM? Among FORUM readers is an engineer who sometimes amuses himself on week-ends making tests to see who is reading THE FORUM. As a class he finds busy executives among our most zealous subscribers. When he makes up batting averages he finds that the majority of FORUM readers group under the heading of "creative" minds.

TO BE perfectly honest, THE FORUM is edited for one person — not the Editor, nor the celebrated "man in the street," nor the highbrow among his books, but for the potential builder of ideas, the man who enjoys straight thinking and generous give-and-take in argument, who is courageous enough to face issues and sufficiently broadminded to admit facts. We believe that there should be a medium for the free expression of all important ideas in order to develop a national intelligence on contemporary problems. We are striving to make THE FORUM for you and for all virile minded people who, though they may be iconoclasts, at the same time confidently believe in progress.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH



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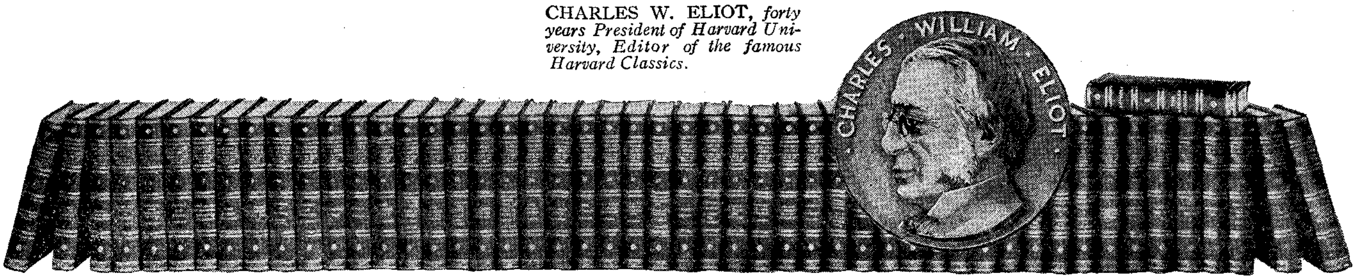

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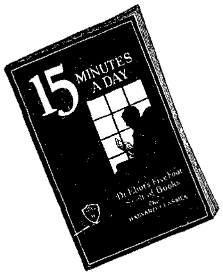

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*They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.* — KEATS

# Reviews by

**GRANVILLE HICKS**
**JOHN CHAMBERLAIN**
**IRWIN EDMAN**
**T. S. MATTHEWS**

## Primer to Religion

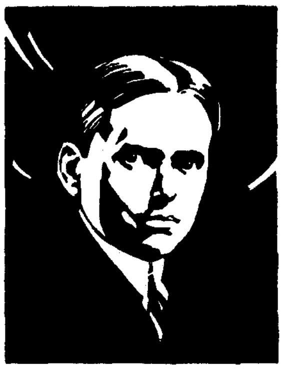
TREATISE ON THE GODS, by H. L. Mencken; Knopf, $2.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

MR. MENCKEN has written what I regard as the best popular account we have of the origin and nature of religion. He has written, of course, as a skeptic, but as a tolerant and not utterly unsympathetic skeptic. That his account is reasonably authoritative, his discriminating and shrewdly critical bibliography is excellent evidence. He has read widely and intelligently, and his clearly defined attitude toward religion has enabled him to organize coherently the facts he has amassed.

The merits of *Treatise on the Gods* appear most clearly when one compares it with the works of bellicose atheists and self-styled freethinkers. Mencken, for example, makes no use of those scriptural inconsistencies with which ten generations of skeptics have sought to pulverize the rock of ages; instead, he gives a brief summary of scholarly theories of the origins of the Hexateuch. In the same way, he states the more conservative opinions as to the dates of the gospels, dwells but lightly on the absurdities of the early theological controversies, and refers only casually to the evils which organized religion has wrought. In short, he is aware that there is no need to exaggerate the case against religion. He escapes the traditional puerilities because his argument rests on solid ground: he believes, not that religion has been proved untrue, but that it has been shown to be unnecessary.

Mencken has, I believe, done his best piece of work since *The American Language*, and it indicates how grossly — to employ the old but apt jest — the rumors of his demise have been exaggerated. Compare the urbane, orderly, and discriminating progress of *Treatise on the Gods* with the ill-tempered, inconsequential, and illogical development of *Notes on Democracy*, and you have some measure of the difference between Mencken's best and his second-best. His vocabulary is as glittering as ever; more glittering, in fact, for he has omitted many of those words and phrases which his own constant use has dulled. His exposition is straightforward, and his argument consists of something more than adjectives.

Excellent as the book is, however, one is forced to ask for whom Mencken has written it. And the answer is, inevitably, for those sections of the booboisie for whom he edits the *Mercury*. Mencken is better read in the field of religion than the average intelligent man, but the average intelligent man usually knows the essential facts, and he has either reached Mencken's conclusions long since or, after careful examination, has rejected them on grounds which he regards as adequate. If he is interested in religion at all, it is because he would like to find in the experiences of the more reflective men of religion human values which can have meaning for him. In such a quest *Treatise on the Gods* renders no aid. Mencken writes soundly and accurately on the religion of the masses; but he has nothing to say about the religion of an Augustine, a Francis, or an Aquinas, and that is the kind of religion that might, if it were properly interpreted, interest us.


H. L. MENCKEN

Mencken's nostalgia for the eighteenth century is significant; he is not, fundamentally, of our time. He represents the eighteenth century virtues: skepticism, aristocracy, the code of a gentleman. His efforts to promote the cultivation of these virtues are praiseworthy; but some of us have already thought about them and decided — without finding it necessary to turn to the Church — that they are not enough. We are trying to find out what is enough, and, though Mencken can give us an hour or two of diversion, he cannot aid us materially in our search.

## Troubled Love

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS, by Thornton Wilder; Boni, $2.50.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

THORNTON WILDER is one of a group of really interesting younger generation American writers that includes the variegated talents of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Glenway Wescott, Thomas Wolfe, and Ernest Hemingway, a group whose bond is a common self-respect as artists. Wilder seems the least important of the number, not because his standards are lower, but because he has less creative vigor than the rest. Of his style only a word need be said: the popularity of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* has acquainted thousands with his ability to perfect a sentence, a paragraph. His delicate perfection has, however, a drawback: one gets the impression that the pressure of life is low enough in his work to permit of concentration on the means of literature at the expense of the ends. Wilder has called style a "faintly contemptible vessel" that is useful in carrying a "notation of the heart"; but one knows that he doesn't believe it is contemptible. For he is first of all a stylist.

His "notation," moreover, is that of one who has pondered much on the ways of the heart, and experienced few of these ways. His people are all frustrated, not in the way Captain Ahab is frustrated — after a tremendous battle — but frustrated without putting on much pressure

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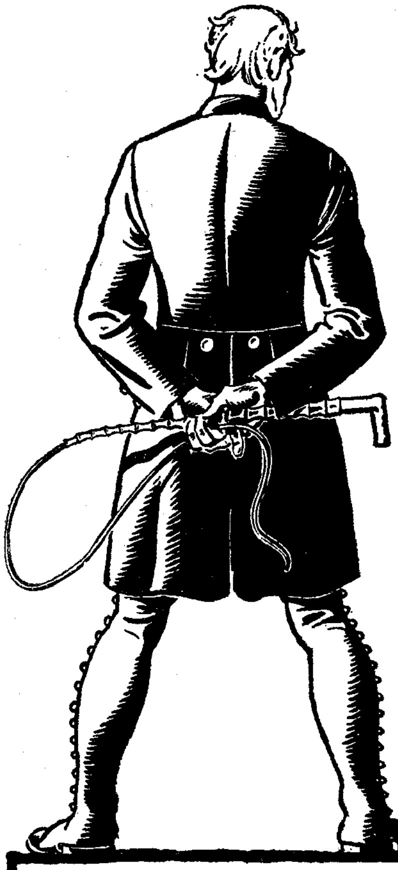

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to break through their battlements. The lack of wildness in the relationships of his people leads to the perfection of form, a perfection that comes the more easily (is it invidious to say it?) because he turns his back on the sprawling modern world for one that is classic, one from which Time has winnowed the inessentials.

In spite of taking refuge in the past, however, Wilder does take hold on the emotions. In *The Woman of Andros*, which is based, in part, on a comedy of Terence, we have a universal theme reduced to its essentials, the theme of young love straining against restrictions imposed by conventions of home and tradition. We have a counter-theme, that of Chrysis, a member of the Greek hetairae, whose life has been led beyond the confines of stability, and who now yearns for what she has missed. It is the sister of Chrysis, an innocent child, who causes the complications. Loving Pamphilus, the son of Simo, she comes into conflict with the love of Chrysis for the same boy, and into conflict with the Greek's idea of marriage for the sake of family.

The trouble on the Aegean island of Brynos is perfectly eternal in all its connotations. We accept the story gratefully. But a gesture that goes with it, a gesture toward Palestine and the preparation of its "precious burden," which is used to frame the narrative, cannot be accepted. If Wilder means that Pamphilus, who had "a little of the priest" in him, was a forerunner of Christ, he has not made himself clear. For if the spirit of Christian love came into the world with Pamphilus, Simo, and Chrysis (all of them forgiving and suffering souls), we must take it on trust: Wilder has established no point of reference in back of the time of the action of *The Woman of Andros* to balance the point of reference of the Nativity. Kenneth Burke has objected that a "superficial coquetting with the mystic" marred *The Bridge*. That was hardly true (after all, Fate arranges accidents strange enough to evoke any amount of cosmic speculation), but it is an objection that should be urged against *The Woman of Andros*. As it stands, Wilder's gesture toward Christianity seems too dependent on hindsight. It is not organically a part of his story.

## Mental Ills

THE HUMAN MIND, by Karl A. Menninger; Knopf, $5.00.
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

IT WAS A happy idea of Dr. Menninger to do for the ills — and cures — of the mind, what Dr. Logan Clendenning did last year for the ills and

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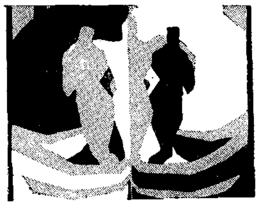

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## Books

cures of the body. It may be said at the outset that he has done a more difficult job almost as well. For one thing, he has managed to write about mental ills with the same sunny and humorous humanity that his friend did about physical ailments. One can read this book without in the least feeling that one is headed for nervous collapse or a hospital for mental diseases. There does not exist, at least not to the knowledge of this reviewer, a book that with less pretense and more intelligibility tells more of just what the layman would and should know about the ills which mortal mind is heir to.

One could wish, it is true, for a little less breeziness, and a little more organization. Dr. Menninger remarks in the preface that one cannot stop living to write a book, and he had perforce, therefore, to write in fits and starts, in freight train cabooses, in the lounge of the Twentieth Century, in hospitals and in farmhouses by oil-lamps. Considering all the distractions he lists, it is surprising that the book is as well organized as it is. And as for the breeziness, it is perhaps preferable to mumbo-jumbo. Dr. Menninger is out frankly to "sell" the idea of psychiatry to the general public, including the general practitioner, and no book could make more emphatic the importance of the treatment of mental disease, nor make more engagingly clear what a light the treatment of mental disease throws over the whole economy of human interests.

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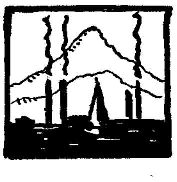

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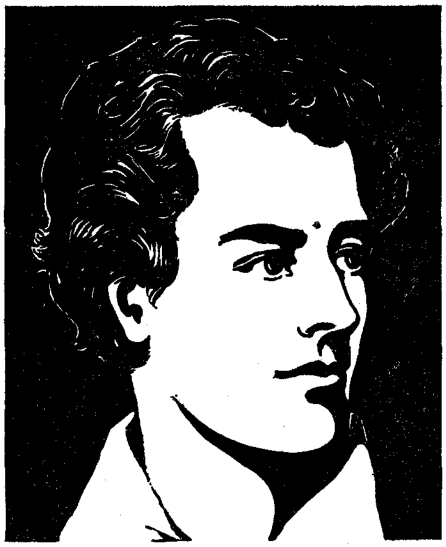

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# Books

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## Here Be Giants

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; Viking, $2.50.
Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

MOST READERS of Miss Roberts' latest book will come to it prejudiced in its favor. The author has already proved herself one of the half-dozen women writing in America to-day who take their work with that serious painstakingness which a misguided man once defined as genius. And the reader's favorable prejudice will be intensified by the first few words of Miss Roberts' story — in fact, as soon as he discovers that she is writing about our Heroic Age. *The Great Meadow* begins in 1774. That there were giants in those days is one of the pleasant American myths which every schoolboy knows, and the myth is made to seem increasingly authentic as we read Miss Roberts' circumstantial saga.

Diony Hall was the eldest daughter of a pioneer family settled in western Pennsylvania. The Halls' neighbors were few and far, but they no longer considered themselves frontiersmen. To these scattered plantations came now and then a traveler from the West, bringing tales of a wonderful land called Kentuck, flowing with milk and honey; some hardy souls, and notably one Dan'l Boone, had explored the whole of this new land, and had even made a faintly marked trail to it over the mountains, known as Boone's Trace. Young Berk Jarvis took fire from these tales, and went to see the new country for himself: after a long time he came back, more enthusiastic than ever. He wanted Diony to marry him and go to live in Kentuck. On account of the war with England, there was no Church of England parson to be had for the wedding, so they were married by the traveling Methodist preacher, after some misgivings about the legality of such a sanction. The journey to Kentuck, to the outpost called Harrod's Fort, took them nearly two months of slow, struggling travel.

Once settled in the fort, they found Kentuck all that had been claimed for it, but the woods swarmed with hostile Indians, and it was never safe to venture far from the fort's stockade. Once Diony and her mother-in-law, Elvira Jarvis, wandered to an outlying deserted cabin: they were attacked by Indians, Elvira killed and Diony left for dead. Diony recovered and bore Berk a son, but Berk had vowed vengeance for his mother, and went off with three comrades to raid the Shawnees. Months later, Muir, one of Berk's companions, struggled back to the fort. Three years went by with no word of Berk: finally Diony gave him up for dead and married Muir. One night two years later Berk reappeared. He had been captured by the Shawnees, tortured, and then sold to the English at Detroit. He had escaped, had been adopted by some friendly Indians, and had finally managed to make his way home. And now Diony has to choose between her two legally wedded husbands, both of them fathers of a child by her. Before Berk has finished his story, the reader knows how she will choose.

*The Great Meadow* is an effective piece of historical writing. It succeeds in conveying to us the sense of those terrific American distances of the 1780's, of the struggle for life, and the isolation of the struggle, which was the daily atmosphere of those western outposts. Even the dialect Miss Roberts' people speak — a compound of Scriptural English, eighteenth-century locutions, and hill-billy talk, all cemented together into a speech as highly literary as the language of Synge's Aran Islanders — even the dialect, which begins by striking us as quaintly plausible and ends by almost wearying us with its choral solemnity, is yet effective.

Miss Roberts has looked back at these pristine days through a telescope whose lens is powerful, whose aim is searching; perhaps the intensity of her gaze blinded her to the fact that she was looking, not at Whitman pioneers three sizes too big for life, but at American men, American women.

## Books in Brief

PERHAPS the highest praise that can be given to Henry Handel Richardson's AUSTRALIA FELIX (Norton, $2.50) is to say that, in its way, it is equal to *Ultima Thule*. Its way is, of course, as it has to be, different. Being the opening volume of a trilogy, it naturally has a slower movement: the setting must be fixed, the characters introduced, the mood established, and the seeds which will prove such bitter fruit in *Ultima Thule* must be planted. All this takes time, and some of it may seem boring in comparison with the crises which mark the later lives of Richard and Mary Mahony. However, there is no waste material here; the author has her goal clearly in mind. One begins to realize that the spring pub-

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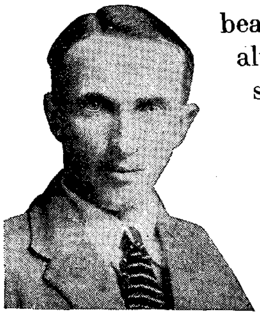

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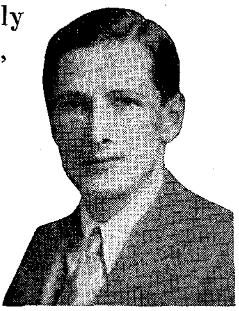

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## Books in Brief

lication of *The Way Home*, an event to be eagerly anticipated, will complete a trilogy which, if one may judge by the first and last volumes, deserves, as much as any modern work deserves, the term "epic."

NO MATTER what else a man may have written, he somehow feels that when he undertakes to do a book of informal essays he must of necessity step out of his usual character and emerge as the spirit of Puck, or Christopher Robin, incarnate. Philip Guedalla has almost — not entirely, but almost — overcome this ghastly tradition, and the touches of elfin whimsy in THE MISSING MUSE (Harper, $2.50) are agreeably rare. For the most part the collection is made up of the customary Guedalla ingredients (and good ones) of style, wit, a ruthless cleverness, and more knowledge of human weakness than any author possessing so many other gifts deserves. Of the better pieces — and even the poorest of them is amusing in comparison with the usual run of such things — "The Night Out" and "The Modern Man," both very short, are the most entertaining.

ANCIENT, and apparently imperishable, the Ladies Athaliah, Cleone, Bernice, and Damaris batten greedily on the great. They delight in entertaining at Pagnell Bois people who are, in one way or another, important and distinguished. Such people as Princess Rosencrantz-Guildenstern and Sir Lothar Marienwürmchen — whose names give a clue to the quality of Richard Oke's fantastic novel, FROLIC WIND (Brewer & Warren, $2.50). It is a quality hard to define — reminiscent of *South Wind* and *Chrome Yellow*, yet imitative of neither. Out of the antics of a super-civilized houseparty, which goes a little mad one hot, thunderous night, Mr. Oke has created high comedy. This is a witty book — excellent fare for those who enjoy the caviare and truffles of fiction.

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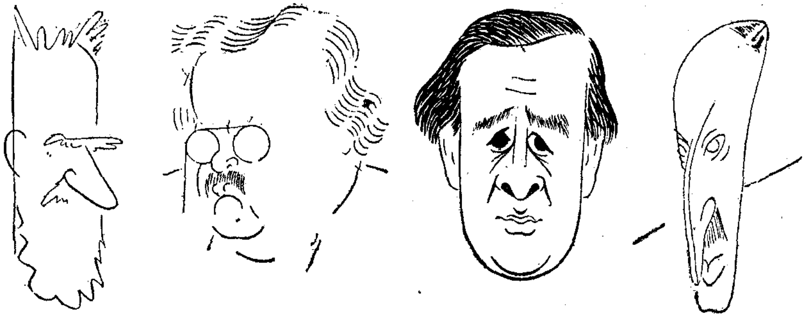

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## Books in Brief

start, Washington, who, with a rapidly disintegrating band of ragamuffins, was shouting "Independence!" And in so doing, the biographer has glorified Washington the more, painted him in natural colors, made him breathe, suffer, cry out against a people who failed to support him, and finally triumph with the aid of a French army and fleet and the delay of Clinton in forwarding reënforcements to Cornwallis. Many myths go the way of the cherry tree, but in their place grow hundreds of truths, infinitely more various and fascinating. Mr. Hughes deals in dramatic detail with the battles, and does justice to Charles Lee, Conway, Gates, and Benedict Arnold — usually considered beyond justice. His work is painstaking and thoroughly documented, and it attempts to prove nothing but the truth. Far from shattering an idol, Mr. Hughes has made Washington more interesting, pitiable, lovable, and admirable than any idol could ever be.

READERS of *Giants In the Earth* and *Peder Victorious* who turn to O. E. Rolvaag's newest novel, PURE GOLD (Harper, $2.50) will encounter the passion of avarice outlined in all its sordidness. From the idyllic atmosphere of a harvest-time courtship, the story passes with disconcerting swiftness to the awakening of greed in Lizzie Houglum through a chance, love-inspired act of her husband, Lewis, and then settles down to a realistic narration of the progressively mean and horrible course of lives so dominated. For Lizzie, only aversion can be felt; for Lewis, aversion and deep pity. Curiosity regarding the ultimate destination of the hoard accumulated through the years by the Houglums is sure to arise and, quite apart from its own power and interest, the book is worth reading simply to find the answer.

AS THOROUGHLY American as the Mississippi River, the buffalo, or the Burlington Railroad, John Dos Passos' THE FORTY-SECOND PARALLEL (Harper, $2.50) is bound to interest anyone who can recall such diverse things as "Rings On My Fingers And Bells On My Toes," John Altgeld, Villa and Carranza, Washington in the mad days of April, 1917, and "On the Banks of the Wabash." Here, in some four hundred pages, are twenty years in the history of the United States, and the lives of five people born on that swathe running across our country known as "the forty-second parallel." Here, too, is an excellent novel with enough vigor and spirit to satisfy the most adventurous, and with enough artistry and economy of structure to move even the lay reader to appreciation and admiration. To us it is Dos Passos' best book — far more sympathetic than

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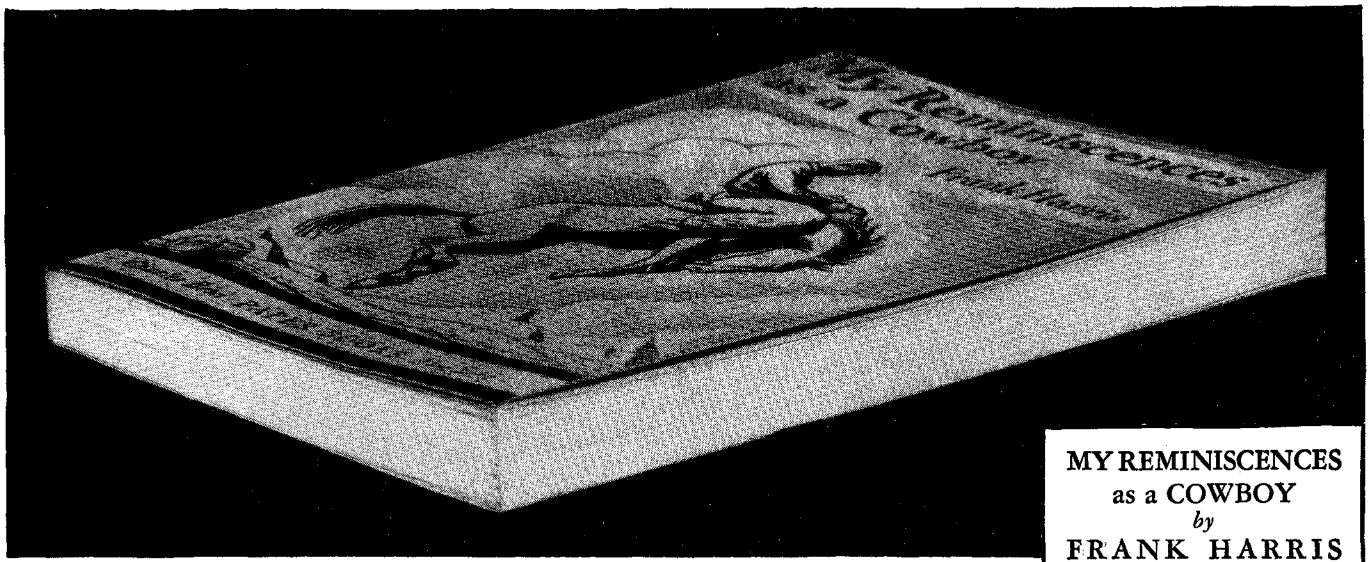

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# Books in Brief

*Three Soldiers*, and rid of the cheap melodrama that marred *Manhattan Transfer*. Taken only for the story itself or for the admirable understanding displayed by the author toward a huge, dissimilar, sprawling, and somehow wonderful nation, this is a book to be read.

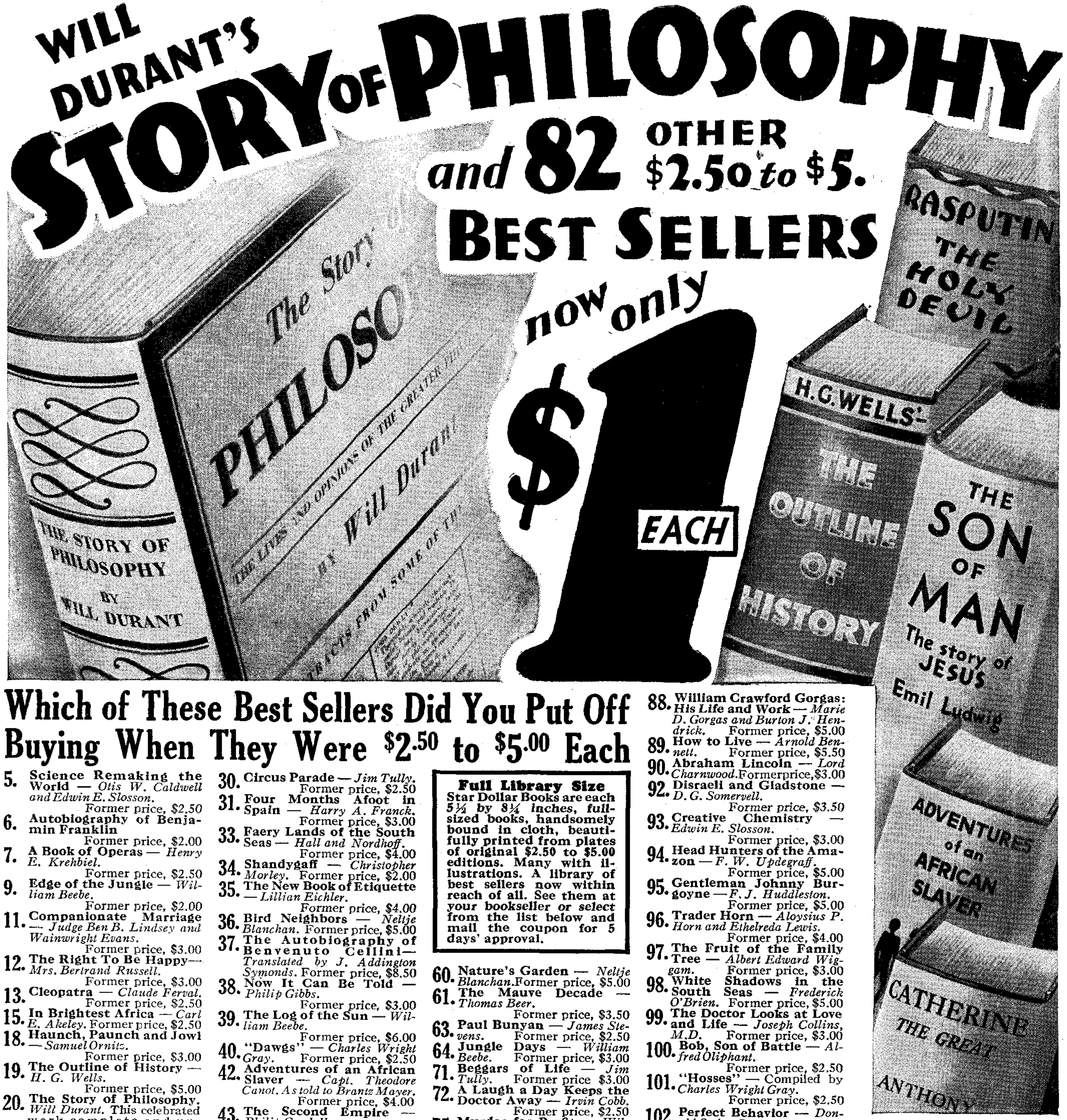
ALTHOUGH his biographer is a foreigner and treats him in the new manner, the LINCOLN of Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown, $5.00) is pretty much the same Lincoln that American eyes have long been accustomed to behold. From his childhood on the frontier to his death in a stranger's bed, he is a man of sorrows; a lonely heart, filled with compassion for human suffering; one of the plain people, and yet more — a figure of destiny, a demigod. Ludwig's method of presentation is supposed to enable the reader to "see" Lincoln and to "know" his thoughts. One is told that, as a child of six or seven, Lincoln "understands why his mother is inclined to sing slow and mournful songs"; that "he feels, with budding alarm, that his mother, too, must have hidden depths in her nature"; that a thought of this little boy, whose "total days in school do not amount to a full year," whose home was the backwoods, whose parents were illiterate, would take such a form as "Still, I should like to be able to read, and write, too, like Aunt." But these amazing revelations become fewer as the life proceeds; gradually, almost under the reader's eyes, the strange, emotionally unstable country lawyer becomes the wise and skillful statesman of history. And as its subject gains breadth and depth (the portion covering the period after the debates with Douglas is much superior to the first of the book) so, too, does Ludwig's work.

THE TALE of the good soldier SCHWEIK, by the Czech journalist Jaroslav Hasek (Doubleday Doran, $3.00) is a blessed antidote to other war books, for here the whole matter is treated with a hearty laugh. Moreover, beneath its satire on bureaucracy, hysterical patriotism, and army regulations is an inquiry into certain fundamental human relationships which cannot be dismissed as temporary. The domination of unscrupulous, malicious, wasteful, even stupid men will not be brought to an end by the discarding of armament. Schweik, being weak-minded, is registered officially unfit for peace-time military service, though not of course for war. His chief weakness is his extreme conscientiousness. He reasons a little — enough to bring wild confusion into the best-laid plans of his superiors; he is so passionately loyal as to render himself suspect; he has much practical experience, which he uses with rather too liberal a mind; and he has a store of anecdotes applicable to every occasion, stories on whose uniformly tragic turn he bases his cheerful fatalism. This equanimity, with his hearty good-will and off-hand kindliness, makes Schweik irresistibly appealing, his misfortunes bearable, and his adventures uproarious.

DRIVEN by the desperation of hopelessness, the fishermen of St. Barbara strike for better pay and decent working conditions. They starve for a while; some of them are killed; in the end the strike fails. Having accomplished nothing, they return dumbly and wearily to their old way of life. This is all that happens in THE REVOLT OF THE FISHERMAN, by Anna Seghers (Longmans, $2.00), as bitterly beautiful a book as has come out of Germany. Written with a clean, hard simplicity it has the veracity of deeply felt experience. Although its somber background is unfamiliar, it forces one ruthlessly to share that experience. Whatever one's prejudice against such themes, this small but singularly perfect book should not be missed.

AS MOST prospective readers will be bright enough to guess, MISS BARRETT'S ELOPEMENT (Holt, $2.50) is concerned with the romance of the Brownings. Forswearing the temptations of fictionized biography, C. Lenanton (or Carola Oman, if you prefer) has written a charming and carefully stylized novel which achieves as perfect a climax as any novelist could demand when Robert finally wrests his tremulous invalid from the ogre of her household — that typical stern parent of Victorian fiction, Mr. Barrett. Although she is inclined to make Elizabeth a bit too fluttering and drooping, Mrs. Lenanton's novel rings curiously true. Very skillfully she has woven fragments of the famous love letters into her dialogue, with a resulting gain of verisimilitude. That she has, indeed, taken few liberties with fact one may learn from a comparison of her book with ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, by Louise Schutz Boas (Longmans, $3.50). This new and rather pedestrian biography carries on the story as far as Elizabeth's death. Although accurate and readable enough, it does not even attempt to deal with Mrs. Browning as a poet — nor does it draw as clear-edged a portrait as Mrs. Lenanton's disarming novel.

IRONY lurks in the title of Alice Beal Parsons' second novel, JOHN MERRILL'S PLEASANT LIFE (Dutton, $2.50). When he comes to Pawlet, a gracious Hudson River town dominated by Thomas Castle, John Merrill is an impoverished young engineer, intelligent, imaginative, and finely fibred. Castle gives him his chance at success, and he takes it greedily in both hands. As the years pass, prosperity and a conventional marriage succeed in dulling the edge of his spirit until nothing is left but a grey-toned compla-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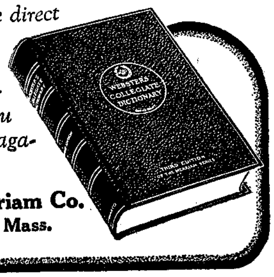

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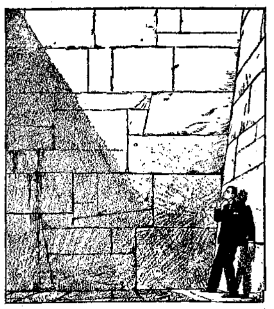

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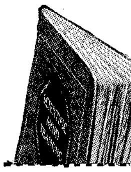

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## Books in Brief

cency. The quiet, sensuous beauty of Mrs. Parsons' writing, and the delicacy of her perceptions, invest this ancient theme with new, if somewhat fragile, life.

THE NAME of Richard Canfield, greatest of American gamblers, is chiefly associated nowadays with a rather decorous card game (which he never played). In the 'nineties he was a legend, a superman. To his incredibly luxurious establishment next to Delmonico's came millionaires who won and lost hundreds of thousands at faro or roulette. His gaming houses at Newport and Saratoga were run with equal lavishness. As told by Alexander Gardiner, the story of CANFIELD (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), though frequently verbose and repetitive, makes pretty absorbing reading. In addition to his portrait of the enigmatic man who turned art collector when the law became too much for him, Mr. Gardiner gives an excellent and valuable account of gambling and city graft in New York during the last three decades of the nineteenth century.

ADVENTURE and romance, with plenty of heroism and savory humor, fill the many pages of *Arundel*, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.) From a down-east village Steven Nason joins Benedict Arnold's ill-fated expedition against Quebec, partly out of friendship for the brilliant young commander, but chiefly to carry out his long-nursed project of rescuing his childhood sweetheart from the clutches of the haughty de Guerlac. The real interest of the intrigue comes from the combined weakness and strength of the young rebellion — the inefficiency, self-interest, and treachery and the frontier self-reliance and hardihood. Steven is a credible hero; Cap Huff is positively epic; the allied redmen are not too noble. The incidental consumption of cider by the gallon and lobsters by the dozen tallies with the feats of endurance, and the woodcraft is so fascinating that one is irresistibly tempted to take down the old rifle and set off on foot through the North Woods.

THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture would make no mistake in taking on as propaganda H. W. Freeman's new novel DOWN IN THE VALLEY (Holt, $2.50). It is a beautifully written plea for the back-to-the-soil movement, built around the flimsiest of plots. One cannot help comparing the influence of nature on man as exemplified in Powys' *Wolf Solent*, with this new novel by the author of *Joseph and His Brethren*. The comparison is not to Mr. Freeman's credit. Everard Mulliver, after his mother's death, reverts to the type of his ancestors several generations removed, sloughs off the veneer of society and takes up farming in a serious way. The serenity of the book is appealing — trust Mr. Freeman for that — but one gets a bit tired of Everard's constantly running his fingers through sheep's wool.

What should have been the most awesome of all war books — German Students' War Letters (Dutton, $3.00) — has attracted far less attention than it deserves. Its comparative failure, however, is more or less understandable. A collection of the letters of over a hundred young men, none of whom becomes at all individual, is, strange as it seems, somehow less personal, less appealing than the close-up views of the characters in *All Quiet* or *Sergeant Grischa*. Yet some of these letters are extremely touching — not those which talk of "the cause," (they are just as stupid as their American or English equivalents), but those in which the writer, sitting in the trenches, recalls the petty, trivial things of home.

Romance is not dead and life in the South Seas is all that it is cracked up to be, according to Henry Wysham Lanier, who tells the story of Victor Berge, Swedish sailor-adventurer-pearl diver-steeplejack in Pearl Diver (Doubleday, Doran, $4.00). Berge ran away to sea and was a sailor before the mast until he met a Chinaman who gave him a diving outfit and loaned him a lugger. Then with another Chinaman, a half-breed Mexican sailor, and a South Sea Islander, Berge set sail in search of pearls — and found them, too. His adventures make diverting reading and acquaint the reader with an unfamiliar part of the world — the bottom of the sea.

Of all the books on the Great War written in English, Retreat, by C. R. Benstead (Century, $2.50) is easily the most realistic. It bears to other war books the same relation that *Journey's End* bears to other war plays. Perhaps the publishers have already said as much; it is true, nevertheless. *Retreat* is the story of the disintegration of a man under the stress of war — a chaplain who joins Brigade Headquarters of a British artillery command just on the eve of the great retreat in 1917. Benstead portrays in masterly fashion the utterly different reactions of the men at the front and those at home. As a study of wartime psychology *Retreat* is an important contribution to the literature of the Great War.

In writing Richelieu (Lippincott, $5.00) Hilaire Belloc had an ax to grind. Subterraneously, he is a religious crusader. He deplores with mediæval intensity the spectacle of a modern Europe which has lost its unifying Catholic culture and has erected a new religion of nationalism. For initiating this condition Mr. Belloc holds Richelieu responsible. The object of his biography is not to paint a dramatic, full-length portrait of

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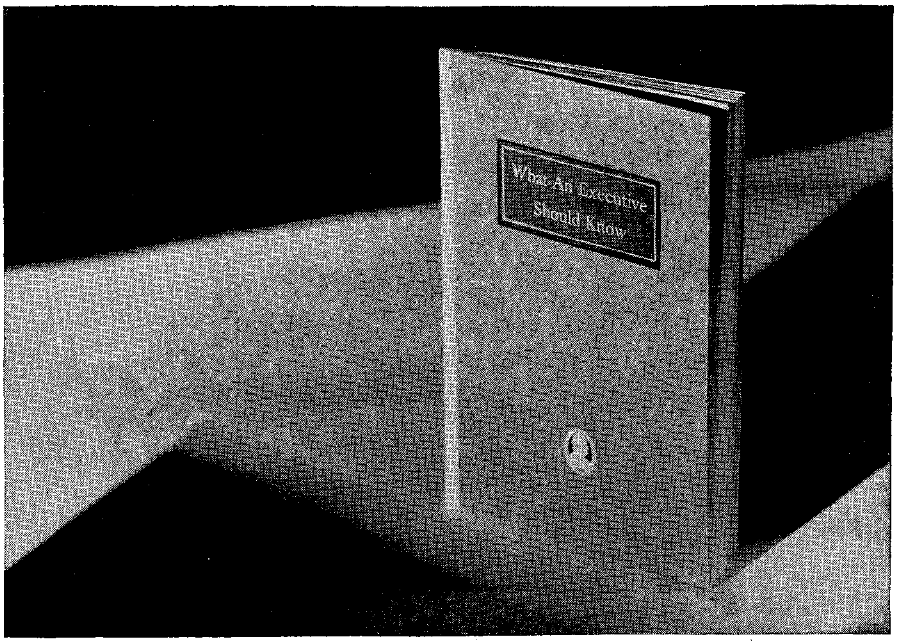

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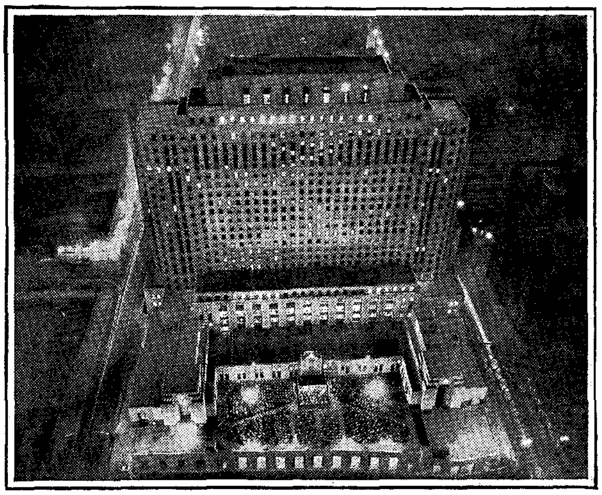

*A flashlight photograph of Daily News Plaza, Chicago, showing a typical crowd at the evening concerts conducted by The Chicago Daily News during 1929 to choose a leader for the Chicago Centennial Exposition band. Many famous conductors competed in this series and an average of 6,000 people attended each of the forty contests.*

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## Books in Brief

the great Cardinal. He is concerned primarily with an exposition of how Richelieu perpetuated the cleavage between Catholicism and Protestantism in the course of creating a highly organized modern state — of how, to build up the power of France, he thwarted the efforts of Austria and Spain to establish a united Catholic Europe. From Mr. Belloc's standpoint, the Cardinal wrought incalculable and far-reaching damage. Curiously enough, however, he is unable really to condemn Richelieu because he is so magnetized by the latter's statesmanship, his subtle and crafty intelligence, his driving will. Art triumphs over propaganda. Granted its special focus, Mr. Belloc has written an admirable biography — solid, compact, and readable, if somewhat lacking in the elements of the obviously picturesque.

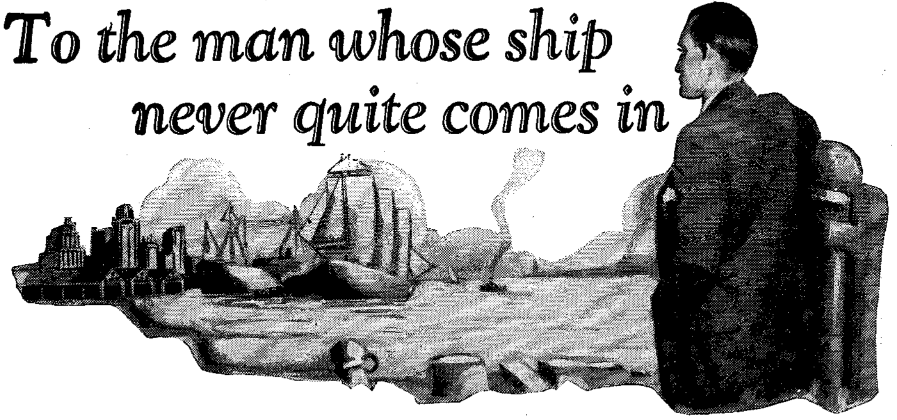
"IT IS A good thing to have a litany of shining names to say over to yourself for rainy days," says Robert P. Tristram Coffin in AN ATTIC ROOM, a series of essays on the jovial and beautiful in life (Doubleday, Doran $2.50). With this as a premise, he goes ahead to chant for us a song of charming and delightful days. To read of "Devon the Delectable" is to order passage on the next boat for England. There are picnics on the Maine coast with fish chowder, clam bakes, and castor oil. There are tumultuous crossings of the English Channel, and there are Mr. Coffin's own drawings to beguile you if the text doesn't — but it does. Charles S. Brooks and Robert Coffin have much in common in their quiet charm and humor, and each is far too little known.

IN SPITE of the fact that an analysis of the theme of FUGITIVE'S RETURN, Susan Glaspell's new novel (Stokes, $2.50) is not completely convincing, and in spite of the fact that the sentiment is occasionally a bit cloying, the novel as a whole is one of the finest we have read this fall. Irma Lee is an exquisitely drawn character. The story of her childhood, her poverty, her pride is done with an understanding and dignity psychologically true. It is only when one comes to her loss of speech, to her oracle-like powers in Greece that one becomes a bit skeptical. But even here the restraint, the charm, the beauty of Miss Glaspell's writing carry one over the skepticism to the serenity of the novel's conclusion.

THERE ARE plenty of stories about Lo, the poor Indian, and the white man's burden, but the majority are hysterical or banal. JOE PETE, by Florence McClinchey (Holt, $2.50), is neither. It is a simple, convincing, and in some ways tragic story of life among the Ojibway Indians of Northern Michigan. Little effort is made to emphasize the white man's betrayal of the red. Friendships are normal; toleration and understanding are the bases for co-existence. Joe Pete Shingoos, the central character, is one of the most appealing children in recent fiction. The story, however, is not for children. It is too elemental. Mable, the weak, despicable mother, Big John, the Indian, Jerry, the white man, and Vargatte, the French-Canadian trader are excellently-drawn characterizations, and the subtle influence of nature is well blended throughout. If at times sympathy becomes sentiment, Miss McClinchey may be excused because of her unquestioned knowledge of her subject.

Rachel Sanzara in The Lost Child (Longmans, Green, $2.50) develops a theme which requires simplicity of plot and character for its delineation — the mystery of evil. All adventitious motives, passions, incidents, are pruned away. The chief characters, two mothers, two fathers, the lost child, and the other child who is also lost, are quiet country people whose lives are governed by the constant necessity for hard work. They are strong, cheerful, honest, kindly, intelligent; not thinking too much for mental health nor sensitive to the point of getting on each other's nerves. Upon them circumstances bring a terrible affliction. The situation is the most poignant that can be imagined. The weight of it falls upon the strongest, the father of the lost child; he is almost overwhelmed, but recovering comes to understand by slow degrees the meaning of responsibility, the dependence of men upon one another for good or evil. The book is allegorical, but what gives it life as a story as well is the power with which the straightforward, well-paced series of events takes hold on the reader, and the reality of Christian's sufferings and his robustness, his great capacity for grief, joy, despair, forgiveness, even petulance, the lightly but clearly sketched figures of his dependents. The emotional force and the realism of detail are so great that one can pass over the incredible moments.

With the intellectual current setting strong to-day toward what is called New Humanism, it is natural and fitting that we glance backward at the man who is probably the greatest humanist of all time, in the sense that he speaks not only to the scholar but to every intelligent ear, possibly even to the man in the street. *Francis Rabelais, the Man and his Work* by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (Harper, $5.00) introduces us to him in the most gracious and charming manner. Mr. Nock's prose is the very best that is being written in our time — strong-flowing, smooth, buoyant, rippling with a cultivated humor. The conception of Rabelais which the book presents is closely reasoned, buttressed by an accurate imagination, the historical sense which is able to re-experience the past



To the man whose ship never quite comes in

"WHEN my ship comes in," you say—but your smile cannot hide the worry gnawing at your heart—

A fine sea-going vessel you thought that ship of yours when you launched it on the business ocean—

Yet the days and months and years slip by—and though others see their ships ride triumphantly to harbor, still you scan the horizon anxiously for a ship that never quite makes port.

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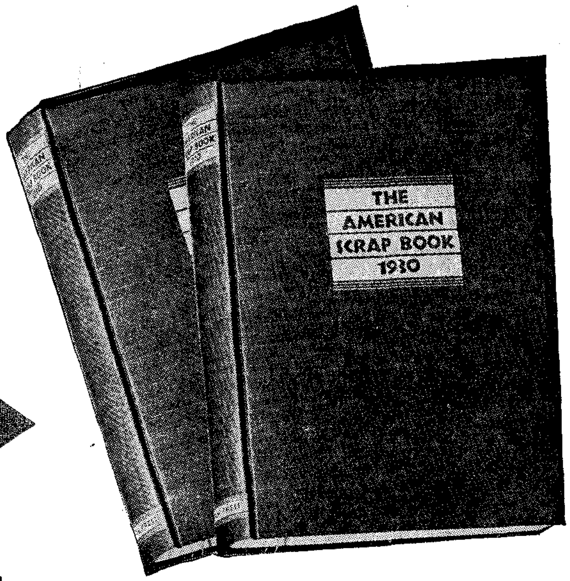

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NOT THE iconoclastic, trumpeteering manner of the "new" biography, but the grave conservatism of scholarship marks *Peter the Great*, by Stephen Graham (Simon & Schuster, $4.00). Peter the carpenter, working with his own hands in Holland and on the docks of Archangel, is a familiar figure of legend; the text-book hero is Peter the reformer, chopping off beards and deposing the Patriarch, and Peter the warrior, elbowing Sweden away from the eastern shore of the Baltic. There was also Peter the terror, debauched, faithless, and a murderer. These Mr. Graham builds into a figure inhuman yet still credible, whose blind, barbaric force driving both within and across inevitable laws shaped the destiny of Russia-in-Europe. Perhaps the most illuminating passage in the book is that concerning Peter's inability to think in abstractions. "He had no intellectual outlook," and therefore no coördinated policy. Necessity consolidated his salients. It is a common occurrence.

THE AMERICAN LEGION-Houghton Mifflin prize has been divided between William Scanlon's book and IT'S A GREAT WAR (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00) by Mary Lee — a fictionized account of the experiences of a Massachusetts girl who went to France with a base hospital, transferred to aviation headquarters in Paris, and ended her military career in the Y. M. C. A. With a highly improbable thread of events, obviously based on the composite experiences of numerous people, the book is incoherent in the extreme. It is this very quality which perhaps makes it so realistic. In war things happen incoherently, impossibly, swiftly. Miss Lee does not fail to call an entrenching spade a shovel and her version of soldier-conversation is evidently based on experience. She paints no pleasant picture of life in the rear areas of the A.E.F. Noth-

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The Golden Book
Magazine

ing published since the late unmentionable has succeeded so well in making "the Battle of Paris" live again. And when one recalls that there were some six men (and women) behind the lines for every one at the front, it seems that this, too, was an important part of the war.

In God Have Mercy on Us (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50), Corporal William Scanlon, 6th Marines, has written up the war as he saw it. It is a vivid account, terse to the point of being abrupt, and garnished with much rough humor. He indulges in no flights of literary fancy, nor does he cry out against the futility of wholesale destruction — a practice done to death in most of the recent war journals. His is a simple story, told much as one man might tell another while "swapping experiences." Perhaps he strays a bit from actual fact, but by reason of its simplicity the feeling persists that, taken as a whole, the narrative is true. At any rate, it is readable, and at times thrilling in the gory fashion typical of books of its kind.

It has been a long time, but at last Frank Swinnerton has written something which can be compared — not entirely satisfactorily, it is true — to his early and memorable *Nocturne*. Sketch of a Sinner (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is slow in getting under way and has its share of low spots, but it is the work of a skilled novelist, one who knows both people and words. Lydia, the central figure, is not a sinner at all; in fact, she is one of the most chaste of current heroines. The story concerns her attempt to love three men, one of whom happens to be her husband, and yet remain faithful to each. As might be imagined, her efforts are none too successful, and at the end — which is one of the best climaxes we have read — she is left with but one of her conquests, and he is in a somewhat battered condition. This is an extremely diverting tale, and it contains legitimate pathos and a great deal of good writing.

In A History of Magazines, *1741-1850* (Appleton, $10.00), Frank Luther Mott has compiled a staggering amount of detail. But in spite of this, the book makes fascinating reading for those who are interested in the fads and foibles of early American history. Then, as now, magazines discussed religion, politics, foreign affairs and influences, and attempted to reform the world. Women's dress was criticized. Women who stepped outside of home affairs were ostracized, and one magazine declared that "no unmarried woman has any right to say anything on the subject" — of women's rights! The second volume will bring the history up to date.

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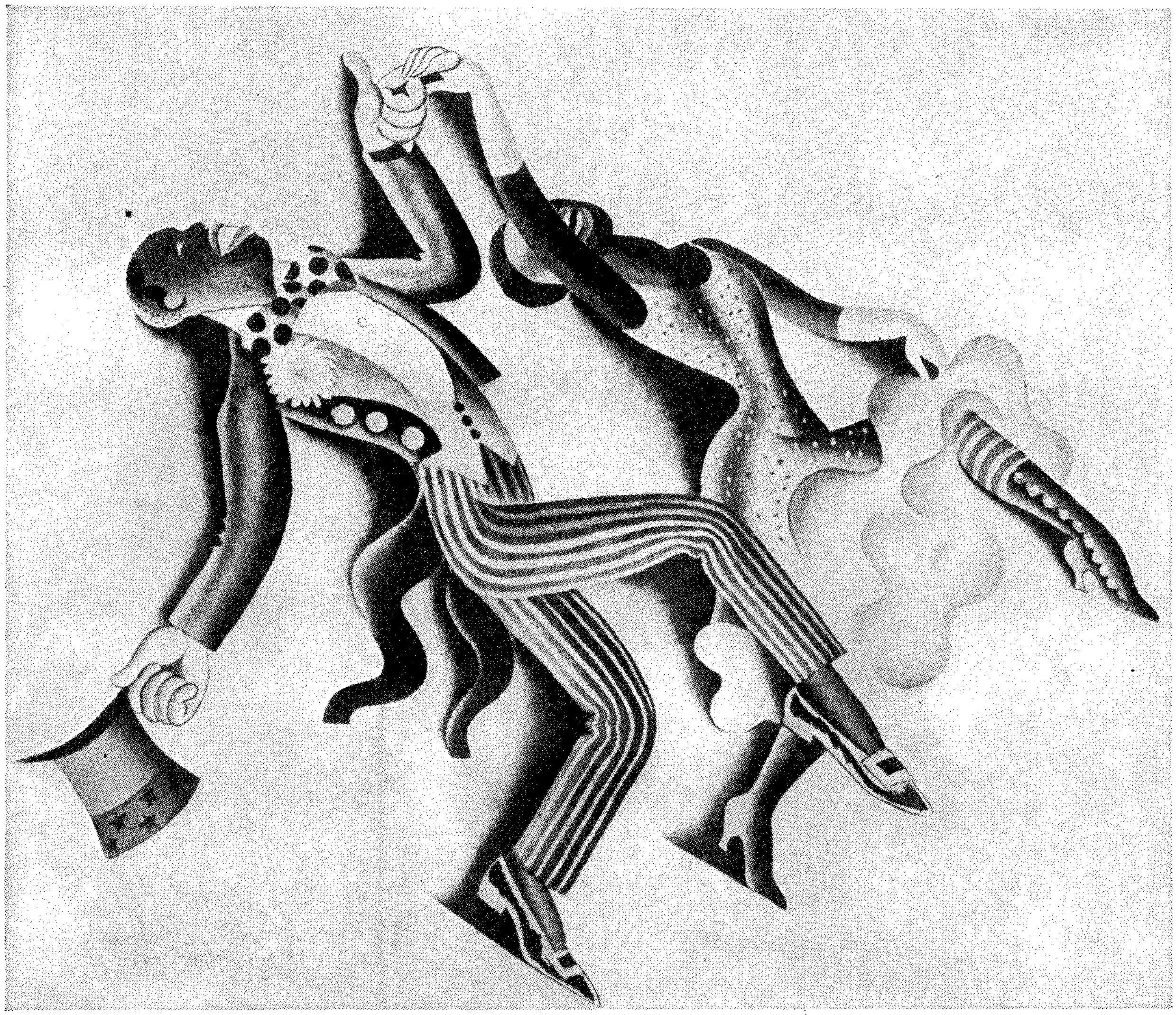

# The Aframerican Cakewalk

### by

### MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

THIS spirited interpretation of the American Negro, as well as the five other sketches which accompany Professor Jung's article, are reproduced from the Covarrubias book, *Negro Drawings*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, with the gracious permission of the artist, the publisher, and *Vanity Fair.*

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FORUM

APRIL, 1930 VOL. 83, NO. 4

# Your Negroid and Indian BEHAVIOR

**by CARL G. JUNG**
*Swiss Psychologist*

## I

It would never occur to the naïve European to regard the psychology of the average American as particularly complicated or sophisticated. On the contrary, he is rather impressed by the simplicity and straightforwardness of American thought and manners. He likes to think of Americans as being a very active, businesslike, and astonishingly efficient people, concentrated upon a single goal — the Yellow God — and a bit handicapped by what certain English magazines call "Americana" — something on the borderline of a mild insanity: "Colonial people are likely to be a bit odd, don't you know, like our South African cousins."

Thus, when I have something serious to say about Americans and their particular psychology, my European audience, while not exactly shocked, is at all events somewhat puzzled and inclined to disapprove. What Americans will think about my ideas remains to be seen.

In 1909 I paid my first short visit to the United States. This was my first impression of the American people as a whole; before that I had known individuals only. I remember walking through the streets of Buffalo and seeing hundreds of workmen leaving a factory. Being a naïve European, I could not help remarking to my American companion: "I really had no idea there was such an amazing amount of Indian blood in your people."

"What!" said he. "Indian blood? I bet there is not one drop of it in this whole crowd."

I replied: "But don't you see their faces? They are more Indian than European." Whereupon I was informed that most of these workmen were of Irish, Scotch, and German extraction. I was puzzled and half incredulous, but later I came to see how ridiculous my hypothesis had been. Nevertheless, my impression remained firm, and the years have only strengthened it.

When I returned from America, I carried away with me that peculiarly dissatisfied feeling of one who has somehow missed the point. I had to confess that I was unable to "size them up." I only knew that a subtle difference existed between the American and the European — a difference like that between the Australian and South African. It is not so much in the anatomical features as in the general behavior, both physical and mental. One finds it in the language, the gestures, the mentality, in the movements of the body, and in certain things even more nebulous than these. You can say many witty and clever things about that difference and still be unable to analyze it.

But another impression also stuck in my mind. I had not noticed it at first, but it kept coming back as things will when they possess a certain importance and yet have not been understood. I was once the guest of a stiff and solemn New England family whose respectability was almost terrifying. It felt almost like home, for there are very conservative and highly respectable folk in Switzerland too. But there were Negro servants waiting on the table, and they made me feel as if I were eating lunch in a circus. I found myself cautiously scrutinizing the dishes, looking for imprints of those black fingers. A solemnity brooded over the meal for which I could see no reason; but I suppose it was the solemnity of great virtue or something like that. At all events, nobody laughed. Everyone was just too nice and too polite.

At last I could stand it no longer, and for better or worse I began to crack jokes. Though these were greeted with condescending smiles, I could not arouse that hearty and generous American laugh which I love and admire. "Well," I thought, "Indian blood, wooden faces, camouflaged Mongols. Why not try some Chinese on them?" So I came to my last story — really a good one — and no sooner had I finished than right behind my chair an enormous avalanche of laughter broke loose. It was the Negro servant, and it was the real American laughter — that grand, unrestrained, unsophisticated laughter revealing rows of teeth, tongue, palate, everything.

I loved that African brother!

## II

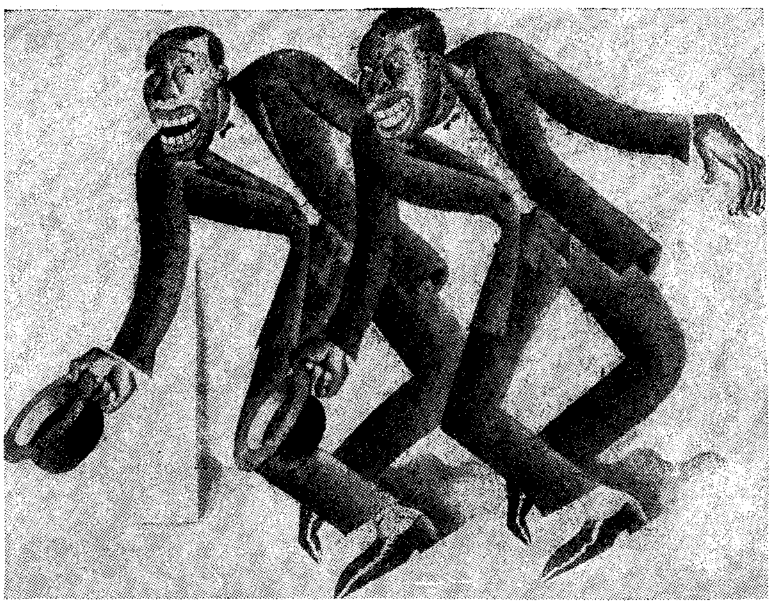
THE AMERICAN laugh is most impressive. Laughing is a very important emotional expression and one learns a lot about character through careful observation of the way people laugh. There are some folk who suffer from a crippled laughter. It is just painful to see them laugh, and the sound of that shrill, evil, compressed rattle almost makes you sick. America as a nation can laugh. This means a lot: it means that there is still childlikeness, a soundness of emotion, an immediate rapport with fellow beings.

This laughter goes hand in hand with a remarkable vivacity and great ease of expression. Americans are great talkers. Gossip even extends into monstrously big newspapers, so that the talking goes on even when you are reading. The style of "good" American writing is a talking style. When it is not too flat, it is just as refreshing and exhilarating to us Europeans as your laughter. But often, alas, it is just chattering — the noise of the big ant heap.

One of the greatest advantages of the American language is its slang. I am far from sniffing at American slang; on the contrary, I like it profoundly. Slang means a language in the making, a thing fully alive. Its pictures are not worm-eaten metaphors, pale images hallowed by immemorial age, smooth, correct, and concise conventions; they are figures full of life, carrying all the stamina of their earthly origin and the incomparable flavor of a strange and new country. In America one feels this new current of a strange life in the flow of the old English language, and Englishmen often wonder where it comes from. Is it the new country only? I doubt it, and will shortly give my reason.

The way the American moves shows a strong tendency toward nonchalance. It is evident in the way he walks, how he wears his hat, how he holds his cigar, and how he speaks. Americans move with loose joints and swaying hips. This characteristic of primitive Negro women is frequently seen in American women, while the swinging gait of the men is fairly usual.

The most amazing feature of American life is its boundless publicity. Everybody has to meet everybody else, and they seem to enjoy doing it. To a Central European like myself the lack of distance between people, the absence of hedges and fences round the gardens, the belief in popularity, the gossip columns in the newspapers, the open doors in the houses (from the street one can look right through the sitting-room and the adjoining bedroom into the backyard) — all this is more than disgusting; it is directly terrifying. You are immediately swallowed up by a hot and all-engulfing wave of emotional incontinence which knows no restraint. You see it in the eagerness and the hustling of everyday life, in all sorts of enthusiasms such as orgiastic sectarian outbursts, and in the violence of public admiration and reproval.



This overwhelming influence of collective emotions spreads into everything. It easily goes too far and leads people into situations which individual deliberation would hardly ever have chosen. It has a decidedly flattening influence upon American psychology. You see this particularly in the sex problem as it has developed since the war. There is a marked tendency to promiscuity, which not only shows itself in the frequency of divorces, but more especially still in the younger generation's peculiar freedom from sex prejudices.

As an inevitable consequence, the individual rapport between the sexes will suffer from it. Easy access never calls forth, and therefore never develops, the values of character, because it forestalls any deep mutual understanding. Such an understanding, without which no real love can exist, can only be reached by overcoming all the difficulties that arise from the psychological difference between the sexes. Promiscuity paralyzes all these efforts so that individual rapport seems quite superfluous. Thus, the more a so-called unprejudiced freedom and easy promiscuity prevail, the more love becomes flat; it degenerates into transitory sex interludes.

All American life seems to be the life of the big settlement — real town life. Even the smallest community denies to itself the character of a village and tends to become a city. It seems as though everything were collective and standardized, for the town rules the whole style of living, even in the country. Once, on a visit to a so-called camp with so-called country life, a European friend who was traveling with me whispered: "I bet they even have a textbook on how to camp." And lo! — there it was, glistening in red and gold on the shelf.

The country is admirable — nay, just divine — with the faint perfume of unhistorical eternity in the air. The crickets are not yet shy of man, and the bullfrog talks in the night with his prehistoric booming voice. Beautiful, immense nights, and days blessed with sunshine. Yes, there is *real* country — and nobody seems to be up to it, least of all that hustling, noisily chattering, motoring townfolk. They are not even down to it as the red Indians are. Among the Indians one feels peculiarly content, for they are obviously under their country and not on top of it; so there, at last, is a peace of God.

## III

I KNOW the mother nations of North America pretty well, but if I relied solely on the theory of heredity, I should be completely at a loss to explain how the Americans descending from European stock have arrived at their striking peculiarities. One might suppose that some of these characteristics are survivals of the old pioneer attitude, but I fail to see any connection between the particular qualities I have mentioned and the character of the early farmer-colonists. There is, indeed, a much better hypothesis to explain the American temperament, and it lies in the fact that the United States are pervaded by that most striking and suggestive figure — the Negro. Some states are more than half black — a fact that may astonish the naïve European who thinks of America as a white nation. It is not wholly white, if you please; it is partly colored. It cannot be helped; it is so.

Now what is more contagious than to live side by side with a rather primitive people? Go to Africa and see what happens. When the effect is so very obvious that you stumble over it, then you call it "going black." But if it is not so obvious, then it is explained as "the sun." (In India it is always the sun.) In reality it is a partial going black, counterbalanced by a particularly stiff-necked conventionality (with its subdivisions of righteousness and conspicuous respectability). With such conventionality people simply dry up, though they may make the sun responsible for it.

It is much easier for us Europeans to be a trifle immoral, or at least a bit lax, because we do not have to hold the moral standard against the heavy downward pull of primitive life. The inferior man exercises a tremendous pull upon civilized beings who are forced to live with him, because he fascinates the inferior layers of our psyche, which has lived through untold ages of similar conditions. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*. To our subconscious mind contact with primitives recalls not only our childhood, but also our prehistory; and with the Germanic races this means a harking back of only about twelve hundred years. The barbarous man in us is still wonderfully strong and he easily yields to the lure of his youthful memories. Therefore he needs very definite defenses. The Latin peoples, being older, don't need to be so much on their guard; hence their attitude toward the Negro is different from that of the Nordics.

But the defenses of the Germanic man reach only as far as consciousness reaches. Below the threshold of consciousness the contagion meets little resistance. Since the Negro lives within your cities and even within your houses, he also lives within your skin, subconsciously. Naturally it works both ways. Just as every Jew has a Christ complex, so every Negro has a white complex, and every white American a Negro complex. The Negro, generally speaking, would give anything to change his skin; so, too, the white man hates to admit that he has been touched by the black.

What, then, about American laughter? What about the boundless, noisy sociality? The pleasure in movement and in stunts of all sorts? The loose-jointed walk, the Negroid dance and music? (Incidentally, the rhythm of jazz is the same as the *n'goma* — the African dance. To an accompaniment of jazz music you can dance the *n'goma* perfectly, with all its jumping and rocking and its swinging of shoulders and hips. American music is most obviously pervaded by the African rhythm and the African melody.)

It would be difficult not to see that the Negro, with his primitive motility, his expressive emotionality, his childlike immediacy, his sense of music and rhythm, his funny and picturesque language, has infected American behavior. As every psychologist and every doctor knows, nothing is more contagious than tics, stammering, choreic movements, and signs of emotion — particularly laughing and peculiarities of speech. Even if you don't understand a joke in a foreign language, you can't help smiling when everybody else smiles. Stammering, too, can be of the most infectious quality, so that one can hardly refrain from imitating it involuntarily. Melody and rhythm are also most insinuating; they can obsess you for days. And as for language, it is always disturbing how its pronunciation and metaphors affect you; you begin with an apologetic quotation, "as they say," and soon you find yourself unconsciously adopting the new pronunciation or the new metaphor because you can't help it.

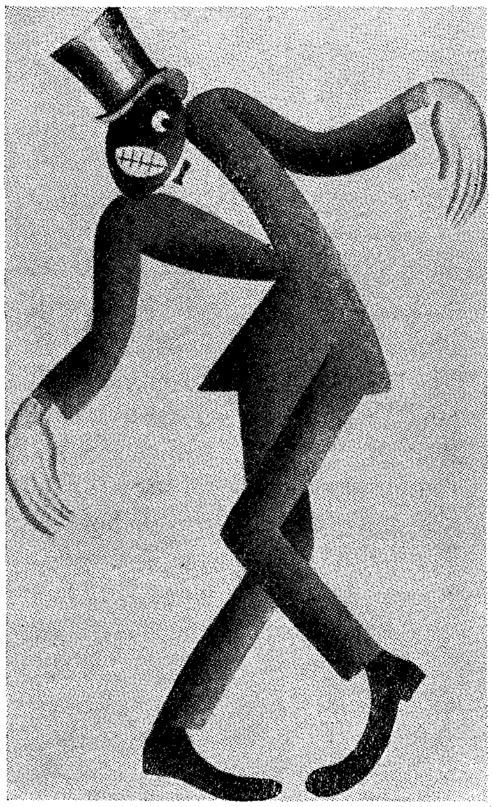
The white man is a terrific problem to the Negro, and whenever you affect somebody profoundly, then in a mysterious way something comes back from him to yourself. The Negro, by his mere presence in America, is a source of temperamental and mimetic infection which the European can't help noticing, for he sees the hopeless gap between the American and the African Negro.

Such racial infection is a very serious mental and moral problem wherever a primitive race outnumbers the white man. America has this problem only in a relative degree, since, throughout the country as a whole, the whites far outnumber the blacks. The whites, apparently, can assimilate the primitive influence with little risk to themselves. Still, even a casual visitor soon learns that there is such a thing as "the Negro question" in the States.

I am quite convinced, therefore, that some American peculiarities can be traced to the Negro directly, while others result from a compensatory defense against his laxity. But these things remain mere externals, leaving the inner quick of American character untouched — which would not be true if America represented a full-fledged example of "going black."

## IV

Since I am not a behaviorist, I allow myself to suppose that you are still far off from the real man when you merely observe his behavior. I regard behavior as nothing more than a shell which conceals the really living substance within. Thus, under the slightly Negroid mannerisms of the American, I discern pretty clearly the essential white man within, and my question is: Is this American white man just a simple white, or is he in any way different from the European representatives of the species? I believe there is a marked difference between them within as well as without; and this brings us to the second part of my theory.



It may seem mysterious and unbelievable, yet it is a fact observable throughout history, that man can be assimilated by a country. In the air and soil of a country there is an *x* and a *y* which slowly permeate man and mold him to the type of the aboriginal inhabitant, even to the point of slightly remodeling his physical features. To state such an overwhelmingly obvious fact in terms of exact measurements is, I admit, extremely difficult. Yet there are many things that escape all our means of exact scientific verification despite their most obvious and indubitable character. For example, think of the subtleties of expression in eyes, gesture, and intonation. In practice everybody goes by them and no idiot could misunderstand them, yet to prepare an absolutely scientific description of them would be a most ticklish task.

Let us, then, accept the fact that there are these subtle indications in man. Sometimes they lurk in the lines of his face, sometimes in his gestures or the look of his eyes, and sometimes in his soul that shines forth through the transparent veil of his body. From such indications it is often possible to tell in what country a man has been born. I know quite a number of instances where children of purely European parents were born in exotic countries and exhibited the marks of their birthplaces, either in the imponderabilia of their appearance or in their mental make-up, or in both; and to such a degree that not only I myself, but other people who were entirely ignorant of the circumstances, could make the diagnosis. I remember particularly seeing in New York a family of German immigrants. Three of the children had been born in Germany and four in America. The first three were clearly Germans, while the others were unmistakable Americans.

Somehow a foreign country gets under the skin of those born in it. Certain very primitive tribes are convinced that it is not feasible to usurp foreign territory, because the children born there would inherit the wrong ancestor spirits dwelling in the trees, rocks, and water of the strange country. There seems to be a subtle truth in this primitive intuition. It would mean that the spirit of the Indian gets at the American within and without. Indeed, there is often an astonishing likeness between the cast of the American face and that of the red Indian — more, I think, in the men's faces than in the women's. But women are always the more conservative element, in spite of their conspicuous affectation of modernity. This is a paradox, certainly — one of the many paradoxes of human nature.

The external assimilation of man to the peculiarities of a country is a thing one could almost expect. There is nothing astonishing in it. But the external influence is feeble in comparison with the less visible, but all the more intense, influence on the mind. It is probable that long before the body reacts, the mind has undergone considerable changes — changes that are not obvious to the individual himself or to his immediate circle, though they may be apparent to an outsider. Thus, I would not expect the average American, who has not lived for a couple of years in Europe, to realize how different his mental attitude is from the European's; nor would I expect the average European to discern his difference from the American. That is the reason why so many things that are really characteristic of a foreign country seem to be merely odd or ridiculous: the conditions from which they spring are either not known or not understood. They would not seem odd or ridiculous if one could feel the local atmosphere to which they belong, and which makes them perfectly comprehensible and logical.

Almost every great country has its collective attitude, which one might call its genius, or *spiritus loci*. Sometimes you can catch it in a formula; again it is more evasive; yet always it is indescribably present as a sort of air that permeates everything — the aspect of people, their speech, gestures, clothing, interests, ideals, politics, philosophy, art, and even religion. In a well-defined civilization with a solid historical background, such as French civilization, you can easily find the keynote of the national spirit. In France it is *la gloire*, which is a marked prestige psychology in its noblest as well as its most ridiculous forms. You notice it in the speech, gestures, convictions, in the style of everything, in politics and even in science.

In Germany it is the Idea, and it is impersonated by everybody. There are no ordinary human beings; you are either *Herr Professor* or *Herr Geheimrath*, *Herr Oberrechnungsrat*, and even longer things than that. Sometimes the German Idea is right, and sometimes it is wrong; but it never ceases to be an idea, whether it belongs to the highest philosophy or is merely a foolish bias.

England's innermost truth, and at the same time her most valuable contribution to the assets of the human family, is the Gentleman. Rescued from the dusty knighthood of the early Middle Ages, the code of the gentleman now reaches down into the smallest corner of modern English life. It is an ultimate principle, never failing in its convincing weight — at once the shining armor of the perfect knight in soul and body, and the miserable coffin of poor natural feelings.

But can you "size up" other countries like Italy, Austria, Spain, Holland, Switzerland just as easily? They are all very characteristic countries, yet their spirit is more difficult to catch. You cannot seize it in one word; it requires at least a couple of sentences. America is also one of those countries whose heart cannot be pierced by one shot. European prejudice would say Money; but the only people who can think like that are those who have no idea what money means to Americans. Yes, if they themselves were Americans, it *would* be money; but America is not as simple as that.

Of course there is any amount of ordinary materialism in America, just as elsewhere; but there is also an admirable idealism which hardly finds its equal anywhere else. To us Europeans, money still carries with it something of the old taboo dating from the times when every business was dishonest without exception. That is why it is still good form with us to hush up money matters. The American, unhampered by the burden of historical conditions, can take and spend money for what it is worth. For this reason America is peculiarly free from the spell of money, although she makes a lot of it.

▼

AMERICA, then, has a principle or ideal or attitude, but it is surely not money. Often, in searching through the conscious and the unconscious minds of my American patients and pupils, I have found something which I can only describe as a sort of heroic ideal. Your most idealistic effort is concerned in bringing out the best in every man. When you find a good man, you naturally support him and push him on, until at last he is liable to collapse from sheer exertion, success, and triumph. It is done in every family, where ambitious mothers lead boys on with the idea that they must be heroes of some sort. You find it in the factory, where the whole system is designed to get the best man into the best place. And again in the schools, where every child is trained to be brave, courageous, efficient, and "a good sport" — in short, a hero.

In America there is no record that people will not kill themselves to break. The moving pictures abound with heroes of every description. American applause holds the world's record. The "great" and "famous" man, no matter what he may be "great" in, gets drowned in enthusiastic crowds. In Germany you are great if your titles are two yards long; in England if you are a gentleman; in France if your prestige coincides with that of the country. In small countries, as a rule, there is no greatness alive because things need to be small; therefore greatness is usually posthumous. America is perhaps the only country where "greatness" is unrestricted, because this limitless concept of greatness expresses the most fundamental hopes and convictions of the nation.

To an American all this seems to be part of the nature of things. Not so, however, to a European. Many Europeans are infected with a feeling of inferiority when they come into contact with America and her heroic ideal. As a rule they don't admit it, so they boast of Europe all the louder and ridicule the many things in America which are open to criticism, such as her roughness, brutality, and primitivity. Often they get their first and decisive shock at the customs house, so that their appetite is ruined at the start. It is inevitable, of course, that the heroic attitude should be coupled with a sort of primitiveness; it always has been the ideal of a somewhat sporty and primitive society. And this is where the real historical spirit of the Red Man enters the game.

Look at your sports! They are the roughest, the most reckless, and the most efficient in the world. The idea of play has practically disappeared from them. Your sport demands a training that is almost cruel and an application that is almost inhuman. Your sportsmen are gladiators, every inch of them; and the excitement of the spectators derives from ancient instincts that are akin to bloodthirst.

Your students go through initiations and form secret societies like the best among barbarous tribes. In fact, secret societies of every description abound all over the country, from the Ku Klux Klan to the Knights of Columbus, and their rites are analogous to those of all primitive, mystery religions. America has resuscitated the ghosts of Spiritualism, of which she is the original home, and cures diseases by Christian Science, which has more to do with the shaman's mental healing than with any kind of science. Moreover, it is proving fairly effectual — as, indeed, were the shaman's cures.

And have you ever compared the skyline of New York or any other great American city with that of a pueblo like Taos? Have you noticed how the houses pile up in towers toward the center? Without conscious imitation America instinctively molds herself to the spectral outline of the Red Man's temperament.

There is nothing miraculous about it. It has always been so. The conqueror overcomes the old inhabitant in the body, and succumbs to his spirit. Rome at the zenith of her power contained within her walls all the mystery cults of the East, and the spirit of the humblest among them — a Jewish mystery society — transformed the greatest of all cities from top to bottom. The conqueror gets the wrong ancestor spirits, the primitives would say. I like this picturesque way of putting it. It is short and expresses every implication.

People rarely want to know what a thing is in itself; they want to know whether it is favorable or unfavorable, advisable or inadvisable — as if there were indubitably good or bad things. They are as we take them. Moreover, anything that moves is a risk. Thus a nation in the making is naturally a big risk — to itself as well as to other nations. It is surely not my task to play the rôle of a prophet or that of a ridiculous adviser of nations; for there is nothing to give advice about. Facts are neither favorable nor unfavorable. They are merely interesting. And the most interesting fact about America is that this childlike, impetuous, "naïve" people has probably the most complicated psychology of all nations.

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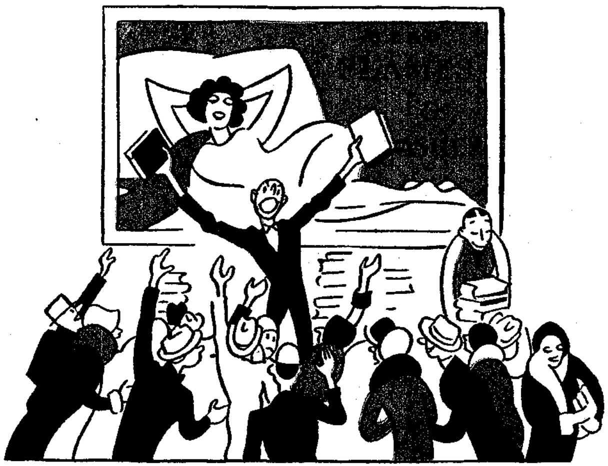


*Drawings by A. Zeiger*

## I — The Lure of Ballyhoo

**by LILLIAN SYMES**

ANTICIPATING the cry of "disgruntled author," I ought to begin by saying that I have never tried to get a book published. What follows is set down in sorrow rather than in wrath. For if the literary profession — commonly supposed to be a dignified calling — is taking on a protective coloration in the jazz era and rapidly assuming the aspects of a racket, it is not the fault of anyone in particular. At all events, tears are certainly more fitting than bricks at the bier of integrity.

I am not one to wax sentimental over professional ethics. The medical profession has shown us how asinine those ethics may be on occasion. But even a public educated on cigarette endorsements, halitosis advertisements, and a host of publicity stunts has a right, I think, to expect a certain degree of honesty in the literary or artistic world. It seems to be getting it with decreasing frequency.

Such things as literary hoaxes, sensationalism, wholesale logrolling, and intellectual shoddiness are not, of course, altogether recent phonemena. There are those — among them a publisher to whom I talked recently — who claim that there has never been a great deal more of professional integrity among literary folk than there is now; that the opportunistic publisher, author, and reviewer have always outnumbered the few honest and discriminating practitioners in each field; and that the current *zeitgeist* merely makes life more difficult for this last group. Nevertheless, anyone fairly familiar with the New York scene realizes that, despite a large proportion of honest men in all these groups, publicity, literary go-getterism, the growing entanglements of critics and authors — together with the publishers' need to compete for public attention with even more blatant forms of entertainment — have reduced the book publishing business to a deplorably low estate.

This is probably an inevitable situation in a world many of whose literate inhabitants, having had their libido released, having seen their names on the front page of the newspapers, or having heard stories about the fortunes to be made from best sellers, are determined to tell all about themselves or someone else in a novel or biography. While American literary tastes are undoubtedly improving and every publisher is certainly on the alert for first-rate books, yet thousands of fifth-rate books are being printed for no other reason than that the author knows someone, has useful newspaper connections, or that the subject he writes about is controversial and sensational. And for every honest artist or craftsman who stands apart from the crowd and produces a worthy book, there are fifty literary glad-handers angling for contracts, calling critics by their first names, haunting literary parties, and pursuing their publisher's publicity man with "swell ideas for a story."

This seduction of the literary market is a subtle affair that has grown out of the present chaotic condition of the book world in which nobody knows what is going to go over next. Twenty years ago an established firm could figure out just how many westerns, how many mysteries, how many romances, and how many biographies its public would absorb each year. What publishing lacked in adventure it made up for in safety. The market was comparatively stable. Books either too good or too bad to "go over," had to be privately printed. With the springing up of new and younger publishers who were willing to take chances, both on the authentic but unconventional masterpiece and on mere sensational hokum, the rebellious genius and the ingenious hack have prospered — but publishing has become a gamble.

*In common parlance a racket is any business so organized and manipulated that the public is either wheedled or forced to accept its wares willy-nilly. Somehow the impression has got abroad that book publishing has either reached, or is fast approaching, this sad condition. Whether it is true or not (and we know that some readers will not believe it is), the impression exists. Hence this debate. As you read Miss Symes' charges, check them up and see whether they express your own doubts; then weigh Mr. Brickell's answer and decide whether your suspicions will hold water.*

As I have indicated, no first-rate book is likely to go a-begging. Many publishers are men of some personal cultivation, but obviously their lists cannot be made up exclusively of first-rate books. While much that comes to the professional reader is unmitigated trash, there is also much that is worthy of interest. It is in the choice of the sub-masterpieces that publicity gets in its most deadly work. Let me illustrate this point with a recent and by no means exceptional scene in a New York publishing house.

The head of the firm and his assistant are discussing two manuscripts. The publisher has made up his mind that the firm cannot afford to take chances on any more new authors this season. His assistant takes up one of the manuscripts.

"We could sell this one all right. Its badly written, but it's got selling points. This fellow's been on the *Express* ten years and knows half the reviewers in town intimately. It's a controversial subject and he can get a friend to work up a feature story on it. With his publicity connections, I bet we can sell eight thousand."

"The other's a much better book."

"Sure, it's a better book. But the author lives in Nebraska. Nobody's ever heard of him."

The author with the publicity connections wins.

It would be silly, of course, to condemn a publisher for taking a book because the author's connections insure it profitable publicity. But the author of a better book with no such connections is certainly out of luck. The willingness of well-known and reputable authors to endorse the work of friends and acquaintances, regardless of the work's value, is known to every publicity agent and is worked on all possible occasions. One can safely say that not a few of the advance blurbs on book jackets and in advertising columns have been written by people who have never looked inside the books.

An amusing incident — fortunately by no means typical — is told by an experienced publicity man whose employer was about to bring out a collection of short stories by a writer then unknown. The young author had named, as his only publicity asset, a friendship (founded on some serious drinking bouts) with one of America's famous novelists. The publicity man asked the famous author to aid his young friend with a few well-chosen words for advertising purposes, adding that of course a book of short stories by an unknown man might not sell more than five hundred copies.

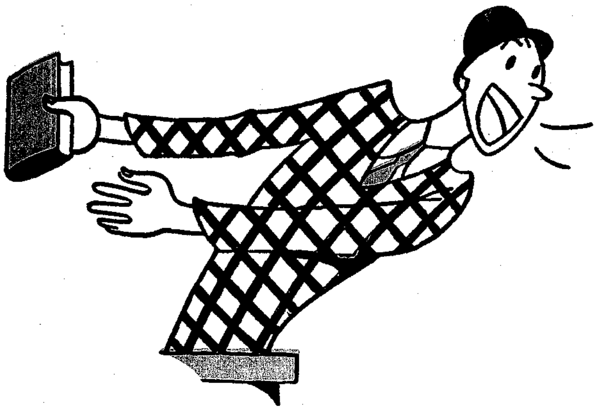
"I'd like to do something for you," replied the novelist, "but why waste my name on five hundred copies? What have you got on your list that is going over big?"

The astonished publicity man named at random three or four books by established authors.

"What's that last one about?" interrupted the celebrity.

"About the sex conflict —"

"All right, you can say this from me:



'This is the most brilliant and devastating novel on the sex conflict I have ever read.'"

Unfortunately the public didn't take his word for it, and the devastating novel on the sex conflict sold less than five thousand copies.

There are other littérateurs and celebrities — a little less successful perhaps — who are hired by certain publishing houses to write kindly reviews of their books. It is quite probable that they read the books. At any rate, quotations from their reviews are used for advertising purposes, and while the review *in toto* can rarely be passed off on the sophisticated metropolitan critic, they circulate widely and are quoted by the provincial press, whose public accepts them as disinterested comment.

The publisher knows that while publicity will not make a book, it is a tremendous help to those books which already have the elements of success. So, while the first-rate book on his list may receive no more attention than a mere announcement, a fifth-rate book likely to start a newspaper controversy may receive several thousand dollars' worth of exploitation. He knows that while this exploitation may not impress the public, it does impress the book trade greatly. The business of getting bookstores to stock heavily on a certain book and of getting the book clerks to push it (a considerable item in the success of any book), is one of the pressing and delicate problems of the book racket.

Furthermore, extensive advance advertising may affect reviewing space. While it will not induce a favorable review (present-day critics are perhaps more independent of their advertising offices than those of any other period), it may induce the literary editor to review a book himself instead of handing it over to a subordinate. At least one New York critic, before determining the length of his review, has been known to telephone a publishing house and ask, "Is this one of your important books this season?" And with three hundred books arriving on his desk between September twentieth and October first, he can scarcely be blamed for not wishing to waste his time on the unimportant.

The metropolitan literary scene has probably never been so rich in editors and critics who can steer a clear course among the cliques and frankly speak their minds. But in spite of them, logrolling in the reviewing world has reached the status of a fine art. The flood of books which pours in each season on the over-worked critic must necessarily be farmed out to subreviewers on his own paper or among the literary free-lancers who comment on books at so much a word, and of whom there are literally thousands in New York. In the newspaper, publishing, and writing world of New York, everyone has friends in every other group.

Anyone who has worked on a newspaper or has done free-lance reviewing knows what this means. He is constantly besieged by friends among authors and in publishing houses to get certain books from his editor to review. With a rather large proportion of the current book crop being written by newspaper men, ex-newspaper men, ex-advertising men, and ex-publicity men, who know the value of their contacts, he finds a large section of the literati among his boon companions and the friends of his boon companions. He could not very well "slam" their books even if he wanted to. As one who has tried on occasion to write noncommittal reviews of commonplace books by personal friends, I can testify to the delicacy of the situation.

The number of book reviews one reads in newspapers and periodicals signed by personal friends of the authors might lead one to the conclusion that the first requisite of the literary life, for one who is not a literary giant, is to know a great many people in New York. This situation is not a new one perhaps, because recently, when I expressed astonishment at seeing an ecstatic review of a lady novelist's book by a gentleman who happened to be her husband, a mellowed publicity man told me that he had engineered the same phenomenon as long as twelve years ago. At that, I doubt if the book world of twelve years ago could have offered such an example of unconscious humor as that of the young reviewer on a New York paper who recently, when confronted by several bulky volumes from the list of one publisher, telephoned a friend of mine who acted as that publisher's publicity agent and asked her what he should say about them. Naturally, she read him the firm's sales talks.

This maze of friendly entanglements in the New York book world, which has made it possible for so much book criticism to have no critical value at all, is not being improved by the latest social wrinkle — the literary party, the literary tea, the literary luncheon. These functions provide an increasingly popular method by which publishers and book clubs can bring together authors and groups of people who can be useful to them. The purpose is to dispense good will — and, incidentally, to garner good will and publicity. As one who can appreciate good will in any form other than synthetic gin, I can see the value of the literary party as a boon to the impecunious and thirsty literati. But I am dubious about its value to a publisher, because a lady author's charming smile is not likely to increase her book sales, and because someone among the guests usually manages to steal the publicity anyway.

ENDORSEMENT

The shy, retiring author of tradition, who knows nothing about serial, dramatic, and movie rights, and who wishes nothing better than to be left alone, does exist, of course, even in New York. I know one of them who, having done a first-rate biography and having received from her publisher an advance on a second book, retired within her New York apartment to write it. During the four months following the publication of her first book, she was so constantly interrupted by demands from her publisher's publicity department that she give radio talks, autograph books at department store book weeks, lecture for women's clubs, and be seen at literary events, that she was unable to get a start on the second volume. Finally, ignoring the press agent's tearful remonstrance that she was neglecting her opportunities, she packed her trunk and repaired to Paris to do her work.

On the other hand, there is the lady novelist who telephones her publisher's publicity man every time she has a party or a minor operation, in the hope that the distracted gentleman can somehow make copy out of the event. There is the lady novelist who, having sold the secrets of her love life and having gained the best-seller lists, achieves additional compensation by reporting a current sex-murder trial at a salary which no newspaper woman ever hopes to achieve. This business, incidentally, of acting as special correspondent for newspapers, at enormous salaries, every time an eternal triangle ends in murder, is an additional reason why the go-getter with a slight facility in English finds himself increasingly attracted to literature.

If one asks a candid publisher's representative why literature in America is becoming a racket, he will almost inevitably work up a substantial case against the author. He will tell you of authors who gouge their publishers for advances on books they never write or on books which turn out too feeble to be used. He will tell you that the literary world has become infested with a horde of people with bright ideas, but no standards of literary integrity, who are merely seeking to make an easy living. He will tell you of ambitious authors who "raise hell" continuously because their work is not sensationally exploited. He will tell you that there is nothing some authors will not stoop to in order to advance their sales.

Many authors will give you the other side of the picture — stories of work being rejected because it has no scenario or serialization possibilities; of honest work being turned down in favor of claptrap nonsense written by someone who sat next to the right public relations counsel at dinner; of intrigues by which certain books achieve the critical front page while others are ignored.

And then one finds critics, booksellers, and publishers who insist that the glutting of the literary market with fifth to tenth-rate books, which twenty years ago would have sold as dime novels, is the real difficulty; that with practically every novel being acclaimed a masterpiece, the public has become so cynical of book advertising that only the most superlative and spectacular methods can impress them.

Probably all of them are right. But both publishers and authors with a modicum of taste and honesty are being forced by the competition of their more opportunistic brethren — and by the example of the world in which they live — to an increasingly shoddy attitude. A few, to be sure, are resisting that competition, and maintaining their standards. These standards are not merely a matter of traditional dignity or age; nor is the cleavage between opportunist and honest craftsman necessarily that between old and new. But too many people in the literary world are going to school to the most ridiculous and subversive elements in our national life. They have seen that ballyhoo, misrepresentation, and exaggeration will sell soap, cold cream, cigarettes, and politicians. Why not books?

## II — A Publisher's Defense

### *by* HERSCHEL BRICKELL

If all the people who felt the Jeremiah-urge could only be persuaded to sit down quietly with a stack of history books around them, there would be an immediate and perceptible diminution in the supply of jeremaids. Miss Symes is sure there is a great deal the matter with publishing in America at the present time, and there is. So far as the records go, there has always been a great deal the matter with publishing, and until the dawn of the millennium, there will still be a great deal the matter with publishing. Deny it how we will, the men and women who write and review books and who publish them are human; they are affected by the spirit of the times in which they live. They must obey its voice — to a certain extent at any rate. They must eat and wear clothes, amuse themselves, and perhaps even go so far as to try to lay up a few pennies against the next period of readjustment in the stock market.

A good many of the charges Miss Symes brings against present-day publishing are undeniably true, and an idealist might wish that by some feat of magic all these past sins could be wiped out. Then it would be possible to start fresh and to publish only books of real literary quality — under ideal conditions the public taste would be raised to a point where only good books were wanted, of course — and to launch these masterpieces quietly and sedately, trusting them to find their way into the port of popular approval without benefit of publicity pilots or trade winds of hot air. Publishing, under these conditions, would become a really dignified occupation, with no worries. It would be the only occupation of its kind in these United States, and there would be even longer lines of job-hunters than now — if possible — outside of publishing houses, praying entrance on any terms.

Short of this truly millennial state of affairs, publishers may bring out books they consider good for entertainment, diversion, edification, or instruction, and good, incidentally, for making money; since publishing is a business and benefits by having to be run as such. They may advertise these books with reasonable honesty, refusing to try to bribe critics even indirectly, and laying claim to no more than their just share of free newspaper space. They may conduct their businesses with respect for tradition, with dignity, and with intelligence, not to mention a dash of genuine idealism. These things may be done profitably under existing conditions, and strange as it may seem after reading Miss Symes' article, are being done by a perfectly astonishing number of houses in this country.

Most of these houses are old enough to know that a sound book which sells steadily for twenty years is likely to make more money than a book that sells fifty thousand copies the first week of its appearance, and none at all thereafter. But this manner of doing business is by no means limited to the older houses. One of the best of the newer houses speaks of its publications in terms of years, and is no more influenced by the wild antics of the racketeering fringe than the most venerable of its colleagues.

A more careful study of conditions as they exist might have convinced Miss Symes that the publishing business of to-day looks and sounds like a racket because a few people in it make so much clatter that the world seems to be filled with din and dust. But in the quieter corners of the business, books go on being born amid the proper surroundings, and these books will still be paying royalties to their authors and a profit to their publishers a generation after some of the current best sellers are as completely forgotten as the name of the central figure in last week's divorce scandal. There are elements in the present situation that are dangerous, but the number of really excellent books of the more serious type that find their way into the class of steady and durable sellers is too heartening a sign of the times to be lost sight of in the fuss kicked up over the startling "success" of the latest piece of claptrap.

I am willing to admit that there have been times within the past two or three years when things have seemed in rather bad case with the publishing business. But let us think for a moment of Chicago — the home of racketeering. Things have seemed quite serious there more than once during the past few years; yet a moment's reflection will convince anyone that life and business have gone on very much as usual amid the chatter of machine guns and the bursting of pineapples. The criminal element simply gets the publicity every time.

I am a long way from conceding that there has been anything at all criminal about the tactics of some of Miss Symes' racketeering publishers — granting for a moment that such people exist; but I do insist that newspaper headlines rarely have any place for John Smith, who behaves himself all his life, makes a good living for his wife and children, and leaves behind him nothing more spectacular than the display of fine courage required for such a career. There are John Smiths among the publishers.

In our more despondent moments we are likely to forget these reasons for optimism. We suffer, perhaps, from the same trouble as Miss Symes; the antics of these twins, Bunk and Ballyhoo — true children of our age in so many respects — throw our judgments off balance. In a screaming civilization, the man who speaks in an ordinary tone of voice may not seem to be saying anything; but, oddly enough, he usually finds listeners, and the chances are that he *is* saying something, while the screamers are merely screaming.

No one could be more willing than I to grant that it is not easy to hold one's perspective in the midst of the game in New York. The air is filled with rumors of this and that. Hardly a day passes, for example, that two or three established publishing houses are not reported on the market or about to go under; and the tales of stupidity or positive lack of character on the part of literary editors and reviewers, and of logrolling, would fill a large volume in any given week. But most of this sort of thing is just dither, and takes its rise from the universal love of gossip, when it does not come from disappointed authors or dissatisfied publishers.

In many instances, perhaps, there is some truth at the bottom of the stories. For example, there is no reason to question the accuracy of Miss Symes' story about a youthful reviewer who telephoned to a publishing house to ask what it wanted said about some of its books. This proves nothing except that the youth in question was a fool; it has no value as commentary upon the general situation unless Miss Symes can show that it is a common practice. Speaking as a reviewer of a good many years' experience, and as a publisher of somewhat less experience, I can only say that I have never heard of any such asininity on the part of a would-be critic, and no one has called me up to ask what I should like said about a book. Perhaps other publishers have better luck that way.

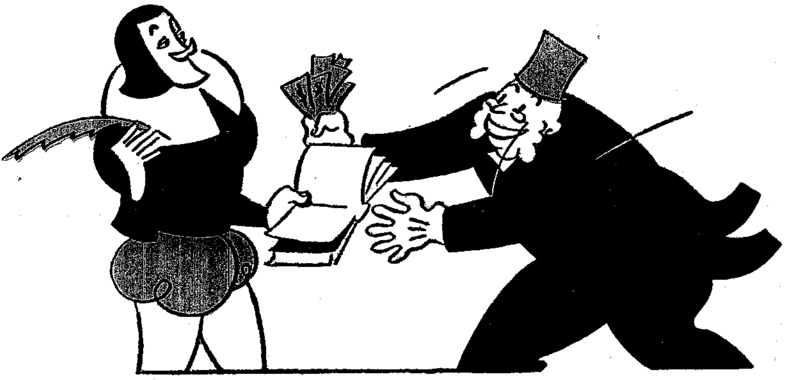
Miss Symes' article seems to me to have two principal points. First of all, there is the insistence that publishing is already pretty much of a racket; and second, that the success of certain houses which take advantage of widespread commercial practices of the day, threatens to force these methods upon the business in general by competition. I have tried to suggest that the first point is not very well taken. As for the second, it may be said that the successfully opportunistic houses of which Miss Symes must be thinking are not actually competitors of the more dignified establishments, and cannot be until they can prove that their methods will sell any sort of book. Thus far, at any rate, they have made their hits with books that suited their racket; and at the same time other houses, without lowering their standards in any way, have made their hits and kept worthy lists going too.

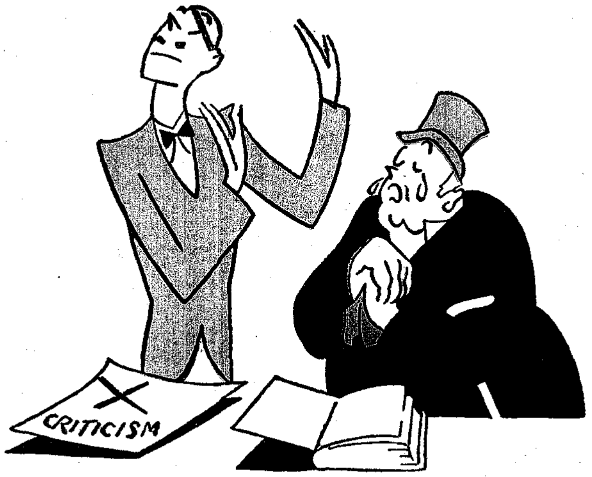
This would hardly be an article if there were no statistics in it; so I checked a list of thirty publishers from their advertisements in a popular book section to see how many of the lot, within my own knowledge, had indulged in any of the practices which Miss Symes condemns. Twenty of them, numbering some of the largest and most successful houses in the business, have never, so far as I know, done any of the things that make Miss Symes unhappy. If giving an occasional tea or luncheon or party constitutes racketeering, five of the remaining ten are guilty. Five more have in one way or another definitely sinned against Miss Symes' rule for decorous publishing. Five publishers out of thirty do not make publishing a racket, however much the activities of the five may fill the public mind to the exclusion of the remaining twenty-five.

But granting that everything Miss Symes says about the present situation is true, and charging nothing at all up to incurable human nature, what have been the results of the alleged break-down of honest publishing? The best-seller lists during the past three years, or since the word "racket" was added to our everyday vocabularies, have been made up on the whole of good books — in many instances, of the best books available at the time. Sex and sensationalism have not been altogether absent, naturally, but the average has been high — definitely higher than at other periods in the literary history of the country.

It cannot be denied that some excellent books have been lost sight of during this period; but this condition has always existed. I wonder if it did not exist in that Golden Day of publishing which Miss Symes mentions, when there was no element of chance in the business and a publisher knew how many books of a given variety he could sell. I make bold to say that a distinguished piece of literature has a better chance of selling in quantities in the United States to-day than ever before in the history of the country, and Miss Symes very nearly supports me in the statement, as daring as it may sound.

So much for the influence of publishers on





the public taste, or on the chances of success of really valuable books. Miss Symes is distressed over the fact that in a city like New York critics know authors, publishers know critics, authors know each other, and sometimes a novelist's husband is a reviewer, or a publisher's cousin a columnist. This is just too bad, and nothing can be done about it. It is true of every literary center of any consequence, and it is inevitable, because people in the same business naturally like to talk to each other. These people *will* get together, and once together they will be influenced to some extent by each others' personalities, although a great many more of them remain honest and detached than Miss Symes suspects. Criticism should be written in a vacuum, I know, but many times the journalistic reviewing commonly found in our book sections is all the better for human contacts, and I have no apologies to make for the statement.

This is an extreme case I am going to cite, but perhaps it will serve as an illustration of what I am trying to say. I recall a review in a distinguished literary weekly not so many months ago which was written by a college professor. It appeared some time after the book had been published and after most of the reviewers had had their say about it. The book was by a gentleman named Wyndham Lewis, and the college professor, safe in his academic cloisters from the mad hurly-burly of New York's literary life, forgetting that there are two writers named Wyndham Lewis, credited the book to the wrong one and tried to fit it into the list of his works. The review was worthless, of course. Not all college professors are so ignorant of what goes on in the field of contemporary literature, but this sort of mistake would not have occurred in a review by a hard-working journalist who had drunk tea with the gentleman in question.

I would not have it thought that some of the things Miss Symes mentions have left me unmoved. It irks me, too, to see utter rubbish, such as the confessions of an ex-something or other, sell into the thousands; but our Anglo-Saxon inhibitions seem to make us inordinately curious about anything that has to do with sex. One suspects that the circulation of a few frankly bawdy books in the lusty seventeenth century tradition might help matters, even if the reading public of Boston were forced to buy copies from some neighboring suburb. But despair would be justified only if nothing except tripe were sold to-day in large quantities, and this is certainly not true, as I have already pointed out. Nor do I believe there is any serious danger of its coming about.

Miss Symes is distressed because in this literary racketeering many books are published by well-known newspaper men who have inside tracks to valuable sources of publicity. She even goes so far as to say: "Thousands of fifth-rate books are being printed for no other reason than that the author knows someone, has useful newspaper connections, or that the subject he writes about is controversial and sensational." This I do not believe. There are about twelve thousand new titles brought out in this country each year, and if Miss Symes had written "hundreds" instead of "thousands," her statement would still appear to me distinctly exaggerated. Of the first two classes she mentions, I doubt if scores of such books are being published.

If books were being brought out in any such wholesale fashion, and for reasons wholly dissociated from the merits of the manuscripts, publishing would be an even more hazardous business than it is to-day. Miss Symes exaggerates the influence of such connections upon the buying public. The third class of meretricious books she mentions — the controversial or sensational — is another matter, although there is no reason why controversial books should be banned by the most sedate of publishers. The past few years have witnessed the publication of many sensational volumes — a great many of them on various phases of sex — which have been wholly without merit, and which have been brought out for box-office reasons. There is a genuine public demand for this sort of thing, as a passing glance at any newspaper or magazine stand will attest; and it would be too much to expect book publishing — which, like most businesses, has a great variety of people in it — to keep itself wholly aloof.

But regardless of all this, it is not at all easy to believe that publishers in general have so far lost their minds as to bring out books in vast quantities for reasons wholly apart from the value of the manuscripts themselves. There are many houses which insist upon the readers' report as a basis for their decision to publish or let alone. That other considerations may sometimes enter is true, for as Miss Symes suggests, no publisher may be blamed for taking advantage of an external factor which will help him to sell a book.

What Miss Symes says about the influence of advertising upon book reviewing raises an interesting point, although I believe that most book reviewing is decidedly free from any direct influence of the kind. If the publisher has a book in which he sincerely believes, he may advertise a great deal, and may, by so doing, give the book a news value that will warrant a prompt and complete review, be it favorable or unfavorable. A widely advertised book takes on news value, and most book sections are edited with the news angle in mind, since they are parts of newspapers. The public is likely to be curious about a book that is being widely discussed, either in print or by word of mouth, and has a right to have its curiosity gratified. One of the best-known book columnists in town said not long ago that he invariably reviewed selections of the book clubs because he thought the reading public was interested in these selections.

Miss Symes contends that "for every honest artist or craftsman who stands apart from the crowd and produces a worthy book, there are fifty literary glad-handers angling for contracts, calling critics by their first names, haunting parties, and pursuing publicity agents with bright ideas for stories." There is no way of determining whether this ratio is accurate or not, and the present situation is one in which the latter gentry flourish excessively; but the stubborn fact remains that the few books written by these honest artists and craftsmen have put many a dollar into the pockets of their authors and the bank accounts of their publishers during the past five years. A rather surprising number of good — and successful — books in that time have been written by people who had never gazed upon the New York literary scene. I could name a dozen of such books offhand, and anyone who pretends to keep up with current literature could lengthen the list.

Speaking of the activities of publicity people in certain publishing houses, Miss Symes mentions the instance of one writer of biographies who was so annoyed by a press agent that she could not get her work done and was finally forced to flee to Paris — the poor dear. This was an indignity which the writer did not have to suffer; a word to the editor of the publishing house might have saved her from further annoyance, or an even more direct word to the publicity agent. Again, I do not believe that Miss Symes has cited a typical case to prove her point. There are certainly only a few publishing houses in the business that would permit such a thing; indeed, there are only a few publicity directors who would make themselves such downright nuisances.

Miss Symes' argument that the public has the right to demand strict integrity of publishers and critics is flattering, although the public has itself to blame most of all when it does not get this integrity. The public has the right to demand integrity of all its servants, including those in public office — but does it? It is warming to the heart to have such high ideals held up for publishing — indeed the distress that Miss Symes manifests over the invasion of publishing by practices that are common to-day in so many respectable American businesses, is in itself an encouraging sign.

Publishing has its troubles, to be sure, some of the worst of which Miss Symes has not touched upon; but so long as it can offer a chance to any really good book to find its way to the public, and so long as it takes as good care of authors as it now does, there is nothing in the existing situation to write to President Hoover about. Many times things have been much worse; and in general, they have rarely been so good as they are to-day.

**Next month's debate, "Should Parsons Play Politics?" — between Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and Heywood Broun**

*Engravings by William Hogarth* *Courtesy New York Public Library*

*A Midnight Modern Conversation**

# Prohibition Ten Years After

### *by* FABIAN FRANKLIN

## I

MR. HOOVER made a happy choice of words when he characterized the prohibition régime established by the Eighteenth Amendment as "an experiment noble in motive." The characterization is cautious and incomplete; but of course Mr. Hoover was fully aware of that. It says nothing either about the theoretical soundness or the practical wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment, but what it does say must in a sense be conceded by fair-minded opponents of national prohibition.

For, whatever other elements there may be in the case, there was at the heart of the prohibition movement in our country a noble motive. Had it not been for the nobility of the motive which inspired a comparatively small group of ardent prohibitionists, not all the arts of the Anti-Saloon League, nor all the money at its disposal, could have availed to bring about this amazing departure from the traditions of our republic, this almost incredible violation of the cardinal principles of law and government.

Ten years have now passed since the experiment was ushered in; and the close of this period has been marked by controversy, nation-wide in scope and almost unparalleled in intensity, as to the merits of the experiment as they appear at the end of the ten years' trial. There is, however, one aspect of the situation which has received little or no attention, and yet it seems to me to deserve more attention than almost any other.

When the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, it was not looked upon as an experiment at all; it was regarded as a finality. Now that we *have* come to look upon it as an experiment, the first question that should present itself to our minds is this: If, before we had committed ourselves to the apparently irrevocable step of putting bone-dry prohibition into the Constitution of the United States, we had been permitted to see what we now see, to know what we now know, would the Eighteenth Amendment have been adopted? And I think there need be little hesitation in saying that it would not.

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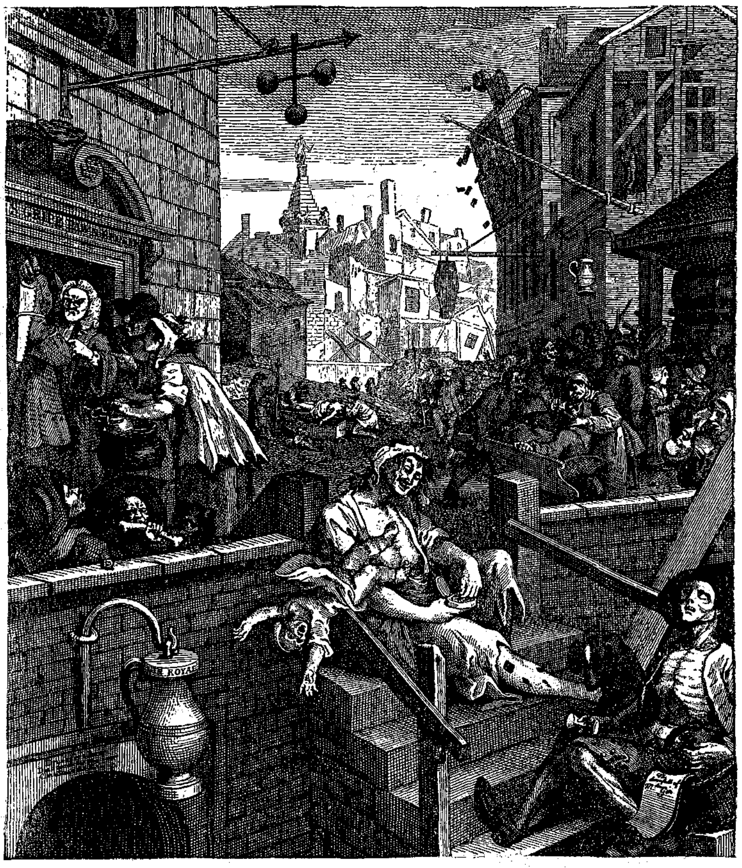
* The Editors have deemed it fitting and appropriate to reprint with Mr. Franklin's article several of the satirical engravings of William Hogarth. Not that the Editors believe for one moment that conditions in America under the Eighteenth Amendment even faintly reflect the lusty and licentious drinking habits of eighteenth century England. But, as Mr. Franklin points out, prohibition has by no means put an end to the evils of intemperance; on the contrary, says Mr. Franklin: "Decent drinking has been almost abolished. The drinking that now goes on, of which the enormous volume can be denied by no person of intelligence, is practically all lawless drinking."

For, in the first place, the mere recognition that the thing proposed was experimental would itself, unless we had thrown all political judgment to the winds, have been an almost fatal bar. Experiments have no place in such an instrument as the Constitution of the United States.

It is true that in some sense the income-tax amendment was an experiment, and likewise the woman-suffrage amendment; but not in the sense in which the prohibition amendment was an experiment. For the income-tax amendment and the woman-suffrage amendment were normal and legitimate parts of a constitution, since, once adopted, they were sure to be accepted by the nation as a conclusive settlement of the questions with which they dealt. As for the prohibition amendment, there were, indeed, a few solemn warnings of the resistance which it would arouse and the demoralizing consequences which were bound to ensue upon its enactment; but these warnings were as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. And nobody then knew, though it is now abundantly clear, that, while the voices raised in opposition were few, the silent multitude who were opposed to national prohibition numbered so many millions as to constitute a large proportion — perhaps a little less than half, perhaps a little more than half — of our entire population.

From that day to this the voice of protest has been almost steadily rising, until now the whole air is filled with it. We are witnessing the spectacle of tens of millions of the American people subjected to a rule which they hate — a rule affecting the conduct of their daily lives, and fastened upon them by a provision of the Constitution which its sponsors defiantly declare to be irrevocable. There is no sign that this state of things will subside; on the contrary, there is every sign that year by year it will breed more dissension, more bitterness, more resistance. So contrary is this to the very concept of the organic law of a free people that, if it had been known in advance, no man or woman who understands the basic principles of law and government could possibly have given his or her sanction to such an adventure.

**Gin Lane**



## II

I HAVE PUT this consideration first of all, because I regard it as the most fundamental; yet I fear that it is not the one which will most appeal to the imagination of the average reader. Other considerations, however, which, if less fundamental, are more dramatic and spectacular, exist in abundance.

When we entered upon this experiment — if that can be called "an experiment" which is intentionally put beyond the reach of improvement or abandonment — certain things were placed conspicuously before the public as sure to result from its adoption. Of these the most familiar was that prohibition would in a large measure rid the country of crime.

What would the people who were so strongly influenced by this consideration have said if they could have seen a picture of the crime situation to-day? Never in the history of the country has the problem of crime loomed so large in the public mind or in the minds of statesmen and publicists. The prisons, both national and state, instead of being half emptied, as the prohibitionists had prophesied and promised, are overcrowded as never before. Nor is it possible to break the force of this showing by attributing it to some strange and unexpected development of postwar psychology; for we hear nothing of the kind in England or France or Germany, all of which countries were subjected by the World War to infinitely greater upheaval.

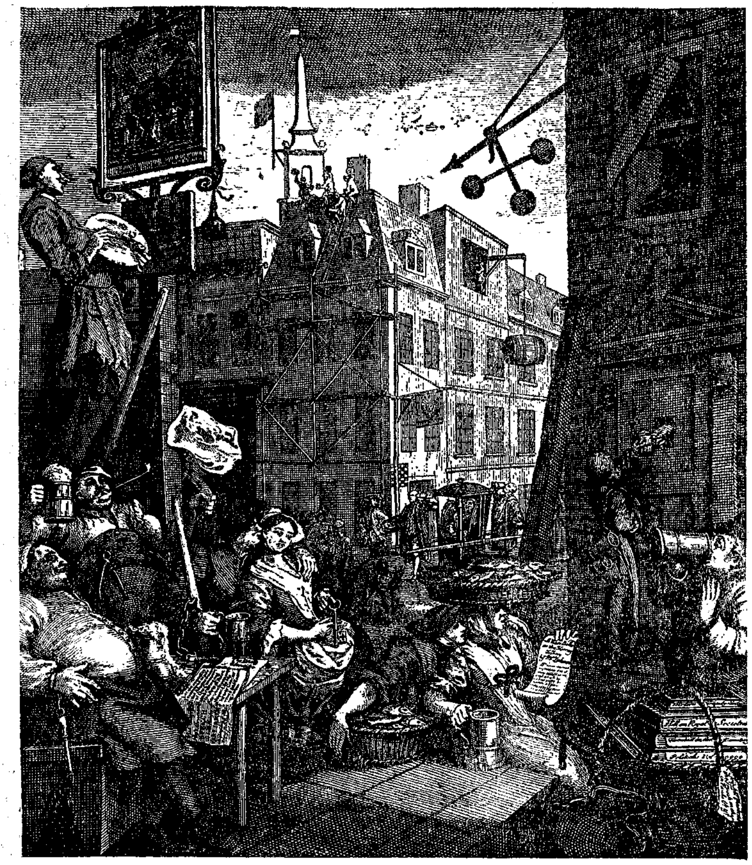
England's crime situation presents a startling contrast to that of the United States. At the International Prison Conference in 1925 Sir William Joynson Hicks, then Home Secretary, presented an elaborate statement of prison conditions in that country. The facts which he stated are quite beyond the reach of challenge, and never have been challenged, astonishing as is the record of improvement which they showed. In the fifty years from 1875 to 1925 the number of prisons in England and Wales has been reduced by just about one-half, and the number of prisoners has been reduced in the same proportion — this in spite of the increase of population. That this wonderful improvement has been brought about not altogether by a diminution of crime, but in part by wiser and more effective methods of dealing with crime, need not be denied; yet, after all allowance is made for these factors, there remains a showing in humiliating contrast with the record we have been making.

It is not necessary to charge the prohibition laws with responsibility for bringing about the crime situation with which this country has been so gravely concerned during the past five or ten years; that is not the point. The point is that the contrast between what has happened here and what has happened in England reduces to absurdity the claims in regard to crime that prohibitionists have always put to the very forefront of their agitation.

What would the prohibitionists be saying now if the contrast had been the other way? Suppose that half of *our* prisons had been emptied; suppose that the number of *our* prisoners had been reduced to one-half, while England was grappling with the overcrowding of her prisons and the increase of her prison population. Would not this be pointed to as conclusive proof of the virtues of prohibition? Would not every opponent of prohibition be branded as wickedly refusing to sanction a measure which experience had demonstrated to be the great remedy for crime?

Impermeable as the Anti-Saloon mind is to evidence and argument, even that mind has been affected to some extent by a showing so conspicuous and so indisputable as that of our crime experience. In 1925, when the experiment was five years old, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, who

***Beer Street***



was then the head of the Anti-Saloon League, contributed to the August number of *Current History* an article in which he declared that "so long as the use of intoxicants is general, crime must inevitably increase," while "with prohibition it has decreased." Almost at the very moment this article appeared, Sir William Joynson Hicks was making the statement to which I have referred. And also at the very same moment, the gravity of crime conditions in this country, after five years of prohibition, was signally acknowledged by the formation of a national Crime Commission to grapple with the problem.

But there are limits, apparently, to the audacity even of Anti-Saloon League chiefs. Last December the present head of that organization, Mr. F. Scott McBride, issued a Christmas greeting to the American people, reciting the glories of prohibition. He told us that the slums had been abolished, that destitution had ceased to be a problem to our charity organizations, and he made other statements of a similarly delightful and authentic character. But he said not a word about crime.

## III

ANOTHER prospect, held out with confidence to the American people when the Eighteenth Amendment was pending, was that when we had taken this step, the nations of the world, impressed by our shining example, would follow our lead. In the psychology that underlay the adoption of the amendment, this notion of the triumphant march of prohibition played an extremely important part. Multitudes of unthinking people, and multitudes of people who are by no means unthinking, are powerfully swayed by the idea that a given movement is sweeping forward to success with irresistible force. Many a person who might otherwise have been very reluctant to assent to national prohibition gave it his tacit or overt assent because he felt that it was bound to come, that opposition would be a mere kicking against the pricks, an attempt to stay the course of "manifest destiny." State after state, we were told, had joined the prohibition ranks, and country after country would do the like if we set the example.

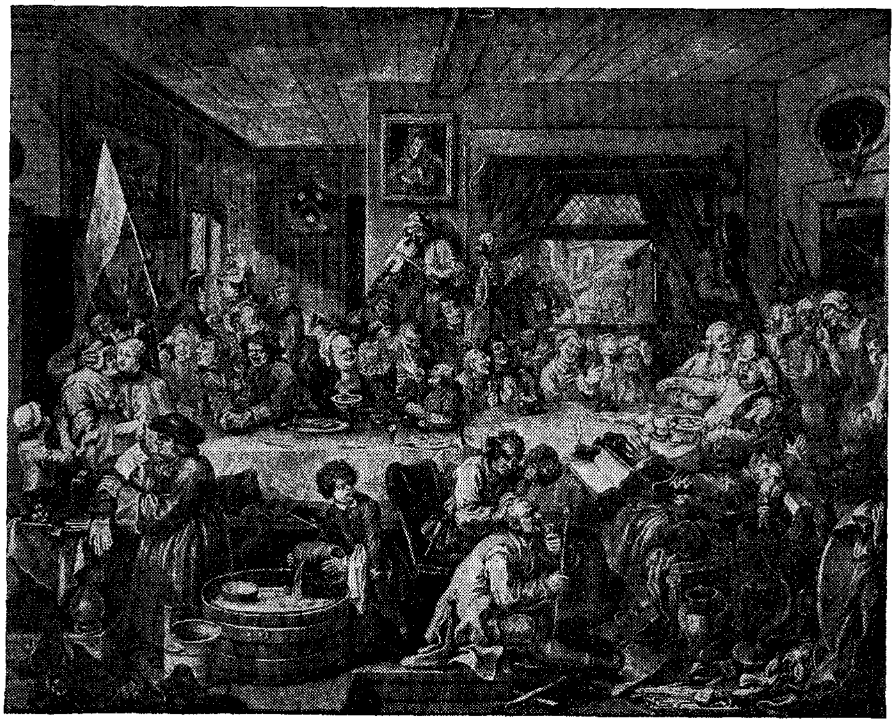
But what has happened since we adopted the glorious amendment? Province after province of Canada has renounced prohibition after experiencing its operation; and in Europe no country has adopted it, while two that had it have given it up. Our only company now consists of little Prince Edward Island, with a population of ninety thousand out of Canada's nine million, and on the other side of the water little Finland, which is having the same kind of happy time with its experiment that we are having with ours.

What I have thus far been speaking of is matter of common knowledge, and of significance so palpable that it cannot be missed by anyone whose mind is not closed to the truth. When we come to the question of drink itself — that is, the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors — there is a great mass of conflicting evidence and statistical information, concerning which it is possible to hold widely diverse views. It cannot be determined how the total amount of drinking compares with what it was before prohibition. There are doubtless large classes among whom it has diminished and other classes among whom it has increased — when measured by alcoholic content — and become greatly worse in character. I shall not venture to pronounce any judgment as to the net balance in this matter.

On the question of downright drunkenness, however, the question is much clearer. Statistics whose general trustworthiness is plain show that while arrests for drunkenness went down to a very low point in the first year or two of national prohibition, they have risen steadily and rapidly since, and are now at about the same point as they were just before prohibition came in. The significance of this is not adequately realized until we take into account the decline in drunkenness that had been going on for many years, even decades — a decline which, if continued during the past ten years, would have brought the figure down to a much lower point than that at which it now stands.

Upon this subject one more word must be said. Whatever may be true of the total volume of drinking, decent drinking has been almost abolished. The drinking that now goes on, of which the enormous volume can be denied by no person of intelligence, is practically all lawless drinking; and a very large part of it is drinking which, quite apart from the question of lawlessness, is of a far worse kind than we had before the era of national prohibition.

If we were to grant every claim of what has been accomplished in regard to drink — or at least every claim not manifestly preposterous — it would be a pitiful result to point to as our reward for the unrest, the bitterness, the corruption, the denial of liberty, the abandonment of historic American principles, the political and moral degradation, which have gone with the attempt to force this measure upon the American people in face of the resistance of something like half of their entire number. And finally, it must be remembered that whatever beneficial results have been attained could have been attained fully as completely by rational methods of control, involving none of this terrible sacrifice.



*An Election Entertainment*

## IV

With this situation confronting us, it is not surprising that the prohibitionists have been placing great emphasis on the extraordinary prosperity which the last seven or eight years have witnessed. That this prosperity has coincided with the prohibition régime is an extremely fortunate circumstance for the defenders of prohibition. It is probable that in some slight degree the phenomenal development of our material prosperity may be attributable to prohibition; that no more than this is true is sufficiently shown by one simple consideration.

I have looked into the two bulky volumes entitled *Recent Economic Changes*, issued in 1929 by the great commission which was formed by Mr. Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce, and of which Mr. Hoover himself was the chairman. In this work, the result of years of study, there are elaborate discussions of the causes of the unparalleled prosperity we have been enjoying; but among these causes prohibition is not so much as mentioned.

Getting away from these matters of statistics and economics, let us look in conclusion at some products of prohibition which are in no need of statistics to establish their existence, nor of any complicated reasoning to determine their origin. Lawlessness and contempt for law on a scale never before heard of in our country, or in any country which we would be willing to regard as in the same class with ours, stare us all in the face. So amply is this recognized throughout the nation that it is needless here to insist upon it or to moralize upon it. It will be more to the purpose to point out that not only is this state of things with us, but that it was clearly predicted and solemnly warned against by some of the wisest of our public men before we took the reckless plunge.

Probably the most remarkable of these warnings was that uttered by ex-President Taft in 1918. From this warning I shall make a brief quotation, which, however, gives only a slight indication of the gravity and impressiveness of his whole statement:

> The theory that the national government can enforce any law will yield to the stubborn circumstances, and a Federal law will become as much a subject of contempt and ridicule in some parts of the nation as laws of this kind have been in some States. . . .
>
> If through the abnormal psychology of war thirty-six States are induced to approve a national prohibition amendment now, we can never change it, though a great majority of the people may come later to see its utter failure. Thirteen prohibition States can always be counted on to prevent a retracing of the

foolish step. We shall thus hang a permanent millstone around our necks.

That millstone has been hung around our necks; but, thank Heaven, there is at last some prospect of its not being permanent. The longer the American people have felt its weight, the more intolerable they have found it; and there are abundant signs that, however tremendous may be the task, they are becoming more and more resolved to rid themselves of the millstone and stand erect again as a nation of freemen. Prohibitionists keep pointing to the fact — and it *is* a fact — that their control of Congress remains as complete as ever; but they must know, just as everybody else knows, that year after year the tide of opposition has been rising and has now a formidable strength such as, even three or four years ago, few antiprohibitionists dared to hope for.

In state after state, when the people have been given a chance to vote directly on the issue, they have expressed their decisive condemnation of the present state of things. And not only the record of large popular majorities, such as those in New York, Massachusetts, and several other states, but — what is in some ways even more significant — the action of bar associations in our great cities has testified to the depth and extent of this condemnation. One of the latest of these was that of the Bar Association of San Francisco. A resolution demanding the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was passed upon by a formal vote which polled the entire association, and it resulted in the adoption of the resolution by a majority of five to one. If anybody thinks that a sentiment so deep and so pervasive will have no practical result simply because it has not as yet been reflected in the composition of Congress, he must have a very queer notion of the potency of public opinion in our republic.

V

THE CLOSE of the first decade of prohibition was marked by two events almost coincident in date. One was the Anti-Saloon League's celebration of the tenth anniversary of the amendment; the other was the preliminary report of the Wickersham Commission. In each of these one may easily see a reflection of the state of things upon which I have just been commenting. But it is recognized in the two cases in diametrically opposite ways.

The Anti-Saloon League celebration meeting passed by unanimous vote a resolution declaring its opposition to all referendums on the subject of prohibition. The Wickersham Commission, although in its specific recommendation it confined itself to matters relating to the efficiency of enforcement, began its report with a preamble which points in quite a different direction. "It is impossible," says this preamble, "wholly to set off observance of the prohibition act from the large question of the views and habits of the American people with respect to private judgment as to statutes and regulations affecting their conduct."

To him who has eyes to see, the very heart of the situation confronting us can be discerned in these two contrasting declarations. The Anti-Saloon League says, in effect: "We have got prohibition nailed down in the Constitution; we don't want to know, and we don't want the nation to know, how the American people feel about it." The Wickersham Commission says, in effect: "It is impossible to tell what is the right course to pursue in regard to prohibition unless we take into most serious account the actual feelings and desires of the American people."

There lies the choice. It is the choice between blind force and entrenched power on the one hand, and on the other hand reasonable consideration of what can be done and what ought to be done, in the light of the feeling of the people toward the law.

Ten years ago the ironclad finality of the Eighteenth Amendment was accepted by almost everybody. To-day a commission appointed by President Hoover, and certainly not hostile to prohibition, utterly rejects that ironclad finality. And the time is coming when the sentence that I have quoted from the Wickersham report will be regarded, not as a generous concession to liberal opinion, but only as one of the early and faint indications of something infinitely more thoroughgoing. In its ultimate significance the Wickersham report's admission means nothing less than the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. For there is no halfway place at which we can stop if we are once more to have national harmony, state self-government, and that respect for the Constitution of the United States which has been the chief cornerstone of our political history.

# Mata Hari: The Dance of Death

*Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson*

### *by* MAJOR THOMAS COULSON

*A British Army Intelligence Officer during the World War*

Mata Hari, courtesan and German spy, was born in Holland in 1876. She began her career as a dancer in Paris. Before the World War a vaudeville engagement took her to Berlin, where she became enrolled in the German secret service and was designated as spy H21. Her most sensational war exploit occurred during her residence at Vittel, where, disguised as a Red Cross nurse, she lured indiscreet aviators into disclosing how the Allies had been dropping spies from airplanes behind the German lines. Here, too, she became the mistress of French officers and wormed from them the secret plans of a great Allied offensive, which she disclosed to the enemy. The French secret service — the formidable Second Bureau — discovered that Mata Hari had made use of the diplomatic pouch of the Dutch Ambassador to France to send treasonable information to her German chiefs.

Mata Hari was next assigned to find out the names of the French spies in Belgium, who were causing the Germans great annoyance in the occupied territory. To secure this information she made the daring move of volunteering to serve as a spy for France and of asking the Second Bureau to put her into communication with their Belgian agents. This they agreed to do, and Mata Hari was entrusted with a document which was supposed to contain the names of twelve French spies. As a matter of fact, only one name on the list was genuine, and this man was shot three weeks later by the Germans. Meanwhile Mata Hari had left France for England, intending to go on to Holland; but by a ruse the British police put her on board a ship bound for Spain.

In Spain, Mata Hari became the mistress of Lieutenant von Kroon, head of the German espionage service in Madrid. Her immediate chiefs in Holland ordered her to return to Paris, and since she was in need of money, von Kroon sent a radio code message to Amsterdam asking that 15,000 marks be forwarded to H21 through the Dutch Embassy in Paris. This message was picked up by the Eiffel Tower and decoded by the French; and when the dancer arrived in Paris, she was immediately arrested as a spy and confined in the prison of Saint-Lazare.

The time had now come when Mata Hari had to answer for her crimes before her judges — brother officers of the men whom she had sent to their deaths in thousands. During the trial her soul and mind were revealed as thoroughly as she had so frequently chosen to unveil her beautiful body, which had become famous in all the European capitals. It was inevitable that her reputation should have preceded her to the bar of justice, for some of her judges, at least, must have known her as a star of the vaudeville stage, a woman who had led the gay, roistering life of a dancer without respect for honor, modesty, or decency. They must have experienced in some degree the magnetic charm which had enslaved other men, and wondered by what extraordinary twist of fortune's wheel she had been induced to accept employment as a spy. Yet the shades of thought that interest moralists in laying bare human motives received no consideration by the Third Court-Martial. They were concerned with facts, and facts are stubborn things.

Should there be any suspicion that her judges were influenced by animosity, let it be said that she was treated throughout the trial with a courtesy which one would expect any lady to receive from men who were gentlemen by instinct. If the accused resented some of the questions asked concerning her relations with men, it must be recalled that the character of courtesan was her chosen line of defense. The investigators were remorseless in their pursuit of the truth, but at no stage of the trial did the accused woman or her lawyer protest against the injustice she is alleged to have encountered.

There were times when she pleaded with her judges, but it was a plea for them to treat a woman with gallantry. The terrible Mornay, special scourge of traitors and spies, did rouse her to anger at one stage of the trial, but that was because of his keen scent for the truth which she was trying to conceal with an ambiguous statement.

Her defense was undertaken voluntarily by a well-known French advocate, Maître Clunet, who enjoyed a reputation as a legal scholar that extended beyond the frontiers of his own country. Maître Clunet asked to be entrusted with the defense of the spy. It was rare for criminals of Mata Hari's class to have such a highly qualified advocate, but for personal reasons he was judged to be the most suitable lawyer for the task. He was a man of considerable charm, with an urbane disposition, and he presented a venerable figure with his snow-white hair. The medal of the 1870 campaign which he wore must have appealed to the military men who formed the court, and insured for him the respect which a veteran invariably receives from the younger men of his profession.

When Mata Hari was at the height of her beauty and power, Maître Clunet had fallen in love with her and for some time they had been on terms of intimate friendship. Now at the age of seventy-five he was still under the influence of this early infatuation. The story of their ill-omened love affair may be read in Charles Hirsch's excellent romance, *La Chèvre aux Pieds d'Or*, where the story is sympathetically treated and the noble character of the aged lawyer is shown to its fullest advantage.

The Third Court-Martial sat in the Court of Assizes. The president was a venerable warrior of some distinction, Colonel Sempron, formerly commander of the Garde Républicaine. The sittings were held behind closed doors, the delicate nature of the evidence making absolute secrecy a necessity. Even the sentries set to guard the doors were not permitted to approach nearer than ten paces. Only the members of the court, the prosecutor, the defender, one other officer, and the guard accompanying the prisoner were admitted to the room in addition to the witnesses.

The "one other officer" was Major Massard of the General Staff. It is to him that we are largely indebted for these facts relating to the trial, as set forth in his *Espionnes de Paris*, and it may be said that no other authentic account of the evidence has been given because it necessarily dealt with certain events upon which the French authorities prefer to maintain silence. No secret service cares to expose its methods. Then again, there were several people whose indiscretions did not amount to treachery, but who were entangled in the skein of Mata Hari's intrigues and love affairs, and who have been spared the humiliation of unnecessary exposure.

### ENTER THE PRISONER

THE MAINTENANCE of secrecy insured an absolute silence in the large room. Indeed, the court with its dust-covered benches, intended to accommodate a large audience, seemed strangely remote from the noises of man's world. Into this silent chamber two gendarmes led their prisoner to face the charge of intelligence with the enemy — which is the legal expression for spying. Major Massard describes Mata Hari on this occasion as being rather tall and slender, her clear-cut face assuming a sour and disagreeable expression when she was hard pressed, which neutralized the effect of her regular features and the lovely, periwinkle-blue eyes — eyes that were physically beautiful but morally terrible. In her blue dress, cut to a low point, and a coquettish three-cornered hat of military cut, she lacked nothing of elegance; but it surprised Major Massard to discover that this professional dancer was not remarkable for grace. He describes her as German in manner as well as in heart.

But everyone who saw her was struck with the attitude of resolution with which she faced her judges, and the high intelligence which she displayed during the course of the trial. She had a ready reply for every question, denying only the motives ascribed to actions which she admitted performing. When compared to Messalina, she showed no resentment; she gloried in her vice of passion. Closely adhering to the accepted course of conduct popular with the spies of the time, she boldly proclaimed her defense and stuck to it tenaciously. A courtesan, yes; a spy, no. If she had been compelled to act suspiciously at times, it was because she had to protect the identity of the men who entered into relations with her. Mata Hari was not merely frank; she was proud of her highly placed lovers and the generous manner in which they had treated her.

"On the day war was declared," said the president of the court, "you had luncheon with the chief of police in Berlin and afterwards accompanied him on a tour through the city, where you received the acclamations of the crowd."

"That is quite true," admitted Mata Hari. She then gave the explanation of her meeting with this official: he had come to inspect her theatrical costume, which had been reported insufficiently modest.

"Then a short while afterwards you entered the secret service. The chief of that service sent you on a confidential mission to Paris, providing you with 30,000 marks, and designating you with the symbol H21."

"It is true," the dancer conceded, "that I received a 'baptismal' name by which I could correspond with my friend, and the sum you mention. But those 30,000 marks were not my salary as a spy; they were the price of my favors, for I was the mistress of the chief of the espionage service."

"Yes, we know that. But the officer appears to have been unusually generous."

"Thirty thousand, generous! It was my price; my lovers never offered me less."

On the subject of correspondence with the enemy she contradicted herself, as she did in private conversation, in order to make her utterances suit the various occasions. The president presented a terrible indictment of her treachery at Vittel, charging her with communicating to Abteilung III the intelligence which she had gathered from indiscreet officers concerning the dropping of French agents behind the German lines.

"It is true," she admitted, "that I corresponded with my lover, who was no longer in Berlin but in Amsterdam. It was no fault of mine that he was chief of the espionage department. I did not communicate anything to him."

"When you were at the front you had knowledge of the preparations which were being made for the offensive," charged the president with added seriousness in his voice.

"I knew from some of my officer friends that something was in course of preparation, certainly. But even if I had wished, I could not have informed the Germans. I did not warn them because I could not."

This was a strange statement after she had just admitted being in correspondence with the head of the secret service in Amsterdam. But with her, duty and falsehood were synonymous; such irreconcilable statements were not matters of consequence to her, and she appeared to think that they should not have weighed with the judges.

Then the president, very grave now that he was approaching the fatal proofs, questioned Mata Hari on her correspondence with her daughter through the diplomatic mail of the neutral legation.

"I have written, I admit it," she said with candor. "But I sent no information on military matters."

"We have proof to the contrary. We know also to whom you sent it."

This was the first hint which indicated the full extent of the Second Bureau's knowledge of her activities. Mata Hari grew pale and made no effort to insist upon her innocent intentions. She was next examined upon her reasons for volunteering to enter the French secret service, and the replies at least show that she had no scruple about betraying her friends, either French or German.

"There was nothing extraordinary in offering to be useful to France," she contended, "I was very well placed to do so with my useful associations. Besides, I had no money."

"Your German friends soon sent you 10,000 marks through the neutral legation," suggested Lieutenant Mornay.

"That money was from my friend."

Again it is worthy of comment that she can or cannot communicate with her German lover, just as it suits the convenience of the moment. In making this sharp retort Mata Hari betrayed signs of anger. Perhaps it was because a moment earlier she had boasted that this man never offered her less than 30,000 marks.

"From your friend, the head of the espionage service," was Mornay's dry comment. "Finally, you became a spy in the service of France. What did you do?"

"I gave information to the chief of the Second Bureau concerning the places on the Moroccan coast where submarines landed arms — information that was very useful and very important. . . ."

"And where did you obtain that information?" asked the president. "If it was correct, it shows that you were in direct communication with the enemy; if it was false, you were deceiving us."

### BLOODY BUT UNBOWED

THIS TIME the dancer was completely disconcerted. In trying to explain the inexplicable she stammered inconclusive suggestions. She had heard about it at a diplomatic dinner where she was dancing; but she could not say where it was nor who had inadvertently betrayed this important confidential information, which most certainly could not have been known to any neutral diplomat in Paris. Realizing that her perplexity and evasions were creating a bad impression, Mata Hari lost her temper again. Flushed with anger, she flashed back at Colonel Sempron:

"After all, I did what I could for France. My information was good. . . . I am not French. . . . I owe you nothing. . . . You are only trying to confuse me. . . . I am only a poor woman, and for officers you are lacking in gallantry."

Mornay bowed gravely to the accused and murmured, "Madame must forgive us; we are only defending our country."

The dancer was obviously disquieted by this shrewd attack, but after a moment's reflection she tried to dissimulate her unrest by arrogantly retorting: "I am neither French nor German, but belong to a neutral country. You are persecuting me, you are unjust, and, I repeat, you are not gallant." She regarded Mornay for a moment while her lips curled with scorn; then she exclaimed bitterly, "Oh, but that man is horrid!"

"Calm yourself, madame," Colonel Sempron suggested; and having given the accused time to recover her composure, he continued: "Captain Ledoux gave you a document which you were to carry to one of our agents in Belgium. What did you do with that paper?"

She did not answer.

The president pressed for a reply: "Do you recall to what use you put the paper confided to you for transmission to our agent?"

"No," was the dull response.

One of the members of the court-martial says that he does not think Mata Hari had fully realized her danger until the moment when this reluctant monosyllable was forced from her lips. Had she claimed any recollection of disposing of this paper, she would have been immediately involved in a terribly tortuous path of untruth to explain what had happened to it. Unhappily for her, we know that she had dispatched this precious document to the German officials in Amsterdam before she left France. Under these circumstances, complete loss of memory was her only defense, inadequate as it was; and the president proceeded to enlighten her.

"That agent to whom you were ordered to report was arrested in Brussels by the Germans, and three weeks after your departure from Paris he was shot."

It is obvious that at this stage of the examination the judges must have reached a reasonably sure belief that Mata Hari was guilty of the charge brought against her. To increase their conviction they now witnessed the complete overthrow of her assurance. They saw her hesitations, her stammered replies, her loss of confidence, as the president and the relentless Mornay sought to wring the truth from her. In spite of all their efforts, however, it was not possible to extract any confession from her.

Then they questioned her about her stay in Madrid.

"In Madrid you occupied the room next to that of the chief of the German espionage service in that city."

"That is so," she acknowledged.

"This agent from Berlin paid you frequent visits?"

"That also is true."

"Did you receive gifts from him?"

"Certainly. He was my lover." She was on surer ground now.

"You know, and we know, that your messages to your German lover in Amsterdam were signed by the spy signature, H21."

"That is not correct," was the quick retort. It will be recalled that Mata Hari had already admitted that she used this symbol so that she could communicate with the admirer who, "through no fault" of hers, was head of an espionage department.

"Pardon me, madame; it *is* correct and the proof of it is in the radiogram which the German agent in Madrid sent to his colleague in Amsterdam asking for money to be paid to H21 through the ministry of a neutral country."

This was the only time when Mata Hari came near to a complete breakdown. The knowledge that the French were aware of the existence of this radiogram caused her bold front to collapse.

"I tell you . . . I . . . It was for . . . it was to pay for our intimacy. It is . . . it is my price. . . . Oh, you gentlemen of France, believe me! Be gallant!"

Maître Clunet was alarmed at the state of his trembling client, and the poor man, forgetting his functions as defender of an accused spy, became once again the gallant protector of a lovely woman threatened with disaster. He solicitously offered her a bottle of smelling salts and a box of chocolates.

"I have no need of those," cried Mata Hari harshly, in repulsing him. "I am not a child. I shall be brave."

Then she faced the court defiantly.

"You cannot deny," said the president, when she was somewhat recovered, "that you went to the legation and collected the sum which Lieutenant von Kroon had promised you."

"What is the use of denying it?" answered the accused. "Lieutenant von Kroon did not wish to pay for my caresses with his own money; he found it more convenient to pay with the money of his government."

"The court will accept that statement for what it is worth," commented Colonel Sempron, dryly. "You acknowledge that the money came from the chief of the German espionage service in Holland?"

"Certainly. The money came from my lover in Holland, who paid, without knowing it, the debts of my lover in Spain."

Maître Clunet was much disturbed over these inaccurate replies. How was he to reconcile her declaration that von Kroon was paying his debts with government money, with that in which she said her German lover was paying for the pleasantries of his colleague in Spain? The court closed its first session at this stage. During the recess the old advocate went about trying to find how his case stood with those who had heard it. The prospect was bad, but he did not lose courage. When Major Massard was invited to give an opinion, he said brusquely: "I think she is nothing but a clever hussy and that she is done for."

The lawyer, however, would not confess defeat. "Wait," he said — "wait until you have heard the witnesses I shall call. But wait most especially for my address to the court."

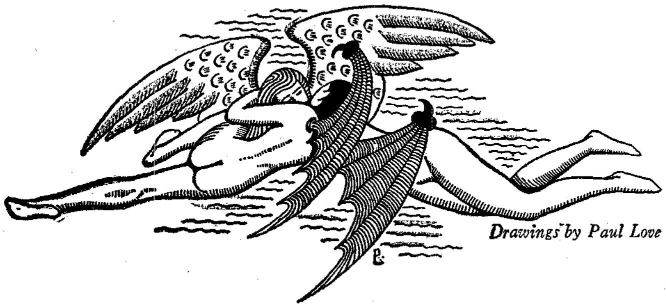
### A Gallant Witness

When the court reassembled to hear her defense and Mata Hari learned that some of her influential friends had acceded to her request to give evidence on her behalf, she resumed all her coquettish art. Having taken

(*Continued on page 252*)

# What I Believe

## *Living Philosophies — VIII*



*Drawings by Paul Love*

### *by* SIR ARTHUR KEITH

*President (1927) British Association for the Advancement of Science*
*Hunterian Professor, Royal College of Surgeons*

### I

DEEP in my heart I find a strange reluctance to set down here my innermost beliefs concerning God, man, and the universe. My birth in Scotland and my Presbyterian upbringing may be to blame. The fact that I have passed the sixty-third milestone in life and have acquired some degree of worldly wisdom may also have something to do with it. The real explanation, however, lies deeper: it is fear — or cowardice, if you will.

By nature I am one of the common herd. I fear ostracism. And I court it — perhaps deserve it — when I break the seal of my inner sanctuary and expose the beliefs which rule my conduct and dominate my outlook. Such an act is both sacrilegious and dangerous, for these innermost beliefs of ours are charged with the fierce fire of feeling and of passion. They have become parts of ourselves; we cannot discuss them openly and candidly without committing an assault on men and women whose love and comradeship we desire to retain. Hence most of us choose to be silent; wrangling is painful and the paths of peace are pleasant.

At the instigation of the Editor of THE FORUM I have thrown prudence to the winds. In these pages I am resolved to be absolutely and resolutely honest with myself and with my readers. I know I shall shock many, but I hope my confession may bring comfort to others.

I am not alone. At this moment there are some 1750 millions of us making the journey of life. There are millions who, like myself, have set out with a heritage of goodly beliefs, but, by reason of what we have seen, heard, felt, thought, and learned, have shed them one by one. With me there has been no sudden revolution, no dramatic revelation such as befell Saul of Tarsus; it simply dawned on me, as one day's experience followed another, that I was walking less and less by faith and more and more by reason.

No two human beings have made, or ever will make, exactly the same journey in life. The same events may occur, but their sequence and combination cannot be the same. Every human life is a unique adventure. And if our stock of beliefs depends on the early pilgrimage we make, then there must be in existence to-day just as many shades of belief as there are human beings.

As long as man remains an inquiring animal, there can never be a complete unanimity in our fundamental beliefs. The more diverse our paths, the greater is likely to be the divergence in our beliefs. Most men and women have to take the way in life which happens to be open to them. They have neither the leisure nor the inclination to mark and digest the experiences which come their way. Only a few are free to select their paths and choose those which yield the richest harvests of experience.

The church attracts inquiring youthful minds; it offers them, or seems to offer, the most likely road to a knowledge of ultimate realities. The priest may glean the best that has been revealed or thought concerning the ways of God to man. In his flock he can study the ways of man to God and assure himself that in the hearts of all men there is an insatiable craving for a settled and abiding creed.

The attractions of the church are of old standing, but those of science are recent. The number of young people who are devoting their lives to the increase of knowledge grows at an astonishing pace. The boundaries of time and space become ever wider as these scientific travelers go farther afield in search of knowledge. We cannot neglect the harvests such searchers bring home. For can they study the works of creation without formulating schemes to explain what they have seen and measured? Without doubt the men who have chosen these novel paths in life have suffered the greatest mental change. They can no longer cling to the orthodox conceptions concerning the governance of the world of matter and of mind.

## II

This is particularly true of men like myself who have spent their days in the study of living matter — especially if that matter has a human shape. My own path in life has given me opportunities which fall to few; it has taken me where I could examine at first hand all important discoveries concerning the prehistory of mankind. It has permitted me to study the most and best that is known of the living human body and brain. My sole right to take part in this series of living philosophies rests on the special experience which my life's work has brought me.

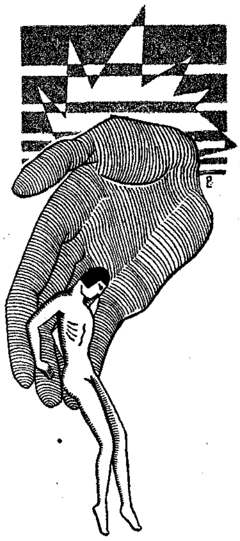
Presently I shall unburden my heart to my readers, but before I begin I should like to lay before them still another explanatory matter. I have said that of the thousands of millions born into the world, no two make identical journeys in life. It is also a fact that no two human beings have ever set out with identical equipment in mind and body. Every face is stamped with individuality when it issues from the womb. Every baby brings into the world a pattern on its finger tips never seen before.

What is true of its fingers and its face is also true of its brain, but variety in this organ has an infinitely greater significance. Within the brain there are some 18,000 millions of microscopic living units or nerve cells. These units are grouped in myriads of battalions, and the battalions are linked together by a system of communication which in complexity has no parallel in any telephone network devised by man. Of the millions of nerve units in the brain not one is isolated. All are connected and take part in handling the ceaseless streams of messages which flow into the brain from eyes, ears, fingers, feet, limbs, and body.

This mighty but silent traffic begins at birth and never ceases until death. The stream of traffic which is received and elaborated by our brains constitutes our experience, and out of this experience we earthly wayfarers build up our beliefs concerning the past, present, and future.

I have laid before my readers the conception which most inquiring biologists have arrived at concerning the structure of the brain and the nature of mind and thought. Such a conception bears in upon and alters the foundations of their creeds. Certainly the years of labor I have given to the human body and brain have compelled me to abandon many beliefs which are still widely held by the orthodox.

But it was not to explain my heterodoxy that I introduced at this point a brief dissertation on the complexity of the human brain. I mentioned these physiological considerations as a plea for tolerance. If nature cannot reproduce the same simple pattern in any two fingers, how much more impossible is it for her to reproduce the same pattern in any two brains, the organization of which is so inconceivably complex! Every child is born with a certain balance of faculties, aptitudes, inclinations, and instinctive leanings. In no two is the balance alike, and each different brain has to deal with a different tide of experience. I marvel, then, not that one man should disagree with another concerning the ultimate realities of life, but that so many, in spite of the diversity of their inborn natures, should reach so large a measure of agreement.



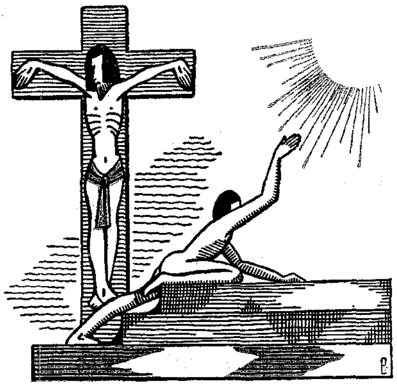
Having made these preliminary explanations, I have cleared the way for my confession. I shall state, as concisely as I can, the beliefs which I now hold, tracing the circumstances which led me to accept them.

## III

My parents were religious in thought and deed. I was brought up on the Bible. Twice every Sunday the sounds of a "Free Church" bell came across a rural valley to our home in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and summoned all of us to service. We listened to a clergyman who was sincere, fervid, and learned. He preached the doctrine of salvation through Christ; if we believed in Him, and accepted unreservedly the revelation of the New Testament, then our safety in the next world was assured.

At that time I had no doubt that the existence of a "next world" was a well-ascertained fact. The dead whom I saw conveyed to the quiet of the churchyard were, I was convinced, really on their way to appear before the Great Judge for sentence. Heaven was in the glory of the clouds, and Hell lay within the flaming brimstone bowels of the earth. Both were geographical realities. I earnestly desired to gain the one and avoid the other.

I was told it was easy: I had only to believe. Even then I stumbled as I pressed forward. I frequented evangelical meetings, hoping to catch the ecstasy of faith which suffused the lives of those who had "found Christ." Try as I would, I could not convince myself that mere belief in the divinity of one who died on the cross so long ago, and in a country so remote from Scotland, could save me from the bottomless pit. Such a way of salvation seemed too easy to be true.



In my youth I had no doubts about the Old Testament; for me it was literally true from end to end. It was an authentic history of the world: God created the earth, Adam was the first man, and Eve the first woman. I cannot remember ever questioning the justice of the sentence passed on Adam for eating the forbidden apple.

There were certain Biblical terms I found difficult to picture mentally. "Sin" was one — particularly "original sin." "Spirit" was another; when I read that "God is a spirit, infinite and eternal," no visual image materialized in my mind. But when I read of God the Creator, God the Father, the God of Abraham, the God who spoke face to face with Moses on Mount Sinai, then the result was different. Such a God I could picture, although I fashioned Him, I fear, too much on human lines.

His existence, power, and righteousness I accepted as truths beyond question. The third person of the Trinity — the Holy Ghost — I never could encompass. Even now, when I hear those two words drop from the lips of a clergyman, I try in vain to grasp the image he has in mind.

## IV

Such were the bare and crude elements of my creed when I became a student of medicine in the University of Aberdeen. I entered on my studies at a time when Darwinism was capturing the professoriate of Britain. New vistas were opening up; a new history of the earth was being written.

I became enthralled in the study of anatomy and have remained a student of the human body ever since. For it seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that if man's destiny can be deciphered at all, it will only be deciphered by those who can read the hieroglyphics imprinted on the human body and mind. It soon became apparent to me that I had to give up my beloved Old Testament as a reliable guide to the origin and nature of man. So we younger men abandoned the Bible as a textbook of science.

In the eighties of the last century geologists were unloading in the markets of science harvests of evidence gathered from the rocks. As the evidence accumulated, the evolutionary origin of all living things became a certainty. Then as now, zoölogists were searching for the *way* of evolution — the manner in which transformation is effected in plants and animals; and although there is much concerning the machinery of evolution which remains unknown, yet as early as the end of the nineteenth century zoölogists had agreed definitely on one thing: creation did not happen as pictured in the Bible. The Creator did not stand outside of living things and mold them once and for all. Indeed, creation did not work from without but from within. Creative power began to be thought of as inherent in all living matter.

Like other conservative-minded men, I tried to empty the new knowledge of science into the time-revered Biblical bottles. I know that many have succeeded, and still succeed, in doing so; but to my eye, the Biblical bottles, when modified to hold the wine of modern science, bear no resemblance to the Scriptural originals. To say that they are the same is to prostitute truth.

Yet, between the men who made the old Scriptural bottles and we who make the new there is one thing in common. The wise men of the ancient East felt, just as the men of science now feel, that a rational explanation must be sought and found for the beginning of things; for the heart of man has always craved an explanation of ultimate realities. The Biblical writers were familiar with only one kind of creative power — that manifested by human beings. Therefore, in seeking to explain how life and man came into the world, they conceived a Super-being endowed with human attributes. This Creative Power or God, they believed, worked on matter much as a potter works on clay — that is, he worked from without.

As I have indicated, the modern man of science is also looking for an explanation, but he finds the creative force pervading all matter, living and dead. It is as extensive as space and time. New worlds are coming into existence; others are dying. The machinery of the universe is automatic; the forces which control its movements are inherent in the constitution of matter. To discover how matter became thus endowed is beyond the scientist's reach, but he must take facts as he finds them. It is enough for him to know that the earth, life, and man are still in the throes of creation.

Certainly the creative power which is at work bears no resemblance to the personal God postulated by the Hebrews, and the modern man of science cannot fit Him into the scheme of the world as he knows it. He has to try to reconceive God, and when he has done so, nothing but an unsatisfying abstraction is left. It is unsatisfying because even the greatest men of science, although they may possess the intellects of giants, have still the hearts of children. And children cling to that which is endowed with a human shape and has been given the warmth of living flesh.

By the absorption of this new knowledge my youthful creed was smashed to atoms. My personal God, the Creator of Heaven and Earth, melted away. The desire to pray — not the need — was lost, for one cannot pray for help to an abstraction. And prayer becomes an impossibility for those who are convinced that the natural course of events cannot be altered by calling upon a supermundane power to interfere. I became convinced that the course of human history is determined, not by what happens in the skies, but by what takes place in the hearts of men.

## V

THESE CHANGES in my beliefs passed silently. I pursued my medical studies, and while still young went to reside in Siam. I went with the pride of the West in my heart and confident of my white superiority. I was thrown into intimate contact with the villages of a remote, jungle-covered province. They were followers of Buddha. In Scotland I had been taught that if we had been deprived of the Bible, we would have remained pure savages. In Siam I found myself among peasants who had never heard of Christ, and yet they were more law-abiding than we were in Europe. They led unselfish, considerate, charitable, and happy lives.

I left Siam with my creed still more tattered and torn. I had become less certain than ever that the truth as revealed and taught in Palestine was really the only truth. Apparently there had been other revelations in other lands, since there were clearly other ways of virtuous living besides the Christian way.

I envy those men and women who know how to keep their creeds intact and unchanged throughout the entire journey of life. Their path is peace and their hope is sure. There are millions, however, who cannot rest until they can make their creed fit the facts of life, or the facts of life fit their creed. I am such a one.

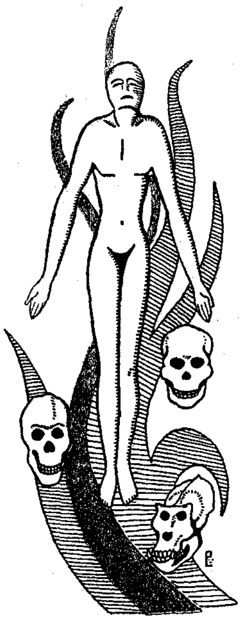
Among my later experiences are those which came to me through my interest in explorations revealing the earlier histories of Egypt, Babylonia, and Palestine. For example, on the site of Palestine archæologists are exposing the foundations of cities which were laid many centuries before Joshua led the Israelites into the promised land. In the hills of Judæa, and particularly in those on the western shore of Lake Galilee, caves are being explored. They are found to be rich in the records of pre-history, carrying our knowledge of man in Palestine back to an antiquity of at least twenty thousand years. We know from a study of their fossil remains that the men who then lived on the shores of Galilee were quite unlike any now living: they were more primitive in form and more apelike in feature.

Now, such tidings from Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Palestine cannot flow in upon us and leave our regard for the Bible untouched. In the light of this knowledge the Bible appears as a patchwork made by many hands and at many dates. Men were inspired in ancient Palestine; but was the inspiration in any way different from that which now moves our great reformers? When Jeremiah prefaced his message to the Israelites with "Thus saith the Lord," he spoke according to the psychological beliefs of his time; had he known more of the human brain and how thoughts arise within it, he would have used more guarded language.

Thus my belief in the divine inspiration of the Bible became undermined. It remained for me a book of books, still divine — but divine in the sense that all great books are divine which teach men how to live righteously.

## VI

At every available opportunity I have pursued another inquiry which has left its mark on my creed. It is one thing to read of the discoveries of fossil man; it is quite another to handle and examine the fossil bones, the skulls, the casts of their brains, to compare them, to realize their place in time and in their evolutionary sequence. When we add to such evidence the many and striking approaches which great apes make to man in structure, and the parallel courses pursued by ape and man during their development, the Darwinian conception of man's origin becomes, to men situated as I am, no longer a theory but an actuality.



We have to face the fact that we are the descendants of apelike ancestors. The truth, at first sight, is often ugly and repulsive to our personal feelings, but when it *is* the truth, its ultimate effects on us are always salutary. The sooner men realize their humble origin, the better it will be for their happiness. Perhaps they will then understand the true nature of those faults of the flesh known to good churchmen as "original sin."

The faithful priest accounts for man's inborn tendency to sin by tracing his descent from Adam. The modern biologist regards "original sin" as man's inheritance from the jungle. It must not be thought that evolution has diminished man's inheritance of animal propensities; on the contrary, it has strengthened the evidence. But at the same time evolution proves that there has mercifully taken place a great expansion in those regions of the brain which give man control of himself and the power to choose. The fight between good and evil, which is waged daily in the breast of every man, woman, and child, is the struggle for mastery between the old inheritance and the new.

Of all my studies, that which has touched my creed most closely has been my search into the nature of man's mental life. Beyond a doubt our thoughts, feelings, longings, aspirations, and passions are manifestations of the brain. When it is narcotized, destroyed, or dead, consciousness disappears. Man's brain does not stand as a thing apart; it is the culmination of an ascending series. There is no part of it and no function manifested by it that cannot be traced to humble beginnings lower in the animal scale. And what we postulate for man's brain we must in all justice apply to that of the ape, the dog, and all other beasts.

Now, when physiologists study the living brain of an ape, they have no grounds for supposing that they are dealing with a dual structure. The brain is not a tenement inhabited by a spirit or soul. The "spirit" or "soul" is but a name for the manifestations of the living brain. The leading neurologists of the world are agreed that the same is true of the human brain. It was only when they abandoned the

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dual conception — an inheritance from the dark ages of medicine — that they began to understand the disorders of man's mind and how to treat them.

Modern medicine thus strikes at the very root of Christian doctrine. For if man is truly mortal, if death ends all, if the human soul is but the manifestation of the living brain, as light and heat are the manifestations of a glowing bar of steel, then there can be no resurrection of the dead. Man has the seeds of immortality in him, but the gift is for the race, not for the individual.

## VII

Thus the orthodox creed of my youth has been shattered by the impact of modern science. And since no man can live on a creed of pure negation, one may ask if it is possible to build a satisfactory way of life out of the wreckage. In all humility I believe a way is possible. That which at first seemed a curse has turned out to be a blessing. For if men believe, as I do, that this present earth is the only heaven, they will strive all the more to make heaven of it. To feel that we are mere birds of passage, only temporary probationers, is not conducive to the best conduct.

Once we have accepted our humble origin and the heritage it has brought us, we are prepared to discipline ourselves and to behave with tolerance, sympathy, and charity to all others. We have to be resolutely self-reliant, not casting on the cross burdens which we ourselves ought to bear.

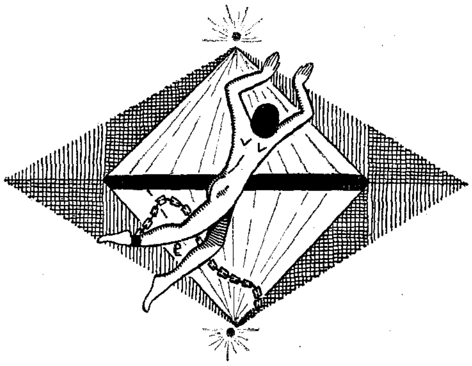
The natural span of man's existence contains enough to make this life a prize worth living. I have within me — as have all living beings — a greed of life, an urgent craving for immortality. That longing, which lies at the very root of the Christian religion, I look upon as a sin of the flesh — one to be conquered and suppressed. It is a vice akin to avarice. With its suppression comes a peace which only those who have felt it can realize.

A way of life is possible for man under the new dispensation of knowledge — but what of the ultimate meaning of life? How has life been called into existence? Why has it culminated in a human form? For what final purpose have we been called into existence? Surely man is part of a great whole!

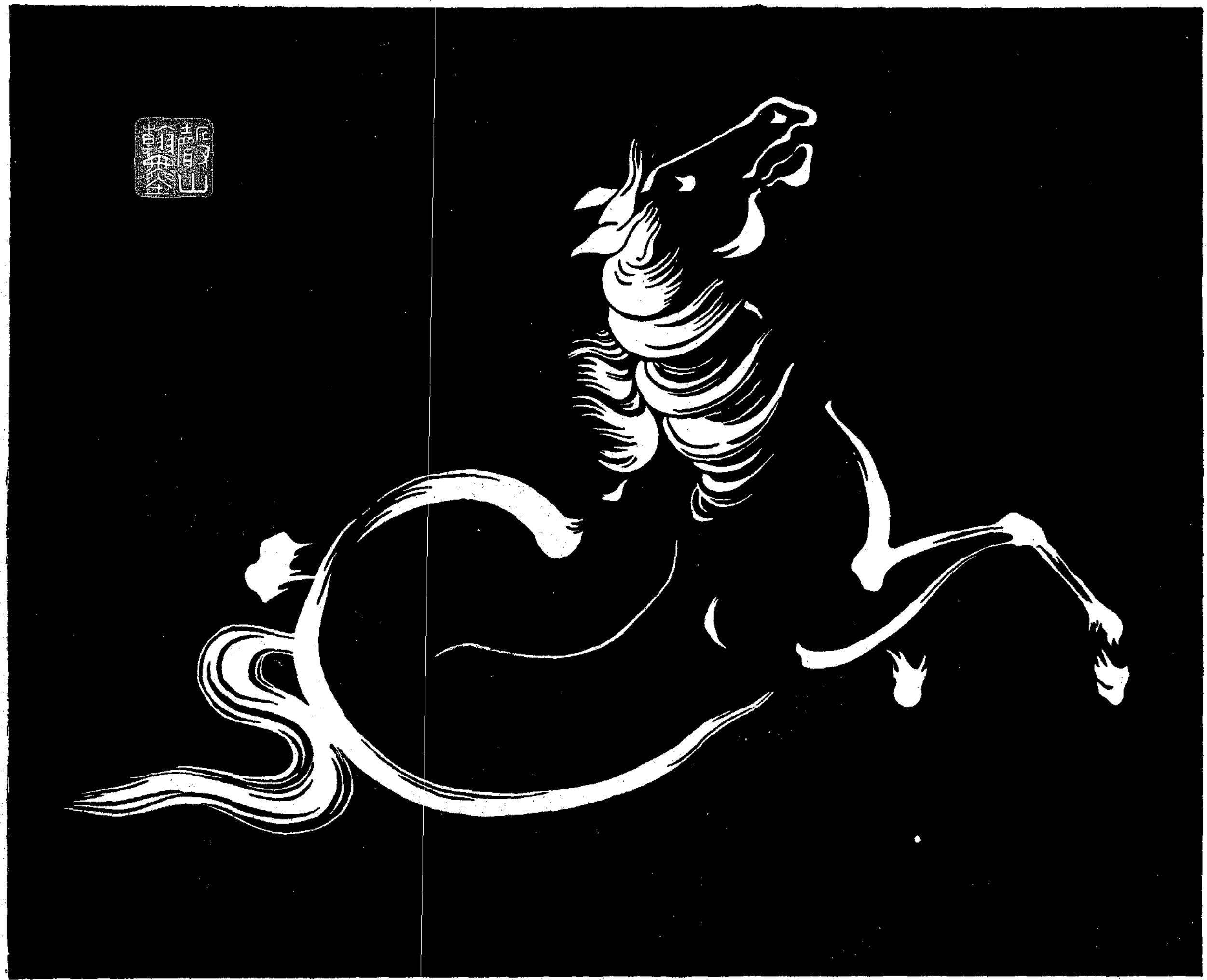
The human brain is a poor instrument to solve such ultimate problems. We have to recognize its limitations. Yet it perceives how well-ordered all things are and how wonderful are the inventions of nature. Design is manifest everywhere. Whether we are laymen or scientists, we must postulate a Lord of the Universe — give Him what shape we will. But it is certain that the anthropomorphic God of the Hebrews cannot meet our modern needs.

I cannot help feeling that the darkness in which the final secret of the universe lies hid is part of the Great Design. This world of ours has been constructed like a superbly written novel: we pursue the tale with avidity, hoping to discover the plot. The elusiveness of the chase heightens our ardor, until the search becomes part of our religion. For the secret of secrets recedes as we run. The ultimate reason for man's existence is the only fruit in the garden of life which he can never hope to pluck.

Clearly, then, my creed is imperfect. It is not final. No creed is final. Such a creed as mine must grow and change as knowledge grows and changes.



**Next month James Truslow Adams will expound his beliefs in answer to that fundamental question, "Why Be Good?"**

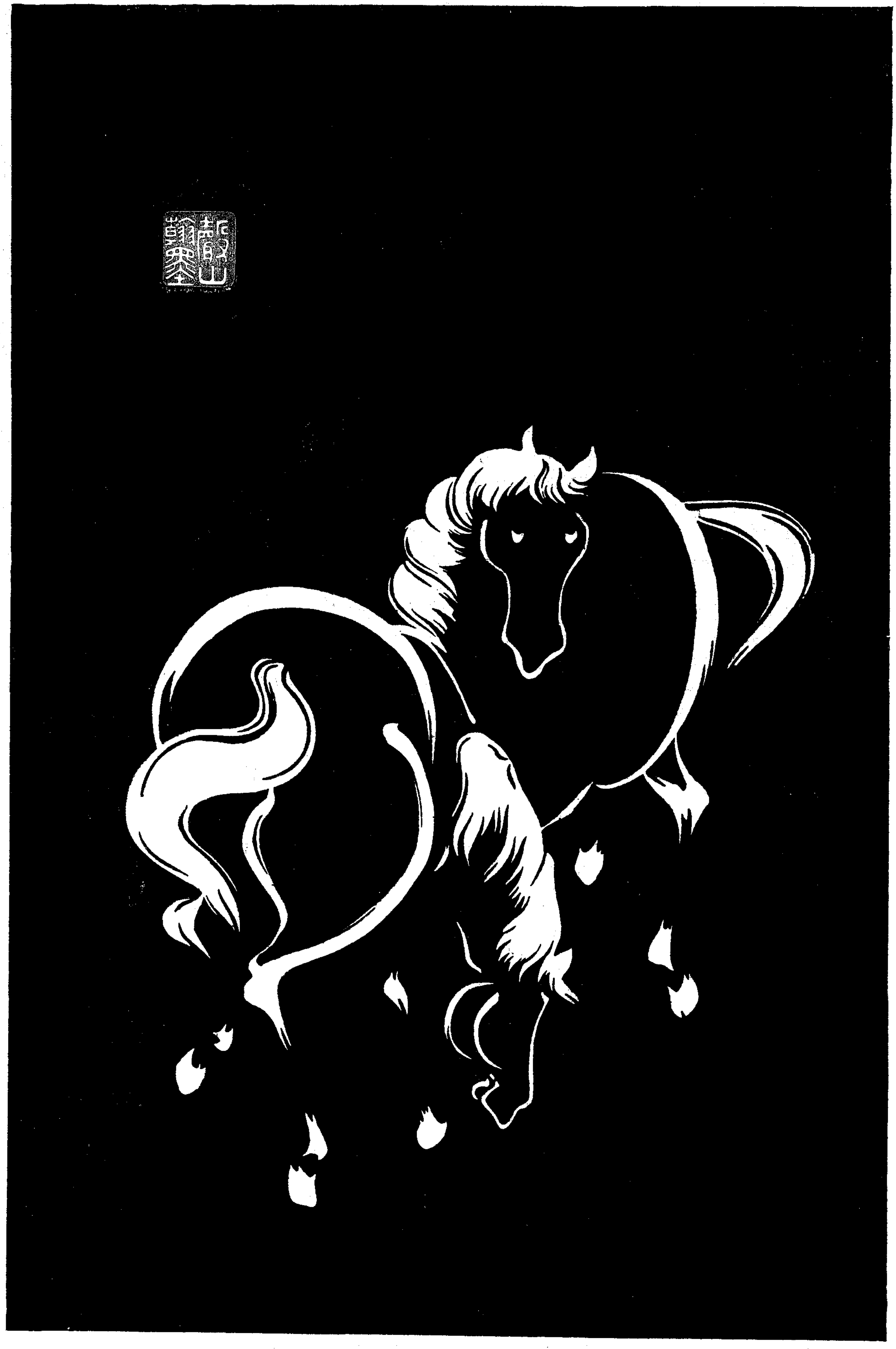


# HORSES

### *by* EIZAN

THE FLUID, economical, and highly suggestive lines of these woodcuts show that they derive from the traditional art of Japan. Nevertheless, Eizan's spirited, proud-maned horses are as realistic, in their way, as any in Western art. It is amusing to compare these graphic Oriental interpretations with Shakespeare's almost equally vivid and restrained word-picture of a horse in *Venus and Adonis:*

*Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,*
*Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,*
*High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,*
*Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:*
*Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,*
*Save a proud rider on so proud a back.*



# Our WANTING Machine

*Drawings by Geoffrey Norman*

### *by* G. V. HAMILTON, M.D.

FORENOONS spent with nervous patients and afternoons with healthy monkeys can teach you surprising truths about human nature. Add Middle Western farmers and Eastern college graduates and you may generalize a bit on some of the qualities that make us into Henry Fords and Harry Thaws and all the ruck of mildly creative and mildly neurotic people in between. You may see how curiosity and the itch to make new things can produce nervous indigestion as well as what we call "progress." If you have enough knowledge and intuition, you may note how blind ignorance of something very like original sin often diverts these qualities into destructive, even criminal, neuroses and psychoneuroses.

For about nine years I spent my mornings listening to nervous patients in my consulting room, and my afternoons watching a tribe of monkeys which I kept in forty acres of live oaks near Santa Barbara. For the next five years I lived in a somewhat backward region north of the Ohio River Valley, where I made a leisurely study of the rural people, both sick and well. Still later I spent a number of years in New York doing research in marriage among college men and women. Throughout these years my purpose was, of course, to try to add to our understanding of human nature. The monkeys were included as a sort of prelude because they do many things suggestive of human nature in its most naked and unashamed manifestations. Like ourselves, they are primates.

Now, when a primate does — or, if he belongs to the talking species, says — a particular thing, what the psychiatrist really wants to know is quite simply summed up in the question, "Why?" The answer is not always easy to learn, but we must persevere in the search. As far back as the eighteen-nineties Freud put the science of human nature on the right track when he told us, in effect: "Find out what a man or a monkey *wants*, and you will explain most of his behavior."

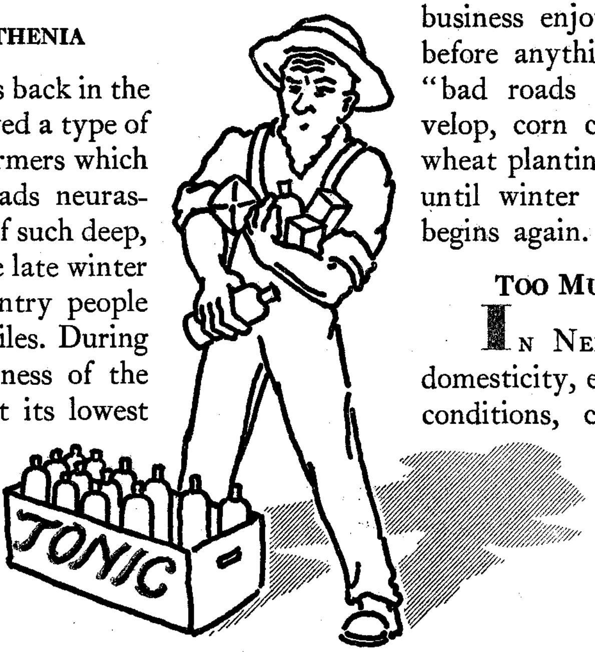
Certain general wants — which we might call major cravings — are common to practically all of the higher animals. They are such things as food, air, water, companionship, sex, and physical freedom. But the primates, from the most scatter-brained little monkey to Mussolini himself, share in common at least one type of major craving that all other kinds of animals seem to lack. This is the craving for variety of stimulation. Indeed, to the primates this is the very spice of life — the distinguishing mental badge of their aristocracy in the animal world.

You can give a monkey pleasant, big woods to live in, supply him generously with food, shelter, and companions of both sexes, and yet he will risk life and limb almost every hour of the day in restless efforts to gain novel experiences. A cow, a pig, a horse, even a dog, will curb his curiosity short of dangerous experiments. A free and healthy monkey, however (or a venturesome small boy, for that matter), will do senseless and sometimes hazardous things from no other apparent motive than this craving for variety of stimulation.

Out in Santa Barbara, where I had my monkey laboratory, I sometimes included in my menagerie such animals as wild cats, skunks, or coyotes. Although the monkeys would at first display a lively fear of such creatures, they never overlooked them as a possible source of new thrills. On one occasion I also put a six-foot gopher snake in a cage to which the monkeys had access. At first they gave it a wide berth; but presently a venturesome old male began tentative excursions into its neighborhood, and he soon discovered that the ugly-looking reptile could be handled without danger. In the end I had to rescue the poor snake from the monkeys, for they seemed to have an insatiable desire to know how it would feel to touch their traditional enemy.

In addition to the ordinary zoo cages I had built a kind of monkey apartment house, which was so tall and large that it afforded a wide range of activity. When the monkeys were confined in this building for experimental purposes, they all seemed happy enough for the first few days of exploration. They tried all sorts of new stunts, including attempts to destroy the house.

But as soon as they wore out its possibilities as a source of new kinds of excitement, they began to mope, grow irritable, and invent extremely unwholesome ways of bringing fresh color into their lives. Husbands inflicted ingeniously devised cruelties upon their wives, and wives tormented their husbands unnecessarily. Old friends would lie in wait for each other on opposite sides of wire-mesh partition and bite off fingers thrust through the screen in climbing. Chewing off one's own tail bit by bit became a solo pastime, and many other kinds of self-inflicted torture served to alleviate boredom.



### Bad Roads Neurasthenia

Later, when I was back in the Ohio hill country, I observed a type of nervousness among the farmers which might be called "bad roads neurasthenia." The soil there is of such deep, heavy clay that during the late winter and early spring the country people cannot use their automobiles. During this time, when the business of the village gas station was at its lowest ebb, I noticed that the rural population made wholesale responses to the advertisements of patent-medicine men in the county newspapers. So-called "nerve tonics" were swallowed by the barrel. As the roads grew drier and harder, the sale of nerve tonics dropped off as the sale of gasoline picked up.

Henry Ford may not know it, but he certainly did a mighty therapeutic work when he invented a machine with a high clearance for rutty dirt roads, for he provided a means of relieving rural boredom during many months of the year. I knew of a quack doctor in the "bad roads belt" who turned professional failure into success by applying the same psychological principle. When the roads were at their worst, he advertised twenty-five treatment tickets for twenty dollars, and the farmers bought them eagerly at the height of their neurasthenia. If the quack hadn't got their money in advance, they would probably have given up after a few treatments, or at any rate after the roads had cleared enough for some refreshing automobile rides. As a farmer friend of mine explained: "It won't hurt me, and it's something to do. Besides, a fellow might as well use up his tickets."

And so, when the muddy roads of spring dry up and exile is ended, the farmer and his family are off in their Ford to the movies and the village store, to dull sermons and Chautauquas. These things satisfy the primate's craving for variety of stimulation. Unfortunately, such diversions get to be an old story by the middle of the dog days. Again the adult members of the family begin to complain of morning tiredness, backache, headache, tension, and indigestion; and the nerve-tonic business enjoys a minor boom. But before anything as severe as a true "bad roads neurasthenia" can develop, corn cutting, silo filling, and wheat planting come to the rescue — until winter sets in and the cycle begins again.

### Too Much Domesticity

In New York I found that domesticity, even under metropolitan conditions, can sometimes be the equivalent of the big monkey cage or of the clay roads which keep the farmer and his model T at home for months on end. I dis-

AXES GROUND

covered that the mere lack of sufficiently varied stimulation played havoc with marriage. It proved an important factor in reducing some husbands and many wives to a state of nervous discontent, with the same physical symptoms exhibited by the isolated farmers. More deeply buried causes may be responsible for the tendency to invite or inflict senseless mental cruelties, but monotony is a large contributing item in most instances where an ugly marital fretfulness poisons two lives without leading either to the divorce court or to the psychiatrist's office.

The practical point of all this must already be obvious. Just as the body requires a great many different kinds of food, so, too, the mind must be given frequent variations of experience.

This is a fundamental need of all the primates, and whatever any creature wants — primate or not — he will try to get in one way or another. Stable a horse and deprive him of salt, and he will gnaw his manger until whole boards are bitten in two. Make the life of a monkey, a farmer, or a city wife too monotonous, and the nervous system will tense itself until new experiences occur, or until the chronic tension supplies the needed variety in the form of symptoms.

Years ago, Professor Thorndike of Columbia said much the same thing in declaring that when any part of the nervous system is in a state of readiness to receive and pass on stimulation, "to do so is satisfying, and not to do so is annoying."

Mere variety of stimulation seems to satisfy the primates — man or monkey. Let them have it, and they are reasonably healthy and happy; take it away, and you have neurotic humans and sadistic monkeys. Their nerves or their cruelty can be traced back to a confined or humdrum life.

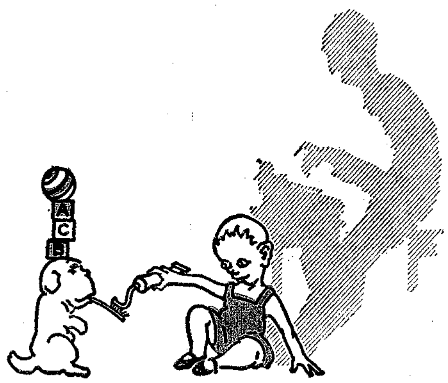
## THE CREATIVE URGE

WITH THE MAJORITY of true neurotics, however — those who are our chronically nervous patients — a new factor enters the picture. What they crave and lack is not a mere variety of stimulation; they demand productiveness as well, experiences in which they can express themselves constructively. They are sick because they have been bitten with a desire to make *new* things, and this creative urge has been thwarted.

Although the instinct for making things is common enough among animals, the instinct for making *new* things is confined entirely to man. When gratified, this instinct is man's salvation; when thwarted, it spells his damnation. Insects, birds, and certain mammals build very elaborate structures, but they do not vary the pattern except by accident. The beaver fells his log and builds his dam just as his forbear did two thousand generations back. Gopher town has been the same for ten thousand years.

The chronically nervous patient is usually one who, as a child, showed a tendency to invent new toys and games. When such a child grows up, he cannot be happy in stereotyped, routine occupations. The bookkeeper whose wife and children bind him to his ledgers, the son who takes over his father's business to conserve what has already been created, the housewife whose domestic and social duties are too rigidly fixed by tradition, the dependent daughter who must adapt her tastes and habits to those of her parents — all such people, if they possess strong creative urges, are likely to fall into nervous ailments, some of them of minor consequence, others more serious.

Southern California abounds with misguided people who have answered a dominating creative urge by leaving their homes in the East and heeding the siren voice of realtors who sell



lots with fine views overlooking the Pacific. This type of victim often loses his nervous symptoms while he is busy building his California home or planting his garden. Happy, healthy, well-tanned, he surveys his "El Contenta" with the deepest joy, and writes back East that the magic sunshine is a sure cure for nerves.

If he is a true neurotic, however, his new surroundings fade into familiarity after a year or so, and the "nerves" come back. A lucky few turn successfully to writing movie scenarios, planning gardens, opening arty little specialty shops, or to similar activities. But the vast majority of such people merely help to make California a happy hunting ground for doctors, Christian Science practitioners, teachers of magical Oriental religions, and the like.

A neurotic whose major craving takes the form of a baffled creative urge can be led by a psychoanalyst to a more wholesome adjustment to the realities of life than he is likely to reach on his own hook; but no way has yet been found to replace such an urge with a non-creative craving. Perhaps this is fortunate, for it is this itch to make something new under the sun — reënforced by that powerful incentive so common to the creative type, the inferiority complex — that has given us such tangible benefits as the telephone, the automobile, and the radio, as well as everything we prize in the fine arts.

If we could count the horde of mute, inglorious Miltons who perish more or less psychoneurotically in such cut-and-dried jobs as school teaching, housekeeping, clerking in banks, or running father's old business, we would be staggered at the number. Most of them, of course, are merely mute and inglorious without being potential Miltons. It isn't in them to make important contributions of any kind. Many get along comfortably enough without the aid of a psychiatrist, because they have found some hobby for their idle hours. Almost any little mania, from collecting butterflies to serving on a greens committee, will do very well so long as it fits the capacity and aptitude of the humbler Milton. This is fortunate, for it is essential to the race that he should be healthy enough to go on propagating his kind. Otherwise we should soon perish for lack of his leavening influence in the robot lump to which a machine age has reduced us.

### BLIND DESIRES

THUS FAR we have been discussing the surface types of nervousness which come from prolonged thwarting of major cravings of which the victim is pretty clearly aware. As a rule, such nervous disorders aren't lurid enough to get beyond the family physician. But there is another type of neurotic or psychoneurotic whose trouble lies deeper than the mere monotony of his life or the desire to make new things. This type of patient suffers extravagant unhappiness because the poor fellow's mind literally refuses to know what his most important major craving really is. Such folk become thoroughgoing nervous invalids, and their symptoms are impressive enough to land them in a psychiatrist's office — usually several different psychiatrists' offices, with a few sanitariums thrown in.

It would carry us far beyond the scope of this article to explain in adequate detail how and why a human being can crave ardently and persistently a particular kind of satisfaction, and yet be utterly incapable of knowing that he craves it. It would get us into still deeper water if we were to explain why this unknown craving in the so-called unconscious mind is almost sure to produce a sense of guilt, of which the patient may likewise be unaware. Nevertheless, these are fully demonstrated facts of psychiatry, as any student who knows his Freud can testify.

We began by saying that what a man or a monkey wants explains most of his behavior. We can now go a step further and say that the driving force of all human conduct is located in a "wanting" apparatus which is largely hidden from a man's mind in the deepest layers of his personality. This "wanting" part of every man is wholly without moral scruples of any kind, and it ignores all the strictures of reality. It manufactures wants without regard for rhyme, reason, or right. Pleasure is its only law. It is the hiding place of original sin and of the magic lamp.

This wanting machine goes on uncivilized to the end of our days; but during the first years of life there is built up in the child's unconscious mind a perfect blue-stocking of a censor that decides which wants shall find their way into consciousness and which shall not. This underground conscience is very useful in so far as it prevents its possessor from wanting impossible or ugly or destructive things. If it didn't stand guard at the door of the wanting machine, consciousness would be swamped every moment with a host of crazy desires. Still, because it refuses to admit to consciousness certain major cravings which ought to have a chance to be openly appraised, and because it employs a sense of guilt to drive them back into the place from which they come, this underground conscience sometimes becomes a greater nuisance to a man than dear old Anthony Comstock ever was to New York. It literally stacks the cards against many a child, and makes life a losing game for many a grown man.

The sense of guilt which the underground conscience employs to prevent our knowing that we have this or that major craving produces some extremely interesting symptoms. In some persons it results in a fear of things somehow related to the suppressed craving. Thus, a woman who has a buried desire for greater freedom than her obligations as a wife and mother permit, may be thrown into a panic of fear by the sight of hammers, guns, and knives in a shop window. Why? Because in the wanting machine's ruthlessly selfish scheme of things such weapons are very useful for removing people who get in the way.

A frequent consequence of mental comstockery is the transformation of a buried sense of guilt into a burning desire to purge the world of such evil things as Sunday baseball, Sunday movies, and chorus girls. The reformer, feeling uneasy in his own mind and not knowing why, unwittingly tries to purify himself by purifying his town. Back of it all is a major craving which he ought to know about. If he could bring himself to examine it, he might find that it was not so shocking after all, or that it could be easily replaced by an acceptable substitute.

### SUBLIMATIONS

It is one of the blessed circumstances of our mental development that a great variety of impossibly primitive wants get changed into constructive ones on their way to consciousness. Thus the typical surgeon, like everybody else, has a buried craving to hurt and destroy his fellow creatures. But he does not behave like those who give direct outlet to such impulses and commit atrociously cruel murders without apparent motive. He responds to his primitive desire by cutting into human flesh; but first he carefully makes the process painless by using anæsthetics, and he cuts only to cure.

We say that the surgeon has "sublimated" the most important of his underground cravings — the impulse toward cruelty — by substituting for it a similar one, but one which is its very opposite so far as conscious intention and planned effect are concerned. We do not mean by this that any surgeon ever said to himself: "I want most of all to cut, torture, and kill people with sharp knives; but since that would not be a very nice thing to do, I will find my chief satisfaction in life by becoming a surgeon." This substitution is done for him during childhood somewhere in the depths of his personality, and without his knowing it.

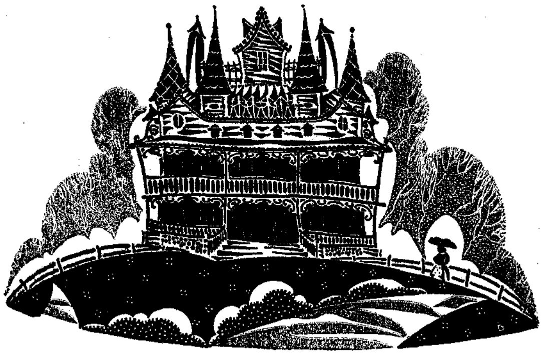
A lesson of great social importance may be deduced from the happy example of the surgeon. Because his underground conscience never had a chance to get in its evil work of making him feel fearful and guilty about his buried craving, this craving underwent sublimation into a desirable substitute somewhere on its way to consciousness. He became a useful member of society instead of a reformer or a cringing psychoneurotic; and he was able to do this simply because his parents were not too prudish, too fussily moralistic, and too impatient to impart a grown-up standard of conduct to him during his babyhood and early childhood. They gave his mental machinery a chance to develop the normal sublimations of his crude desires — his "original sin."

Men and women who find themselves the victims of something more serious than surface nervousness resulting from the blocking of known desires in childhood, ought, if they can, to seek reconstruction at the hands of a capable psychiatrist. When this is not possible, there still remains a palliative measure. It will not cure, but it will make almost any form of serious nervousness a great deal more tolerable. This involves a confession of faith quite as much as a broadening of knowledge, and requires an ability to act on this faith and this knowledge.

You must bring yourself to know and feel that there is no craving buried in the depths of your being which you cannot face. It does not matter how shocking, repulsive, ugly, dangerous, or wicked it may be. One just like it lies buried in all other personalities. There are many such cravings in your mysterious and hidden well of desire, but you must be able to feel that there is not one which you cannot face courageously and deal with sensibly. You do not need to satisfy these desires. You have only to recognize them to make them more or less manageable. You must realize that the most destructive things in the world are the fear and guilt which come in advance of conscious intentions and deliberate acts.

Of course it is impossible to believe these things completely and fully; but it is not impossible to believe them with steadily increasing sincerity, and to acquire mounting confidence in the ability of your grown-up mind to find acceptable substitutes for any craving that may well up in its crudest form from the hidden reservoir of all motive and desire.

# A ROSE for Emily



*Drawings by Weldon Bailey*

**by WILLIAM FAULKNER**

When Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old Negro manservant — a combined gardener and cook — had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish, frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps — an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar-bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor — he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron — remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity.

Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice. February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse — a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered — a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand.

She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me. Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff. . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see. We must go by the —"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily— "

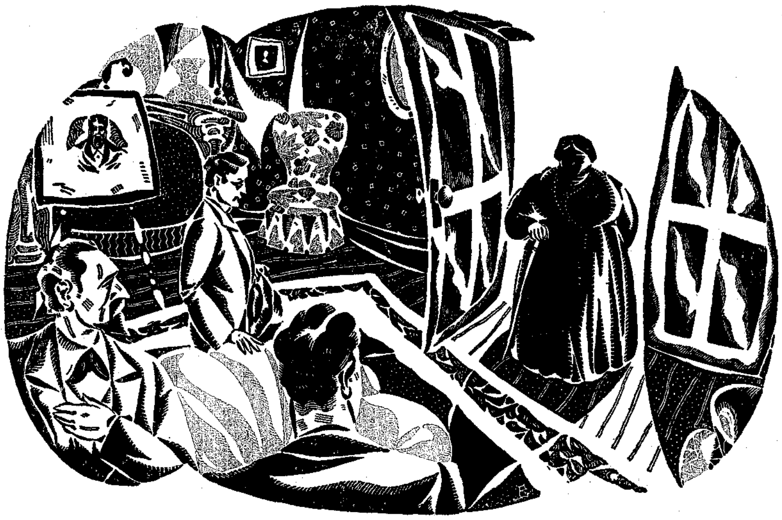
"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

## II

So she vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell. That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart — the one we believed would marry her — had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man — a young man then — going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man — any man — could keep a kitchen properly," the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.



"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law?"

"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation. "We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met — three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time to do it in, and if she don't . . ."

"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau: Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom. Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face. She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will.

## III

SHE WAS sick for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows — sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with niggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee — a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the niggers, and the niggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget *noblesse oblige* — without calling it *noblesse oblige*. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinfolks should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough — even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eye-sockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom —"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is —"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want —"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye to eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

## IV

So THE next day we all said, "She will kill herself;" and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked — he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club — that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister — Miss Emily's people were Episcopal — to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron — the streets had been finished some time since — was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

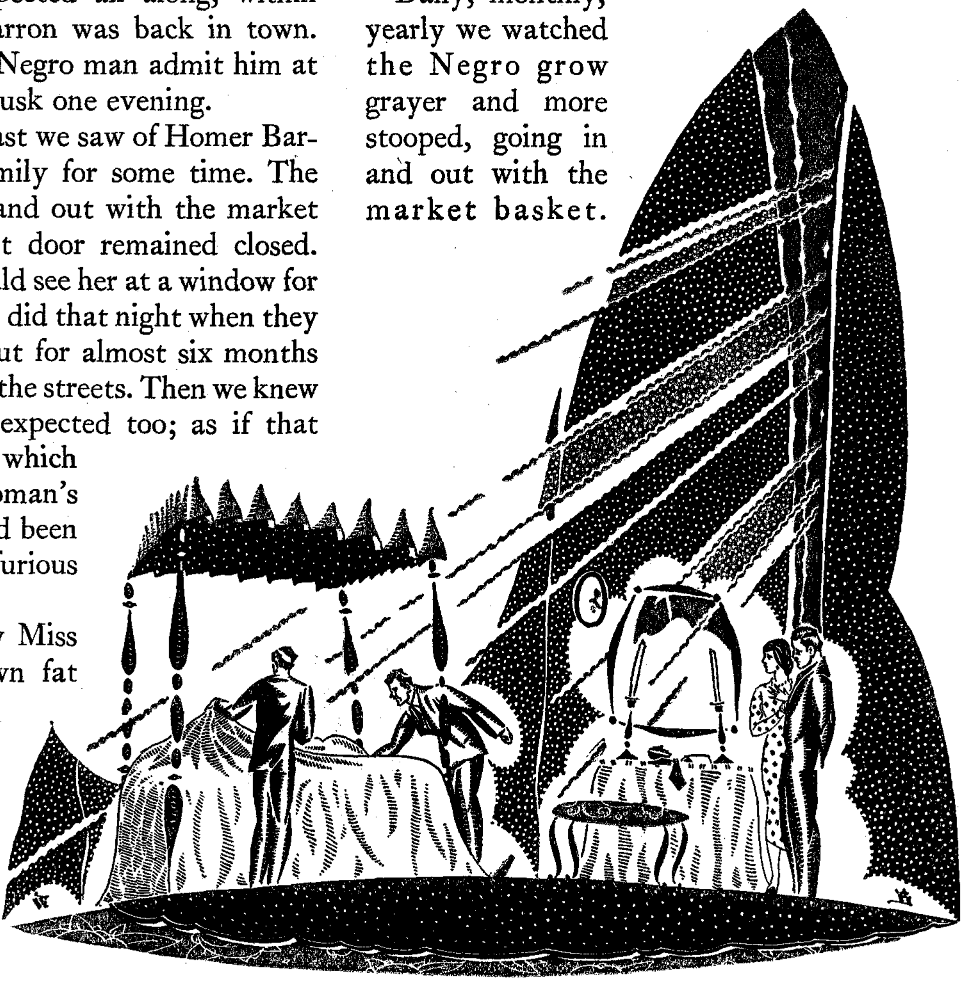
And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and grand-daughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket.



Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows — she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house — like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation — dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro. He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

## V

THE NEGRO met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men — some in their brushed Confederate uniforms — on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from the now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region abovestairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it.

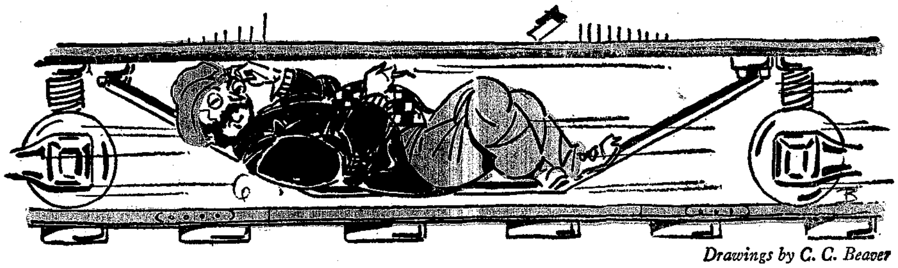
The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we just stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

# New Innocents ABROAD



Drawings by C. C. Beaver

### by THOMAS CRAVEN

> *Wordsworth wrote of Peter Bell that*
> *"He traveled here, he traveled there;*
> *But not the value of a hair*
> *Was head or heart the better."*
> *In much the same way does Mr. Craven appraise the value of modern travel to the ordinary American. Since every American is now a traveler, many readers will doubtless feel like challenging Mr. Craven's wholesale indictment; and in order to give a fair hearing to both sides of this provocative question,* The Forum *suggests that everyone who feels moved to do so, write a brief letter to the Editor setting forth his views. The best of them will then be published in Our Rostrum. The shorter and more pointed they are, the greater will be their chance of appearing in print.*

Modern travel originated in England during the first half of the eighteenth century. Up to that time the art of wandering had been essentially a spiritual adventure, an exploration of unknown or unfamiliar realities. It was when young British aristocrats began to walk up and down the Continent waving the Red Ensign that travel lost its old significance and became the correct thing to do. It became a tradition, a distinguishing characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. And this tradition, as adopted by Americans, has developed into one of our most obnoxious forms of national dissipation.

The old chroniclers, Herodotus and Marco Polo, and more recently the Jesuit Fathers in the early American wilderness, were the ideal travelers. From a world that was familiar and comparatively secure, from beliefs and customs that were national or parochial, they embarked literally into a great unknown, carrying with them so scanty an equipment for the nurture of old habits and prejudices that new views and valuations were inescapable. Travel in this sense meant a constant readjustment of personalities. Environments were sharply differentiated; strange terrors and unforeseen disasters surprised the pilgrim at every turn; and if he failed, through ignorance or obstinacy, to comply with the unseemly observances of the barbarians, he never returned.

The mere accomplishment of the journey called for unfailing alertness, shrewd insight into human nature, and a large fund of adaptability. When the old traveler arrived at a far-distant port or inland settlement, he was an unexpected, and more often than not, an unwelcome guest; if his host vouchsafed him a bowl of rancid soup or an underdone bird's nest, he ate it gladly, without comment on the quality of the cookery. And if he were lucky enough to find a bed, he was not overcurious of its contents, his first impulse being to ascertain the probabilities of getting out of it alive and with a fair measure of his possessions.

Under such conditions travel leads unquestionably to the enrichment of the spirit and to the collection of new forms of knowledge. To have every stage prepared, the route predetermined, and the accommodations so comfortably arranged that one is scarcely conscious of a change of scene, is to deny all that travel has to offer. The adventure is gone, and with it a far more important element in the life of the true man of the world: the difficulties and hardships compelling him to adapt himself to the customs of new localities. To pass through foreign lands as one would review a procession of performing mummers is doubtless an agreeable pastime for the bored and the frivolous, but for those desirous of forming an intelligent conception of other

cultures it is a fool's errand. Unless the traveler has the good sense and the ability to participate in the daily business of alien peoples, and thus to remove the old curse of queerness that hangs over all human activities not his own, he had best remain at home and read the romantic tales of professional liars.

### "TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING!'

THE TRUE traveler must have talent and imagination, must develop a technique enabling him to establish a community of feeling with strangers. Since the dawn of time, from Ulysses to T. E. Lawrence, the world has probably been full of such travelers, but of this legion only a few have been articulate. The enchanting raconteurs, the early minstrels, fabulous gypsies like George Borrow, sensitive sea-tramps like Joseph Conrad — these have invested travel with its heroic legend and its romantic glory. And this legendary glamour, together with the seal of snobbery attached to it by the British, has created the belief that travel is indispensable to enlightenment. In the consensus of opinion, it breaks down the barriers of prejudice and builds up knowledge, widens the mental horizon, advances the range of human sympathies, forces one to view the world in true perspective, makes one more charitable of human weaknesses, turns the attention from facts and figures to motives and aspirations; in short, leads to the complete enfranchisement of the spirit.

We must remember, however, that the celebrated voyagers whose lives seem to bear out these popular notions were free spirits at home, and that the old conditions in which travel was a genuine well of experience and an exciting hazard would have availed them nothing, had they not set out liberally supplied with brains and imagination. And of all the famous wanderers whose names shine out with conspicuous luster in the pages of history, how few actually made any impression on the cultural attitudes of their fellows! Personally they profited by their experiences, but what they brought back with them was a string of marvelous adventures that inflamed the restlessness of the stay-at-homes without adding to their store of knowledge.

And their years of rambling, as a rule, unfitted them for any other kind of life; for local problems cease to be of any importance when one becomes a citizen of the world. Nor is it possible for citizens of the world to tell the truth. They must magnify their exploits and embellish their heroism. Even Conrad, the most veracious of writers, could not describe a common sailor without transfiguring him into a symbol of majestic fortitude — a symbol of himself, of course.

We must likewise remember that the enlightened traveler is neither a vagabond nor a tourist. He is accompanied by the best of all companions — a fixed purpose.

The modern tramp, the knight of the open road, is also a traveler with a definite objective. His purpose is to escape work, and he pursues his purpose as indefatigably as the Christian crusader. Psychologically he is far better equipped to extract the most from his wanderings than the aimless tourist who seeks an escape from life or the cheap thrill of a new show. And his material equipment is more advantageous: having nothing, he is forced into a large and plastic resourcefulness. Were tramps articulate, the archives of travel would be overflowing with good stories. Were they intelligent, we should have a larger number of humane and tolerant men in the world. But unfortunately they are hardly more intelligent than tourists — certainly not more culturally receptive.

In one respect the tramp is the most enviable of modern travelers: his life is rich in adventure. And adventure has an emotional value that is worthy of study as a curative for pathological narcissism and allied neurotic states arising from narrow environments, excessive patriotism, and prolonged residence in Boston. But adventure to-day is to be sought quietly and in odd places. It does not lie in the conventional paths of the hordes of tourists who shuffle from hotel to hotel. Nor is it to be found in mad flights through space in an airplane, for here the interest is centered in new instruments of locomotion and not in new localities and unfamiliar habits of men. We shall find it by forgetting our material comforts and burying our national arrogance, and by entering into the lives of peoples whom we are inclined to regard as inferior.

### THE GRAND TOUR

MODERN TRAVEL, as I have pointed out, is a British invention. In the days of the Grand Tour young gentlemen of substance, before settling down to their more serious life work of fox-hunting and gaming, were encouraged to cart their tin bath tubs through the hotels of France and Italy. In order that their native Philistinism might not be contaminated by the riper cultures of the Continent, they were surrounded by an entourage of cockneys, and by every convenience that was portable. As a result, the tradition evolved among Anglo-Saxons that to travel properly was to travel with all the formalities of home.

Thus fortified against new impressions, the Englishman traveled with an air of offensive superiority. Neither his personal habits nor his insularity suffered the slightest derangement. The codes and proprieties of other races did not affect him in the least, nor did it ever occur to him to reflect on his own outlandish behavior — to consider, for instance, that his table manners had not improved since the reign of King John. What happened in foreign lands was to him much the same as the action in a play.

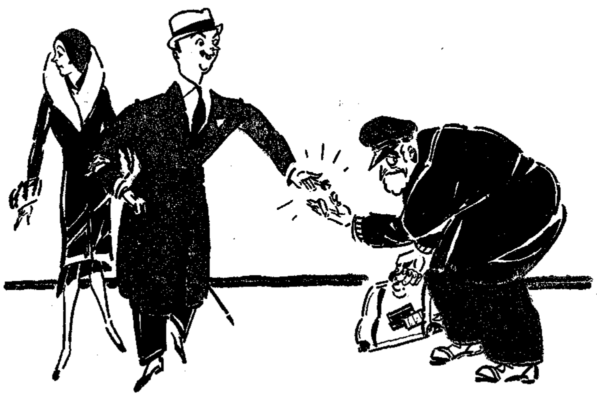
If you think that I exaggerate the high and mighty attitude of the founders of modern travel, let me quote from a letter written from Italy, not by an illiterate duke, but by young Edward Gibbon before he had decided that the Roman Empire was perhaps as great an institution as imperial Britain: "Of all the towns in Italy, I am the least satisfied with Venice. Old, and in general, ill-built houses, ruined pictures, and stinking ditches dignified with the pompous denomination of canals . . . and a large square decorated with the worst architecture I ever saw." The description, except for its affected style, is worthy of Mark Twain — or General Grant.

In the course of time the Englishman abroad became a proverbial nuisance, an object of satire and contempt, a character for farces, an obstruction to international comity. To-day, however, bankrupt and outmoded, but as formal as ever, he is lost in the herd of wandering Americans. He now travels solely for profit, or, in a final attempt to revive his aristocratic supremacy, retires for the season to the cheaper villas of Florence or to a borrowed bathhouse on the French Riviera. At home his position is inglorious and pathetic: the gentleman is now become the servant. His dwindling resources have obliged him to plumb and let his castles, heat his hotels, and import jazz orchestras, grapefruits, hot dogs, and other transatlantic necessaries — all this in order to compete with the French for the custom of "those horrid Americans."

### THE AMERICAN INVASION

IT WAS inevitable that the Americans, once they had made up their minds that travel was the thing to do, should have swiftly developed into the champions of the world. It was also inevitable that they should have emulated the British example, for at bottom they love the British — or at least that part of them which is snobbishly correct. But how far they have surpassed the British on their own ground is known to everyone, since every American is now a traveler. To-day the petty Lord of the Long Island manor or princeling of any real estate swindle in any one of forty-eight states parades through Europe in a style which, by comparison, reduces the pomp of the old Grand Tour to the level of a third-class passage.

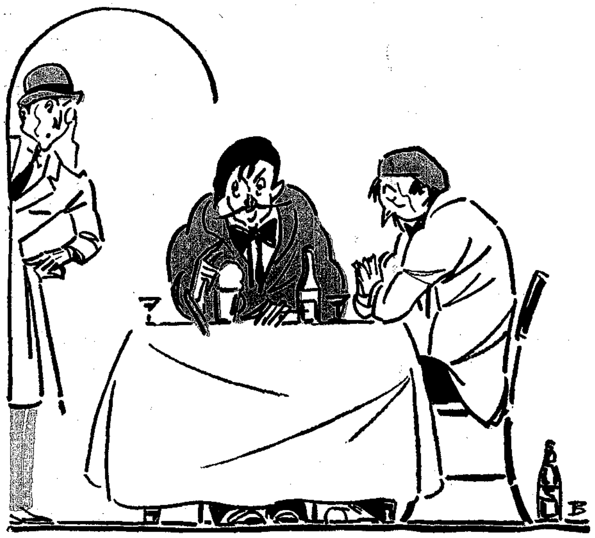
The British, as I have said, took with them as much of England as they could transport, whereas the Americans have revolutionized the whole system of travel by forcing the Europeans to commercialize their culture, to put a price on things having no monetary values, and to convert their travel routes into close imitations of the worst aspects of American life — of the material splendor from which, one might reasonably suppose, American travelers are seeking to escape. The Europeans, being more



avaricious than the Americans, are happy to do this, and yet they are perpetually whining about the influx of disgusting Yankee spendthrifts. If they made no concessions to American tastes, their revenues would immediately fall off, but the net gain would be greater. The raffish sight-seers would stay at home where they belong, and only those with legitimate business abroad, those amenable to European customs, would be willing to put up with the inconveniences of the journey.

As it is, the Europeans spend half of each year catering to the Americans, and the other half complaining about them. When the American appears, he finds everything organized after his own tastes. He finds cocktails and jazz, razor blades and miraculous toothpastes, tiled bathrooms, toasted cigarettes, loose American women, convenient divorce courts, night clubs, speedy automobiles and de luxe trains, American plays and movies, American newspapers, books and magazines, and the American language. Not long ago Mr. Chesterton bitterly assailed his countrymen for profaning their ancient traditions to please the American savages. It seems that he can no longer drink his ale in peace — not even in the most remote and obscure inns — but must guzzle to the fulsome rhythms of American jazz. In Amsterdam there is a Rembrandt movie palace; Mr. Gar Wood now takes his racing boats to Venice; Mr. Gene Tunney contributes to the new *Encyclopædia Britannica.* It is no wonder that Mr. Chesterton is full of alarms.

Why, then, it is time to inquire, do Americans travel? Not, I fancy, for the reason propounded by Mr. Aldous Huxley, who thinks they are very like the British in their desire to be esteemed culturally superior when they return home. Cultured Americans are held in suspicion by their compatriots. Some of them honestly travel to improve their minds, but not many. The great majority travel because they are restless, homeless souls with a surplus in the bank; lacking any worthy purpose in life, they flock to the Old World for a wild time.



For Americans, notwithstanding their enormous expenditures on amusements, are no match for the Europeans in the mellow arts of pleasure. The Continental is a cunning purveyor: he provides the Americans with the material comfort which they love so well, and then lures them into haunts of costly and irresistible romance. The romance is purely artificial, but no matter. It is more seductive than anything at home. He offers them the more cultivated vices, and in Paris — where the tradition of wild and abandoned carnality must be maintained — he reserves special quarters for those Saturnalian relaxations which Americans demand the moment they set foot on French soil.

### Coney Island Unlimited

To the vast multitudes who march through Europe every year, travel is a protracted debauch. The foreign scene, at their own instigation, is now prearranged to bring out the worst that is in them. On their return, before proceeding to their old occupations, they compare notes on their orgies, those of wealth dwelling on the smarter imbecilities of the Riviera, the rank and file boasting of wonderful times in the cesspools of Paris. Occupied with prepared display and intoxicating amusements, few, if any, of them depart from their ordinary habits of living; hence they return without having experienced even a minor dislocation of their old mental attitudes. Modern travel is an excursion into a more extended Coney Island.

If it be objected that the sights of Europe represent profounder humanities than those of Coney Island, because of the ages of culture behind them, let us remember that their significance can be appreciated only by travelers with a mature knowledge of the historical and psychological conditions which produced them. To the average tourist they are merely a succession of passing objects, a kaleidoscopic profusion, and as such, as destitute of spiritual value as the sights of the American carnival.

Take, for example, the great galleries of art. To the average tourist they bring only consternation and disappointment. Without preliminary training, he rushes from picture to picture, gaping for a moment or two at works which were years in the making. As if masterpieces epitomizing the spiritual tendencies of an epoch could be apprehended at a single glance! He comes away torn between two suspicions: either art is ridiculously overestimated, or it is something outside his own poor vision.

The failure of modern travel is not to be wholly attributed to its insane haste and its limited duration, but also to the fact that it is designed to tempt those who are not entitled to travel in the first place. Does anyone imagine that the British, heretofore the greatest of travelers, are less provincial than the French, who weep at the very thought of leaving their country? Has anyone discovered that the wholesale peregrinations of the Americans have modified certain national characteristics which are particularly odious in a foreign setting, and which are regarded by Europeans as the major ideals of our Western civilization?

But what of those who go abroad to study? To specialists — surgeons, scientists, and trained investigators in technological fields — graduate courses in Europe, I need hardly say, are invaluable; but with this limited body of mature students it is not a question of travel but of continuing the pursuit of professional aims.

To students of the arts it is ruinous. The galleries of the Old World, to the inexperienced student, are no more than repositories of technical achievements. He copies forms and styles and learns nothing. He does not understand that the art of the past was born of the spiritual needs of certain localities, and that if similar needs are absent in the modern man, it is for him an obsolete display of manual skill. He is too young to grasp the relation of technique to background; he imitates the externals of masterpieces in the naïve belief that he is gradually penetrating to the secret springs of great art. After years of intermittent labor, he becomes a good craftsman — but no more than a good craftsman. Only when it is too late does it enter his head that the forms and objects which he has crossed the ocean to study are the unique property of the artists who created them and that he should have remained at home, absorbed in the only environment to which, as an artist, he can give significant utterance.

### AMERICA AND ART

It is evident, then, that our foundations and subsidies for sending young Americans abroad "to do creative work" in an atmosphere of leisure are wasting their money and spoiling their beneficiaries. These young recipients of misplaced philanthropy do indeed find leisure in Europe. They find entirely too much of it. They live on leisure and their work shows it. Why in the world should poets and painters be forever crying for leisure, and not scientists, architects, engineers, and novelists? Such a cry from a man of signal achievement — from Rubens, Balzac, Edison, or Shaw — would be inconceivable. What the artist needs is work, and more work — the incessant pressure of active modern life, exorbitant demands on all his powers driving him onward to higher and harder problems, and not a stagnating holiday among international loafers.

Modern America is the modern world. It is difficult to work with, and not so easy to diagnose as European experts seem to believe. Our Western civilization, whether you like it or not, has outlined the direction in which all nations must travel, or perish. Our industrial, social, and spiritual problems are now world problems. We have here the richest materials for the making of art that have ever challenged the creative energy of man, a mine so deep and inexhaustible that no one, in any of the departments of art, has even scratched the surface of its deposits. To run away from America to surroundings culturally and æsthetically more congenial is to confess one's incapacity as a discoverer of values. And what is the creator but a discoverer of values? And what is culture that is unproductive? A sham. A masquerade of sterility.

As for "the establishment of international good will" — one of those fine humanitarian phrases employed by travelers who must rationalize their wanderlust — it would seem that the exhibition of silly wastefulness and superabundance among peoples constrained to sweat and toil in the rôle of caterers is the last way to promote good will. In fact it arouses fierce resentments, and though it may provide the caterer with a livelihood, his position is a hateful one. International good will, if such a dream is possible, will come into the world with the interlocking of economic advantages on a fair basis of give and take, with equal rewards for equal efforts. Assuredly it will not be hastened by modern travel, which makes of the American a lordly master and of the European an obsequious servant.

If the American must travel, let him travel with a purpose — preferably on business. If his sole objective in Europe is the pursuit of pleasure, then let him, in the interests of national decency, remain at home where the flaunting of wealth is understood and properly appraised, and where money and vulgarity are by no means incompatible.

# These WOMEN!

### by E. W. HOWE

*Sage of "Potato Hill"*

IN A PUBLIC PARK I lately saw a monkey family of four: father and mother, a yearling son, and a baby just old enough to play in the winsome manner common to young animals. The father was a solitary old wretch, and always sat as far away from the others as was possible. When they came near him, he hastily moved. I thought it a pity the park keeper did not provide a den to which the male might have retreated to think over his rougher enterprises. I did not observe that he was mean to his family, but that his surroundings bored him was certain.

When a dog appeared, he promptly sprang to the floor in performance of his duty as protector, but, the danger past, went back to his loneliness. It was only the male which stirred me to pity because of his captivity; the mother and her young seemed to be having a rather pleasant time.

The year-old son was constantly performing for the amusement of the crowds. He reminded me of a boy of eight furiously trying to attract attention, with his mother's approval. When there was nothing else mischievous to do, he threw dirt over himself.

Occasionally the baby played with the smart-acting yearling, but soon retreated to its mother's arms. And how she enjoyed the attention!

Not once did I see the father and mother glance at each other. They reminded me of a married couple which had wrangled so much that they realized there was no hope of agreement — about the only peace there is in matrimony.

HERE WAS NATURE naked and unashamed. The sexes do not care for each other beyond the brief natural attraction. There is a mental and physical difference resulting in the clash we now witness, and have witnessed for ages past in the reflection of books.

With this natural unfriendliness between the sexes, women are not wise in unnecessarily provoking the men, causing them to violate the armistice heretofore maintained with reasonable fidelity. Since the dawn of history men and women have been fighting each other, with brutality in intimate contacts, and with gallantry in society. By slow degrees the women have won. By common consent, American men are the worst henpecked in human history;

it is almost a part of our common law that a man cannot be a gentleman unless he is henpecked.

We are now in the reconstruction period, and women are as unwise in victory as were the Northerners after the Civil War. Enormous innovations are being introduced. One of the most modest mothers I know told me lately of a wedding she was managing, and of discovering that the bridesmaids, one of them her daughter, intended to appear at the church and at the reception following in bare legs. Such exposures are not in the interest of comfort or sanitation, but are boldly intended as a taunt to men, just as the rich man in Purgatory was taunted by a display of water.

I have seen a seventeen-year-old girl of good family smoke on the streets, in the presence of her mother and grandmother, both of whom I had heard say, in the girl's babyhood, that they would rather see her in her coffin than smoking. In a small city in the West a visiting girl — a student in an educational institution endowed and managed by the state — entered a restaurant and was so scandalously attired that the proprietor considered asking her to leave. He did make such a request of another girl from a neighboring town, and for similar reasons, when it was discovered that she belonged to an old and highly respected family — at least her parents were respected.

There was nothing seriously wrong with these girls except modernism. In a quiet country place they were acting as we heard, fifteen years ago, that women acted in Paris, or sometimes, in extreme cases, in New York. They were out of their mothers' control.

I remember being with a gentle American woman in France not so very long ago, and that she was made ill by a woman's smoking in her presence. This woman now smokes and is an expert mixer of cocktails, which women drink almost as universally as men. Formerly practically all women were temperance workers and were constantly engaged in trying to save the men from drink.

The proportion of good women in my neighborhood, and wherever I go, is so generous that it must be equally large everywhere; but I believe they are too apologetic for the less-experienced members of their sex who are violating old prohibitory laws. Whatever may be said about boys, mothers will be held responsible for girls; and that modern girls are not as well-behaved as their mothers were, is a statement that will be very widely accepted.

Men do not like the innovations that are being introduced; they prefer the old laws natural to modest womanhood. In 1930 it is the men who are clamoring most vigorously for the maintenance of rules which experience has proved best for women. Men do not do this because of nobleness, but because of their knowledge, born of experience, that a good deal of Puritanism is necessary in maintaining civilization.

For thousands of years men have made laws severely punishing themselves for infringing the rights of women, and these laws are still being strengthened as need appears. If women decide to take their protection out of the hands of men, what will be the result? One observation about women frequently met with in literature is that there never has been a philosopher among them.

There comes a time in the life of a people when they should temporarily cease progressing and take advantage of what they have already learned. We have reached such a stage, and one lesson that is being neglected is the present unusual friction between the sexes. It is proper and necessary for men and women to regulate each other up to that point where the interests of both are best served; beyond that, harm begins.

I am no longer able to enjoy the friendship of women, for the reason that all their conversation finally leads to requests that I cheer their conduct and gallantly denounce my own. I have followed this course from youth to age, hoping some day to meet with approval; but I am giving less satisfaction now than ever before. Women never visit my home that the conversation does not soon drift around to something new I should do for my loved ones; but on my honor I cannot recall that the women have ever suggested anything my loved ones might do for me. This has gone on so long that I have concluded that women are overdoing the reforming of men and are neglecting their own sex.

As a little boy I was frequently whipped at school. On returning home I used to complain to my mother, and when she asked me to bring in a stick of the size the teacher used, I always brought in one much larger than the facts warranted.

The stick with which men have beaten women has grown enormously. Probably it was never as large as men have contended in displays of gallantry, and women in displays of cunning. In any event, the big club is now being used to beat the men. The courts are full of evidence of it. In a recent case a woman went back a third time for more, after signing a receipt; she was successful in two attempts, with good prospects in the third.

Men have heeded just criticism; the record, honestly considered, shows it, and they ask no more of the other side. We have long taken a fair share of the blame and have tried to regulate our worse specimens. This is all we ask of women, and we ask it not for our advantage, but for the advantage of the race.

During the fiercest part of the late war, a man told me his greatest ambition was to live long enough to see what changed conditions would be brought about by the conflict. He had his wish, for he is living to-day, and, except for the debt and disgrace, conditions are pretty much the same as they always have been. What I wonder about is the probable relations of men and women in the next twenty or thirty years. On the strength of present tendencies some predict that family life as we are now trying to maintain it will be given up.

Here is a threat so grave that it should cause us to forget for a time the old and badly overworked question of sex, and seriously consider the interests of the race. Without realizing it, we have drifted into enormous sensuality. Sex has become the god of our worship, the theme of our conversation, reading, thoughts, enterprises, announcements. We have lost control of ourselves, and forgotten that the base of sex is life, not pleasure. Children are abnormally excited and deceived in sex matters by the plays they see everywhere every day, and by the newspapers and books they read.

Love has become the trade of millions of women who work at it so brutally that I wonder all do not become ashamed. Men are lured into love traps with fine sentiment, and then cruelly beaten, with their neighbors looking on — not with indignation because of unfairness displayed, but with joy because of the sex excitement the exhibition affords. Old men, who should be made as comfortable as possible in chimney corners, are dragged out to afford a public holiday, and pelted with mud from the street by rogues who are themselves in danger of similar humiliation and injustice.

No attempt is made to regulate natural and necessary sex expression; no teaching of moderation such as we attempt in other hungers, and which we have found may be somewhat controlled. We try to chain up the devil in some of his forays, but in this matter we make the hairy old scoundrel an angel, that he may better accomplish his deviltry. Occasionally we pause to consider seriously our other weaknesses and to regulate them when we can; but in this we smear our hearts with primeval mud and declare we have washed them clean.

Love quarrels between men and women are so numerous and fierce, and so frequently produce candid testimony in the courts, that we must admit them to be natural. But men and women are both equally interested in maintaining the veneer of civilization, which, hitherto, has at least worked better than savagery. Mankind is lamentably low and savage in spots; in other spots so high as to cause wonder and thankfulness. Always the best have been compelled to fight the worst for supremacy, and I humbly recommend that the better specimens of men and women continue to wage the holy war with the weapons heretofore found most effective.

# SUPER-POWER

## *A Solution*

### by W. CHARLES POLETTI

THE VEXED and vexing power question may be simply stated as follows: How to secure to users of electricity the lowest rate for service which will, at the same time, guarantee to investors in public utilities a fair and reasonable return on their investment? At bottom, it is a problem in mathematics — a search for a formula. But it also becomes a problem in politics, because some kind of regulatory machinery will be needed to apply the formula in the interests both of investors and the public.

THE FORUM has already published two articles on superpower. In December, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York proposed a formula based on the prudent investment theory, and indicated that the proper machinery to administer it is to be found in state public service commissions. In February, Mr. Martin J. Insull accepted the principle of state regulation, but he took the reproduction cost theory as the basis of his formula. Now, a New York lawyer points out why the states can never regulate the public utilities effectively, and he calls upon Congress, not only to work out a definite formula, but also to establish a federal regulatory commission to administer it.

HOWEVER UNFORTUNATE some people may think it, the electric light and power industry must necessarily be a matter for political consideration. In the last presidential campaign each of the two major parties incorporated into its platform a statement of its attitude and policy in regard to the water power resources owned by the people of this country. The Republican party stated that it favored state rather than federal regulation of the industry, in the belief that state regulation would be more effective in preventing discrimination and injustices. Nor did former Governor Alfred E. Smith neglect the issue in his campaign. To dam the natural flow of this educative process would indeed be shortsighted.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt is not "playing politics," therefore, when he presents to the people of the country what he considers the important phases of the power problem. In his FORUM article he pointed out that the industry is affected with a public interest, and, accordingly, that the investor's return should be based upon the prudent investment theory so that the consumer would secure the lion's share of the savings which result from improvements in management and in modern science. To protect this public interest, he recommended that the state public service commissions created several years ago should be modernized and rejuvenated.

In another FORUM paper, Martin J. Insull, President of the Middle West Utilities Company, cautioned against the political development of electric power and attempted to prove that the growth of holding companies has not been detrimental to the consumer. He also indicated that the public interest in the industry, which he grants exists, is usually taken care of by the coöperation of the industry and the public. While assuring us that "the industry as a whole favors regulation by state commissions," he seems to believe that regulation by the federal government is unnecessary.

The purpose of the present article is to show that regulation by the federal government *is* necessary, and that legislation looking to that end should not be long delayed.

### RAILROADS A PARALLEL CASE

MR. INSULL has emphasized the fact that the entire country is now being interconnected with a network of large operating systems fed from super-power stations advantageously located. In fact, several colossal holding companies now control more than half of the electric power in the United States, and each of these companies has concentrated its holdings in certain sections of the country. This is a comparatively recent development, and one which, in many respects, parallels the growth of the railroads.

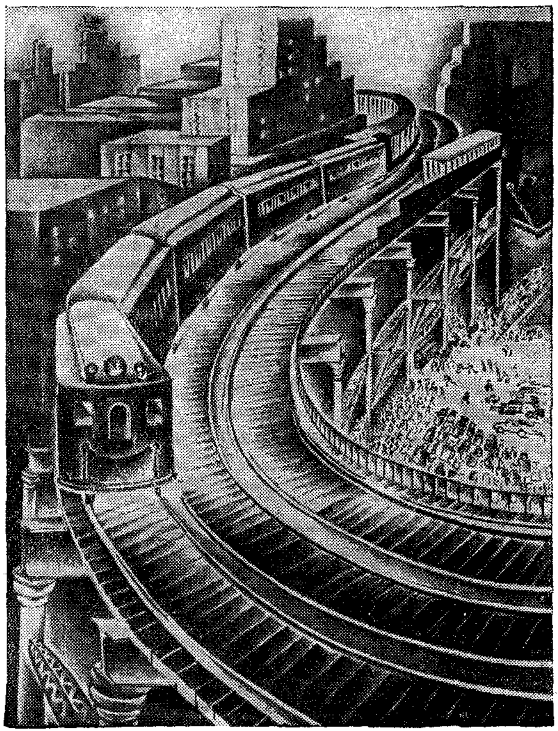
During the seventies and eighties, railroad construction was extremely active. From 1880 to 1890 over seventy thousand miles of railroad lines were built — a mileage just about equal to the total new construction for both the ten preceding and the ten following years combined. The movement culminated in 1882, and again in 1887, in two veritable crazes of promotion and speculative activity unequaled before or since in our railroad history. In 1887 the Interstate Commerce Act was passed by Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission was created. And foremost among the economic causes which forced the enactment of this law were the rapid expansion of the railroad net and the enormous development of interstate business.

In the same way the electric light and power industry, born in 1882, has increased with gigantic strides until, in 1928, it supplied the staggering amount of eighty-eight billion kilowatt hours. But it should be noted that the growth during the first half of the last decade was nearly as great as the total development in all the preceding years. In spite of this tremendous expansion, however, waters capable of generating about ninety-seven million horsepower still remained unused in 1924, and nobody can accurately estimate the amount of electric energy which can be developed from our coal resources.

We may safely say, therefore, that the electric light and power industry is still in its infancy. Whatever need may now exist for federal regulation will soon become even more urgent as the industry continues to grow.

Like other industrial and commercial pursuits, the public utilities do not develop within the boundaries of artificial state lines, but rather in accordance with economic conditions existing within large regional areas. No company will hesitate to build a plant in an advantageous location merely because it is on the other side of the state line from where it already operates a plant. Nor will an executive of a large concern refuse to connect operating or holding companies in various states if it will permit him to deliver electricity to the consumer at a lower cost. Since large units are more economical, this development of superpower organizations should perhaps be encouraged; but whether encouraged or not, there is no doubt whatever that that is the direction in which the public utilities are moving, and that the future will see interstate combinations set up on an even grander scale.

**THE "L"**



*Lithographs by Gan Kolski*

## DIFFICULTIES OF STATE REGULATION

ADMITTING, then, that the electric light and power industry will and ought to develop large units stretching over several states, we must be prepared to deal with the difficulties of regulating the industry that must inevitably arise out of the divided jurisdiction between the states and the federal government. In the Constitution of the United States the individual states have granted to the federal government the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states. This severely restricts the effectiveness of regulation by a state, no matter how conscientiously the state may desire it.

Now it has been our experience in other cases that when an industry wishes to escape what it considers to be an unjustifiably burdensome interference by a state with the transaction of its business, the ingenuity of the legal profession has usually been able to devise some method of carrying on the business so that the state would find itself hindered in its regulation. As much as possible the industry seeks refuge under the flag of the federal government, which applies no regulation whatever. Since the temptation to hide within the borders of federal jurisdiction increases with the attempts of the states to regulate, it ought to be evident that the states will find it increasingly difficult to regulate the public utilities as time goes on and the utilities continue to expand beyond state boundaries.

At any rate, the transmission and sale of electrical power by a company in one state to a company in another cannot be regulated by either state. Again, since a holding company may incorporate in one state and control operating companies in another, it is obvious that the state desiring to regulate the operating companies will be hampered because it cannot go outside its own jurisdiction. But a federal agency could easily regulate the super-holding companies which carry on interstate business. Likewise, disputes have arisen over the supervision of securities when the holding and operating companies are not organized in the same state. A good many of these gaps could be blocked by a federal agency.

Moreover, a federal commission might be able in some way to regulate the purchase by large holding companies of operating companies at inflated prices, and to supervise the contracts made by a corporation of one state with that of another for the management or financing of one of the corporations. Some evidence has already been produced that such abuses exist, and it is not unreasonable or premature to demand the establishment of a federal agency which would be able, in some degree, to prevent practices of this nature.

If the history of the attempt made by the people of this country to regulate the railroads and the telegraph and telephone companies has taught us anything, it is, in short, that federal regulation is indispensable. Before the Interstate Commerce Commission was created, various states tried to regulate the railroads, and many people argued that nothing more was needed. Yet the federal commission had to be created. Then there followed a long series of legal battles aiming to emasculate the commission. Yet it survived. And it is not now unfair to say that the stability, security, and confidence of the public in the railroads and in the telegraph and telephone businesses are largely due to the tempered and restrained regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

## ADVANTAGES OF FEDERAL REGULATION

FEDERAL regulation of the electric light and power industry will result in distinct benefits, not only to the consumer, but also to the industry and its investors. To the industry it will mean the possibility of developing large systems by obtaining the commission's approval. Once the consent is obtained, the corporations will no longer have to operate under the constant threat that some unreasonably harsh restriction may suddenly be imposed upon them to upset the orderly growth of the business. It will mean that the entire industry may develop according to some sensible, conservative plan, without running the risk of useless and costly competition with its resultant economic maladjustments.

Then, too, an unpleasant odor now attaches to some of the large holding companies. The majority of them have undoubtedly transacted their business honestly. Still, a few operators have tended to forget that the industry is affected with a public interest. Surely the former class of operators should be delighted to have a regulatory body which would prohibit a few unscrupulous men from indulging in unfair methods which cast a shadow over the industry as a whole.

If we assume that the federal agency will supervise the issuance of securities, the investors will also benefit. They will be given increased assurance that their investments in new and rapidly growing systems are safe. And this assurance will exist, in part, even if the issue of securities is not regulated. To raise additional capital will be easier, because the

**STEAM SHOVEL**

*Courtesy Weyhe Gallery*

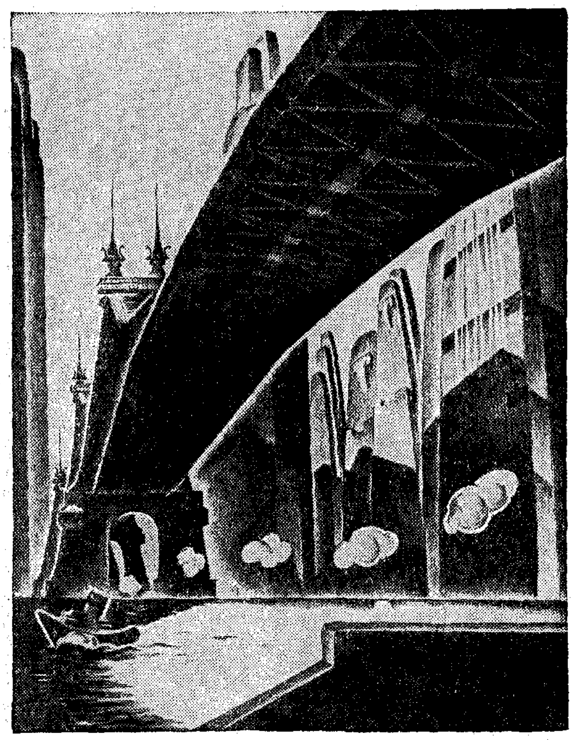
investor not only will know in advance what limitations will be imposed upon his investment, but he will feel confident that his investment cannot be dissipated. During the last few years, the purchase of operating companies at excessive prices has obviously damaged the investor in the stock of the holding company.

Proper regulation will also check overexpansion, which too often inflicts losses upon small investors. Indeed, when the industry loses its speculative nature, the small investor in the small town will be anxious to offer his savings. This has been the experience of the telephone companies in recent years.

### PROTECTION FOR CONSUMERS

TO THE consumers — and in some parts of the country this includes nearly everybody — federal regulation, by hastening the growth of large systems, will mean supplying electric light and power, not only to people living in or near cities, but to rural communities as well. And it will really guarantee a fair and reasonable rate for electric service, because the gaps which now exist, and must continue to exist under state regulation, will then be filled by the federal regulatory body. Of one thing the consumer may be sure: he will never be protected until the entire field — and not just part of it — is regulated.

**TUGBOAT**



It cannot be shown that the consumer has enjoyed in the past, or is now enjoying, the lowest rates which will give to the investor a reasonable return upon his money. Mr. Insull has stated that while general commodity prices are now 40 per cent higher than they were in 1913, the average price of electric service has decreased 25 per cent and its consumption has increased. But this does not prove that the public has been given its due share of the savings that have come with the growth of the industry. Perhaps the rates should have decreased 50 per cent, and very likely the consumption of electricity would in turn have increased.

Although there is now a Federal Power Commission, it is ill suited for the type of regulation which has been outlined in this article. This commission, which was created on June 10, 1920, is composed of the Secretaries of Agriculture, Interior, and War — executive officers who are already taxed with other duties. The proposed commission, on the other hand, would consist of persons particularly qualified to act as commissioners, to be appointed by the President for a period of at least six years and at an ample salary. The Federal Power Commission was organized primarily to safeguard the federal water power resources, but the new commission would be essentially concerned with the regulation of private electric light and power companies operating properties in no way connected with the water resources of the government.

### UNCERTAINTY IN THE COURTS

IN ORDER to insure to the investor a fair return on his investment, and to the consumer a reasonable charge for electricity, the federal regulatory body will have to make its calculations upon a sound basis of valuation of the property owned by each power company. Although Mr. Insull has asserted that the public is not interested in an "academic discussion of valuation theories," nevertheless it is elementary and fundamental that there can be no regulation without a basis of valuation. As a matter of fact, a study of the disputes before the commissions and the courts shows that the core of litigation is nearly always this question of valuation.

But unfortunately, there exists no agreement, either in the regulatory bodies or the courts, as to the proper basis of valuation. They have either followed the prudent investment theory or the reproduction cost theory, or a mélange of the two — the exact portions of each varying in nearly every case. Uncertainty and discord reign.

At the time Governor Roosevelt wrote his article, it was doubtful which theory the Supreme Court of the United States was applying. It now seems, from a decision handed down on January 6th of this year, that the prudent investment theory has been abandoned. Still, it remains uncertain as to what may be included in the calculation of the present value of a company's property. And perhaps with a change in the general price level, the pendulum may swing in the other direction. Incidentally, Congress may help matters considerably if it prescribes a uniform system of accounting for the companies which will be subjected to federal regulation.

Irrespective of the intrinsic merits of each theory, the determination of a proper basis of valuation should not rest with the Supreme Court. Congress, through which the people of the United States may make themselves heard, should decide that question. And if the Supreme Court has finally adopted the reproduction cost theory, it may become necessary for the people, if they disagree with the opinion of the Court, to seek a remedy through legislation.

Therefore, when the federal regulatory body is created, Congress should direct in clear and definite terms what it considers the proper basis upon which rates should be adjusted. A certain, specific basis, though not perfect, is considerably better for the purposes of administration than the present hopeless situation. Only then will the courts be able to emerge from the judicial morass and quagmire into which they have been slowly burying themselves. The least that such a plan would achieve would be the elimination of much of the prolonged and wasteful litigation over rates.

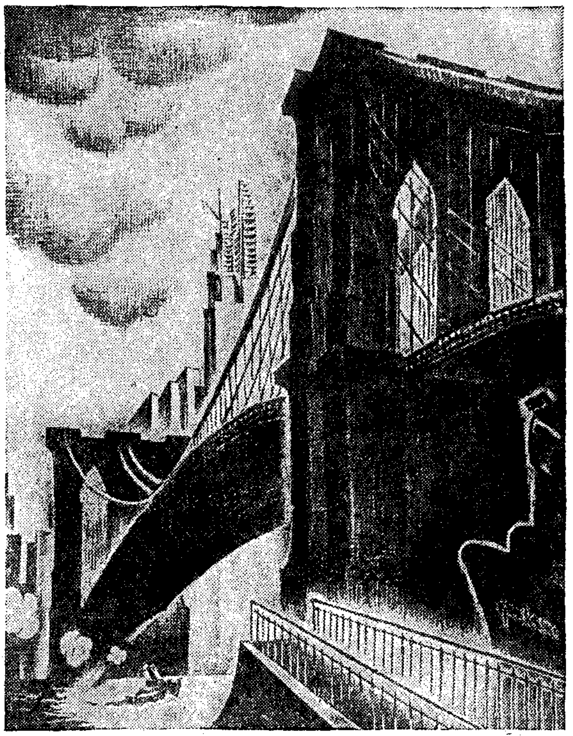
### WHAT IS A FAIR RETURN?

THEN there is the question of how much an investor in public utilities is entitled to earn on his money. If the net return is too low, the courts will say that the rate charged for electricity is confiscatory. In the decision of the Supreme Court already mentioned, the Court indicated that an investor is entitled to a net return of not far from eight per cent.

But again, despite the fact that the Supreme Court is composed of very capable men, the sole decision as to what is a reasonable return on the investment should not rest with the Court. It is rather for the collected opinion of all the people, crystallized through Congress, to declare whether the industry is not so affected with a public interest that it ought only to receive, say, a net return of from six to seven per cent.

For, after all, as Professor William Z. Ripley has said: "Great laws are not the figments of men's minds, conjured up in a day. They are a response to the needs of the time. Their true causes are thus immeasurably complex. Nor does a wholesale public demand for legislation arise overnight. From small beginnings the pressure steadily grows, oftentimes for years; until, perhaps through a conjunction of particularly aggravating events, matters are at last brought suddenly to a head. Yet while this culmination of industrial or social pressure may finally result in legislation under some particularly strong political leadership, to assign such personal influence as even the remote cause of legislation, is to belie all the facts and experience of history."

**BROOKLYN BRIDGE**



# Mata Hari: The Dance of Death

*Continued from page 219*

her place at the bar, she energetically wielded a lipstick, powdered herself, and joyfully accepted a small bouquet from the adoring advocate. She was happy and smiling again, nourishing some secret hope. The discarded chocolates were produced and the accused munched contentedly.

And the witnesses?

The first was he who had been her first lover when she came to France — Jules Cambon, the chief of the permanent staff of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was a typical diplomatist — suave, confident, and distinguished — but for the moment he was overcome with embarrassment.

"Why have you called this witness?" asked the presiding officer.

Without moving, without looking at the witness, Mata Hari said in her alluring, low voice: "Monsieur occupies one of the highest offices in France. He is acquainted with all the intentions of the government and with the projected military operations. After my return from Madrid, I met him again. He was my first friend after I was divorced, and it was only natural that I should meet him again with joy. We passed three days and nights together before my arrest. To-day I have but one question to ask him: Did I at any time inquire for information; have I ever profited from our intimacy to extract from him any secret?"

"Madame never put to me any such question," answered the witness.

"You see," interrupted the impassioned defense lawyer, "she is no spy. Had she wished to gather precious information, she had but to reach out her hand."

"Then what did you find to talk about for three whole days?" asked the somewhat incredulous president. "When the nation is at open war, did you not even mention the subject which occupies every heart and mind? That is unbelievable."

"Unbelievable, but nevertheless true. We spoke about art — Indian art."

"Let us admit that," said Mornay. "But you will acknowledge that the accused is intelligent enough to recognize that it is not so easy to lead an important diplomat by the nose as it is to manage young officers who are drunk with love and kisses and incapable of refusing anything to an illustrious artist. You must acknowledge that her ability to approach such a high official gave the accused great credit with the Boches. It has been said that some of the paper on which Mata Hari wrote to her friends in Madrid and Amsterdam was headed 'Ministry of Foreign Affairs — Office of the Minister.' There is no doubt that this important association was the means of obtaining for her the very high payment she received. By exhibiting herself to other spies in the company of the illustrious statesman who appears at the bar, she surrounded herself with an aureole of power which allowed her to be more exacting."

When asked if he had anything to add to his statement, the witness replied, "Nothing has arisen to alter my good opinion of the lady."

Nevertheless, his relief at being released from further examination was obvious. His face had grown pale as Mornay began to speak, as though he feared pressure on other matters not altogether related to his affectionate regard for his friend. He was still a gentleman, however, for as he left the witness stand, he bowed in his stately way to the delighted dancer.

The next important piece of evidence that was introduced was from General Messimy, the former Minister of War, who had been one of the numerous victims of the Red Dancer's terrible charm. His duty as a local commander kept him away at his post, so his evidence took the form of a sworn statement, which declared that the accused had never asked questions relating to the conduct of the war, nor had ever addressed to him an inquiry which could have aroused suspicion.

Naturally, it is impossible to reproduce here all the evidence that was laid before the court. Much of it will never be made public — at least during the present generation — because reputations both national and individual had been jeopardized by Mata Hari's amorous intrigues. However, before dismissing the high officials who testified in her defense, let us say that it was clear that they had not been engaged in treacherous acts. Indiscreet, infatuated, foolish they may have been — but not to the extent of engaging in a conspiracy against their country. But, as Mornay suggested, it is impossible to deny that their friendship had been of incalculable value to the spy. During the course of little more than a year it is known that Mata Hari received between $12,000 and $15,000 for her services to Abteilung III. This was royal compensation indeed, when one considers the pitifully small sums paid to other spies.

After all the witnesses had been called, Maître Clunet began his address. The evidence that had been presented was irrefutable, and the old advocate did not attempt to refute it. He confined himself to a moving appeal on behalf of a woman who had sacrificed her beauty, her talents, and her art to the cultivation of crime. With all his forceful eloquence he pictured her unhappy married life, her persecution by a wretched husband, and her efforts to obtain a living by dancing. But in this case, to know all was not to forgive all, as the advocate had hoped. When he had finished his plea, the presiding officer asked Mata Hari if she had anything to add in her defense.

"Nothing," she replied. "My advocate has told you the truth. I am not French. I have the right to have friends in other countries, even among those at war with France. I have remained neutral. I count upon the goodness of heart of you French officers."

The case was now complete, and the members of the court filed out to the retiring-room where they were to discuss their verdict. After an absence of ten minutes they were ready with their decision.

### THE VERDICT

IT IS NOT customary in a French court-martial to have the verdict announced to the prisoner by the court. This is done by a court attendant. So when the court reassembled to hear the verdict, Mata Hari was not present. To each officer in turn, beginning with the youngest, lest his opinion be influenced by the example of his seniors, the president addressed the question:

"In your soul and in your conscience are you convinced that this woman is guilty of having communicated information and documents to the enemy, and of having caused the death of many of our soldiers?"

Very calmly and without any hesitation each of the officers replied, "Yes."

As the members of the court signed the judgment, one of them threw down the pen and exclaimed passionately: "It is horrible to condemn to death, in the possession of all her beauty and charm, a creature who is so seductive and of such fine intelligence. But her treacherous intrigues have caused such calamities that, if it lay within my power, I would have her shot a dozen times."

Meanwhile, the old defending lawyer had been able to grasp the attitude of the judges toward his client when they left to consider their verdict, and he cautioned Mata Hari that she must be prepared for the worst. When, at last, the ceremony of reading the verdict was carried out, Maître Clunet wept unashamed. The guard was then called and Mata Hari was brought into court.

"Judgment in the name of the French people!" cried the official, using the time-honored formula.

"Present arms!"

It was a pathetic scene. The old advocate, defeated in his most delicate case, stood with tears streaming from his weakening eyes. And Mata Hari? Did she cry out or faint or betray any signs of feminine weakness? Silent, serene, almost indifferent, she listened to the crisp sentence as the official read her death warrant. An enigmatic smile played about the sensuous lips until the words had ceased, and then she turned away, nervously biting her lips.

"My God! She knows how to die, that one!" was the admiring comment of an old soldier of the guard.

### MATA HARI IN PRISON

CELL NUMBER 12 at the prison of Saint-Lazare, which Mata Hari occupied, had acquired a certain notoriety in French criminal records. Mme, Steinheil and Mme. Caillaux had previously been tenants. It is a large room with two windows and three beds, one for the prisoner and two for the religious Sisters whose duty it was to guard her. None of the distinguished occupants of the cell brought to it one half the romance that Mata Hari invested in that drab interior.

In the early days of her prison life, the Sisters of Mercy found Mata Hari intractable, imperious, excited, feverish, full of the craziest notions for indulging her luxury-softened body. Not only was her temper violent, but her whims were absurd. She demanded maids to attend to her toilet. Once she insisted upon having a daily bath in milk at a time when it was almost impossible to obtain that precious fluid for the babies in Paris.

Later she became more tractable and reasonable. Dr. Bralez, the assistant prison doctor, says of her: "I recall paying her a visit on the day the death sentence was read to her. I can assure you that her calm, her indifference, amazed me. Had I been her confessor, I should have been tempted to sound the depths of her soul and offer her the consolation of faith; but my rôle was merely that of medical adviser and for that reason I was compelled to maintain a reserved attitude."

Mata Hari's only request was for some veronal to enable her to sleep; but this the doctor had to refuse. Two days later he was surprised to observe that she had no need of the drug, for her nights were no longer disturbed by thoughts of a sinister termination to the tragedy in which she was scheduled to play the principal rôle. Fear of a criminal's death had compelled her to hope. Then, too, her courage was based upon an unwavering faith in the legion of admiring friends whipped up by her adoring advocate, who never for one moment doubted his ability to organize a mass of influential opinion strong enough to secure a revocation of the death sentence.

In fact, Maître Clunet was now marshaling an imposing array of Mata Hari's powerful friends behind an appeal for clemency. Her royal lovers, the great officials, artists who failed to understand how crimes against humanity could possibly weigh against the divinity of inspired art, scholars whose imaginations dominated their intellects — all responded to the invitation to sign a plea for mercy. Thus her love-affairs organized themselves into a procession to plead against her condemnation as a spy.

Meanwhile, public spirit in France was violently inflamed against Mata Hari — more so than against any other spy seized during the war. Competent French authorities declared that the lives of nearly 50,000 men had been lost as a result of her intrigues. The average Frenchman was firmly convinced that the spy had so earned the gratitude of her employers that some vigorous effort would be attempted to free her from prison; and there were undoubtedly good grounds for this belief, for the civil police became more and more anxious about the safety of their prisoner. Almost from the moment she had entered her cell, there were sinister rumors that either her admirers or her secret service colleagues would secure her escape if the imposing list of her influential lovers failed to move the President of the Republic to act within his powers of clemency. Mata Hari's conduct during her imprisonment bears witness to her firm conviction that some power, working outside the prison, would effect her delivery; and these rumors are of special significance in view of what happened later.

As the days sped on, Mata Hari derived her chief comfort from the daily visits of the young prison doctor, on whom she practiced her arts of fascination, and from the equally regular visits of her old friend, the advocate, who always came laden with delicacies, gossip, and perennial hope. On the eve of the day fixed for her execution, Maître Clunet failed to appear. He was absent making his final appeal for executive clemency to President Poincaré, who happened to be a personal friend of his.

We do not pretend to know what transpired between the President and the lawyer at their interview. We can be sure, however, that Poincaré had to listen to an eloquent petition, made the more moving by the obvious sincerity of the man whose great intellect was enlisted to save the life of his former mistress. There is also little room for doubt concerning the President's attitude.

Owing to the genial ineptitude of M. Malvy's administration during the first two years of war, the soil of France had produced a crop of conspiracies so corrupting to the internal affairs of the nation that few modern democracies could have emerged from them without being shattered to their very foundations. Within a few months the public had been startled by the Invalides plot, the Bonnet Rouge crimes, the mysterious death of Almereyda before his treacherous conspiracy could be properly investigated, the corruption of Paul Bolo, the condemnation of Lenoir and Duval, and the prosecution of too many spies to leave any doubt that Paris was infested with enemy agents working with impunity.

With such an accumulation of villainies threatening the commonweal, could any guilty person who fell into the hands of outraged military justice have any reasonable hope of mercy outside the letter of the law? Would any President have dared to exercise clemency and thus to inflame public spirit when it was clamoring to have its social structure purged of all defeatist elements and of all the parasites who threatened the security of France? In particular, could the stern and upright Poincaré be expected to pardon a woman who had sent thousands of French soldiers to their deaths, and who still remained unrepentant if not actually proud of her infamy?

When Maître Clunet failed to visit Mata Hari on this appointed day, his defection filled her with a gloomy presentiment of evil. He had assured her that he would certainly bring her that day the cheering news that his old and powerful friend had listened sympathetically to the story of her sad, misguided, and misunderstood life. Nervously she waited, but he did not appear; and her distress was apparent to the Sisters of Mercy who attended her. Sister Leonide, with a shrewd appreciation of the dancer's vanity, approached her with a singular suggestion:

"You have got to save yourself from this fit of black despair," she said. "Why don't you dance? You will forget all your art, and besides, you have never given us an exhibition of your talents."

So in the condemned cell, with only the two nuns for an audience, Mata Hari danced! The action was sufficient to restore her equanimity. The despondency to which she had succumbed vanished like magic, and she prattled gayly. If the advocate failed her, there was still a mysterious power hovering over her destiny which supported her profound faith in herself.

The incidents in cell number 12 on the fatal morning have been described so many times with fanciful additions that we will rely upon the testimony of the two eyewitnesses whose evidence most nearly corresponds. The actual moment for the execution had been fixed for 5:47 A.M. An hour before this time the officials assembled at the prison to prepare for their unpleasant task.

"She is asleep," said the warden, when formal application was made for her surrender to the military authorities.

### CLUNET PLAYS HIS ACE

AT THIS POINT the officers were unexpectedly joined by a visitor from whose company they had wished to be spared. It was the venerable old lawyer who had steadfastly fought for the spy's release. The officials had been harassed by reports and rumors that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoner on the way to Vincennes. The guards had been strengthened to reduce the chance of any desperate action. Still they were worried; perhaps Maître Clunet could enlighten them on the situation.

"There are unpleasant reports going about," said the senior officer, addressing the lawyer. "Have you heard any suggestion that an effort will be made to rescue Mata Hari this morning?"

"No, I have heard nothing, but ——"

"On your word of honor, you have heard nothing?"

"On my honor," declared the old man emphatically. "I have not hesitated to use all the legal resources at my command, but I would have nothing to do with any illegal effort to release the prisoner. I still rely on the law. . . . Gentlemen, Mata Hari cannot be executed this morning. I formally oppose any such action and invoke Article 27 of the Penal Code, Book I, Chapter I."

Maître Clunet's announcement, supported by the quotation of a fearsome legal instrument, caused great consternation among these officers who understood nothing about legal forms and authorities. The lawyer had to explain: the clause in the code he had invoked provides that a woman expecting to give birth to a child may not be executed. The group of soldiers regarded the triumphant lawyer with looks of blank dismay. So this was the opening phase of the attempt to rescue Mata Hari at the last minute! The inexorable Second Bureau was to be outwitted by the country's laws!

"It is impossible," protested the prison warden, who was responsible under this grave new development. "No man has visited the accused in her cell."

"Suppose it was I?" cried the gallant old man. "I have visited her."

"What — at your age?" demanded Lieutenant Mornay, cross as the devil at being dragged from a warm bed so early in the day to answer crazy legal conundrums. "Why, you must be at least seventy-five!"

"No matter what my age is, I invoke Article 27 of the Penal Code, and you cannot execute Mata Hari this morning."

Still uneasy in spite of Mornay's confident attitude, the tragic procession trudged down the prison corridor, lighted only by a flickering gas-jet, and echoing to the heavy tread of soldiers' feet. Behind the door of cell number 12 lay a beautiful woman in peaceful slumber, dreaming of deliverance. They had to shake her gently to rouse her. First they told her of the advocate's unsuccessful plea to the President the day before, which meant that she was to die that morning.

"What! It is not possible. . . . It cannot be possible," was all that she could say.

Then she was informed of the surprising news that they had just learned from Maître Clunet: if she was an expectant mother, her life would be spared; but she must submit herself to a medical examination. At this Mata Hari burst into laughter. Recognizing her acquaintance, Dr. Bralez, she hastily wrapped a dressing gown about her — for, as usual, she was insufficiently clad for these ceremonies — and, approaching him, whispered:

"Did you hear that? Old Maître Clunet says if I avail myself of article something-or-other of an old code, I can be saved. Isn't he a funny old dear?"

She laughed readily and naturally at her advocate's absurd last effort to save her life. Then with a gesture not devoid of dignity she dismissed the idea and refused to be examined by the doctor, declaring that Maître Clunet was under a misapprehension inspired by his devotion to her interests, and that her health was excellent. She asked the visitors to withdraw so that she might complete her dressing; but as the men were retiring, she called to Dr. Bralez to stay and keep her company. While she finished her preparations, she carried on a running commentary with the doctor:

"You saw how those gentlemen were afraid to find me in tears or to hear my sobs? You heard how they recommended me to be brave? If only they knew how well I have slept. . . . Any other day I should not have forgiven them for waking me at such an early hour. . . . What is the object of executing persons at dawn? In India it is not so; they are more reasonable. There, death is a ceremony to be celebrated in full daylight, before crowds of guests decorated with sweet-scented jasmine. I should much prefer to have gone to Vincennes in the middle of the afternoon after a good luncheon with some friends. All the same, I don't think they would want to have me shot with an empty stomach. What do you recommend?"

"A glass of rum," was the doctor's prescription; for by law the condemned is allowed to have this fortifying liquor, and also a soothing cigarette if desired.

"That's it. Give me a glass of grog."

As the spy sipped the rum and sweetened water, she inquired about the weather. She was told that it was a beautiful morning.

"In that case you must give me the beige cloak I was wearing when I came here," she said to the two nuns.

Mata Hari had now relinquished all hope of deliverance except that which was rumored to be working for her outside the prison walls. Her attitude of negligence and indifference perplexed everyone; it was as if she knew of some secret avenue of escape. They wondered at the calm demeanor of this nervous woman who was given to outbursts of violent anger whenever anything went contrary to her wishes.

At last, when the officers reëntered the cell to claim their prisoner, one of them asked if she had any declaration to make. Mata Hari turned upon him with amused contempt as she answered: "None; and if I had, it would not be to you that I should make it."

"Have you any wish to express?"

"Yes. I should like to see Captain Marov; but as he is in Russia, I shall be content to write to him if you will give me permission."

In the prison director's office she calmly adjusted her hat before sitting down to write three letters — one to her young daughter, full of wise motherly counsel; one to the favored French lover who had braved public condemnation to bear witness in her favor; and one to the absent Marov. These she handed to her lawyer with the strict injunction that he display care in putting them into envelopes, so that her lovers' letters might not go to her daughter.

### Facing the Firing Squad

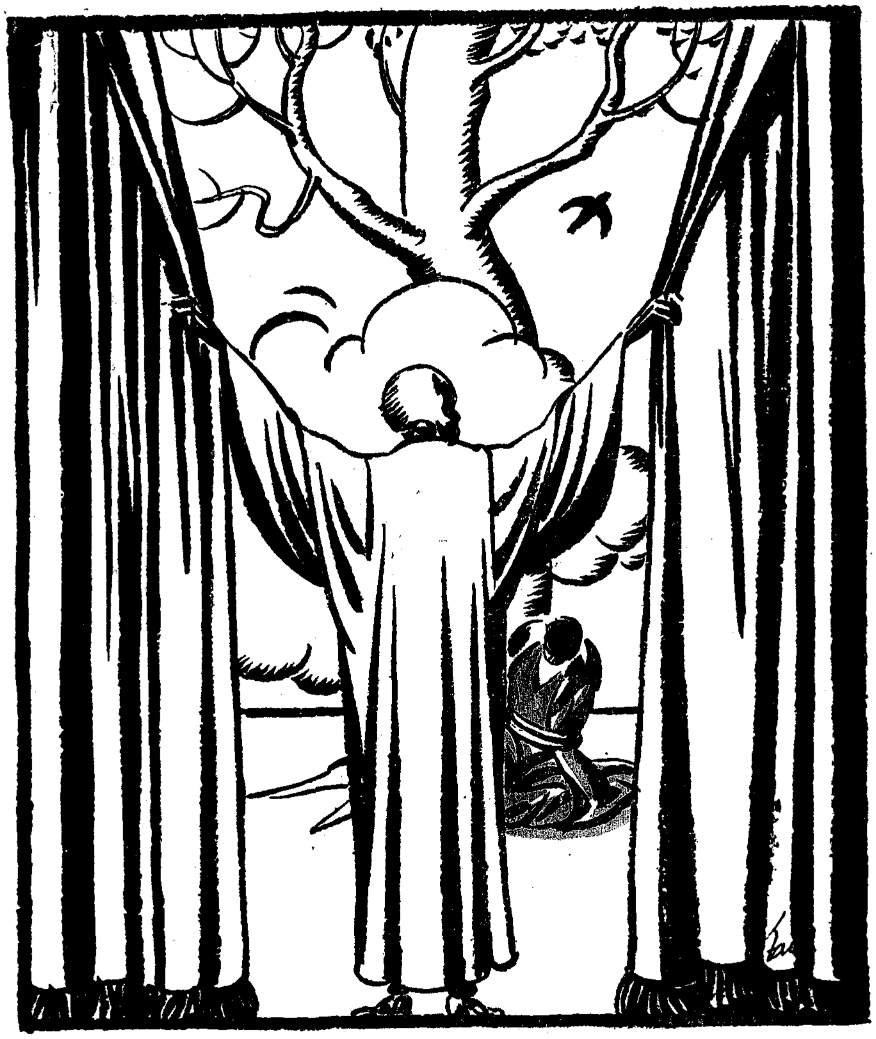
This final privilege performed, Mata Hari submitted to the instruction of the officers. The party of guards and official witnesses got into waiting cars and proceeded without delay to the place of execution. On the way the prisoner chatted pleasantly with the two gendarmes who accompanied her, gently reproaching one for remaining a bachelor. They arrived at the rifle range just as a chill dawn was lighting a gray sky and the whistle of a near-by factory summoned the early workers to resume their daily tasks.

Troops were drawn up in readiness — infantry in horizon blue, cavalry with their long, black plumes drooping from brass helmets, and artillery in service dress — forming three sides of a hollow square. On the open side of this formation was the sinister tree, stripped of its leaves and branches. When her car arrived on the scene, Mata Hari stepped daintily between some small pools left by the night rain. At the sight of the brave parade collected in her honor, the prisoner whispered to the terrified little nun who accompanied her: "Come, little Sister, hold tightly to my hand." She made this remark, not because she herself desired comforting assurance, but because the trembling Sister was feeling the poignancy of the impending tragedy much more than the principal actor.

When the troops responded to the sharp command — "Present arms!" — Mata Hari accepted the salute as homage to herself; and as she passed across the steadfast ranks, she bowed gravely in acknowledgment. Slowly, with the majesty of a princess before her guard of honor, the Red Dancer permitted herself to be guided to the sinister tree. When she had gained her place in the center of the parade, she said to the attendant nun, who was still clinging nervously to the other's firm grip: "Now it is over, you may release me."

The legal requirements were completed by the reading of the court-martial's sentence. A Protestant minister prayed until the officers began to stir nervously at the prolonged delay. The faithful nun knelt on the soft, moist earth and added her prayers to those of the minister, begging a final mercy for this sister who had erred. Then the minister, intoning his last deep "Amen," stepped back while the gendarmes pressed the condemned woman against the tree trunk.

When a bandage was produced to shut out from her sight the final preparations for her death, Mata Hari disdainfully waved it aside. She who had looked so boldly on life had no need to fear death — at least, not until it was actually upon her. Even now, as she faced the soldiers, she could not give up hope that something would come of those persistent rumors of deliverance — something which would snatch her away to safety. She knew that the officials had got wind of some plot for her rescue, and she could see by their actions that they were uneasy. When the two gendarmes tied the prisoner to the tree they did not even bother to fasten the knot of the rope. A good deal of significance was later attached to this omission.



The three lines of troops were called to attention. From their ranks came a dozen soldiers at the double, halting at the word of command within ten paces of the condemned. Quickly the young officer gave his orders:

"Take aim."

Slowly he raised his sword to give the signal which would produce the fatal volley. Mata Hari was playing her unrehearsed part admirably. She gayly kissed her hand to the minister and to the advocate, who was now a pitifully weak old man weeping unrestrainedly. To the young officer standing with upraised sword she said in a sweet voice: "Thank you, monsieur."

"Fire!"

At the crack of the rifles there was a deadly hush which lasted until the doctors had certified death, and then there came a last word of command:

"Forward, march!"

Round the three sides of the square went those French soldiers who had been called to witness the vengeance demanded by their dead comrades. They marched with the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums, glancing sidewise — who knows with what sensations? — at the heap of huddled skirts lying at the foot of a bare tree, where a woman's face lay smiling enigmatically at the overhanging canopy of heaven.

The awe-struck spectators, who had been prevented from approaching the motionless body, were about to disperse when the officer in charge of the execution, glancing expectantly at the weeping lawyer, asked: "Does anyone claim this body?"

There was no response.

Oh, ingratitude! The lovely, amber-tinted body that had danced for the delight of so many lay in the mud, despised and rejected. Of all the numerous lovers who had staked their wealth, their reputations, their very lives to possess it, not one came forward to claim it.

That same evening the Paris newspapers told the curious world that the spy H21 had paid the penalty for her crimes. The following morning, when a little group of morbid ones visited the cemetery where she had been buried, what was their chagrin to find the earth thrown up and the shallow grave empty! Instantly the report spread that Mata Hari had escaped the bullets of her executioners and had been carried off by the lover whose plans for her escape had long been rumored about. As the news of the empty grave flew from tongue to tongue, the story of the spy's deliverance began to take definite form; detail was added to detail, all centering about the person of one Pierre de Mortissac.

### The Empty Grave

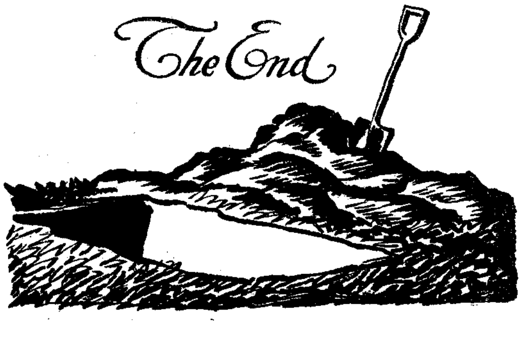
Mortissac, the degenerate son of a noble house, had dissipated a fortune in amusement. His life had been one long series of romantic love affairs involving the elopement of a Russian princess, the suicide of an Englishwoman of noble family, and many less distinguished victims, until he fell in love with Mata Hari. It is said that he tried ineffectually to persuade her to give up her dangerous work; indeed, that it was this man who had induced Mata Hari to leave Spain and return to Paris, where his influence was to have been used to gain a pardon for her. But the Second Bureau had been too quick to act; so all that was left for the faithful lover was a sensational attempt at rescue.

The plot lacks the merit of originality. It was borrowed wholesale from Sardou's melodrama, made famous in the opera, "Tosca." Here, it will be recalled, the plan was to load the firing squad's rifles with blank cartridges so that the hero could feign death and be rescued by the devotion of his lover. Something of the same sort was said to have provided Mata Hari with the means of escape. Not only had the officer in charge been bribed to use blank cartridges, but the gendarmes responsible for pinioning Mata Hari's arms had also been bribed to fasten the cords so lightly that her body could sink to the ground when the shots were fired. It was thought that if she were fastened securely to the stake, she could not successfully feign death before the eyes of the soldiers whose duty it was to march past her after the execution; therefore she had to fall with her face averted.

Then a special coffin was prepared to admit enough air to keep her reasonably comfortable, and a shallow grave was dug so that the earth thrown upon the coffin would not suffocate her. After all these careful preparations, it was a simple matter for Mortissac to rescue his mistress and carry her off to some remote spot where they could revive the Corybantic orgies of the worship of Siva.

Such was the story that quickly went the rounds of Paris gossip. Many who heard it immediately saw in it the explanation of Mata Hari's amazing composure on the morning of her execution; for she was supported, they said, by the secret knowledge that all she had to do was to play a part, as though the turf on the rifle range at Vincennes were the stage-boards of the familiar Olympia Theater. All of which goes to prove, I suppose, how quickly a substantial myth can be created by inflamed imaginations during a moment of great excitement — and not only created, but staunchly argued and believed if it seems to check with the known facts. Certainly this romantic tale was fully credited at the time, and even now one may still meet on the boulevards of Paris certain devoted lovers of Mata Hari's memory who will swear that it is true.

But if it is not true, what is the real secret of the empty grave? A grisly tale. In accordance with the usual practice, the authorities had offered to surrender Mata Hari's body; but there was no claimant. Whereupon it was hastily buried. When it was learned that the body had not been claimed, a medical college asked permission to use it for dissection, and the authorities made this concession to science. Accordingly, on the night that Mata Hari was shot, her body was disinterred and carried to the laboratory, where the surgeons had ample proof that the most dangerous spy of the century had met her death at the hands of the firing squad.



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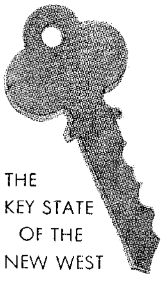

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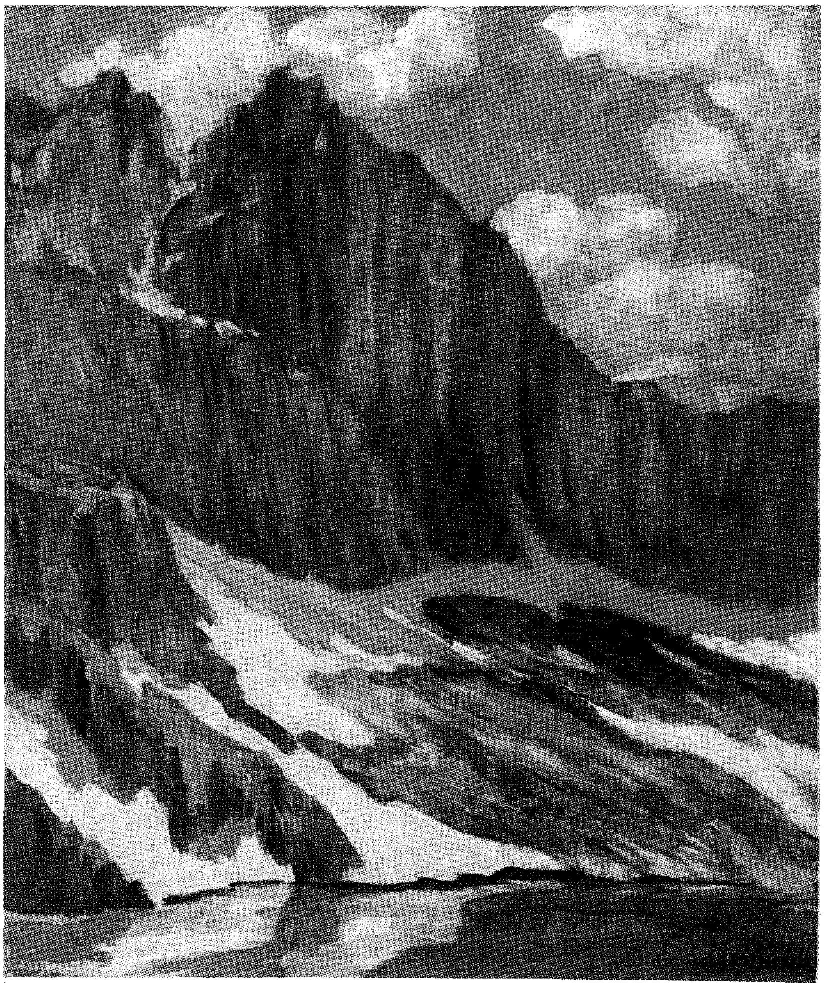

Upper Left: Andrews Glacier — Above: Longs Peak and Chasm Lake

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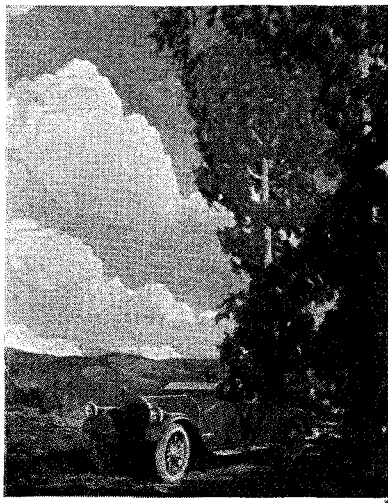

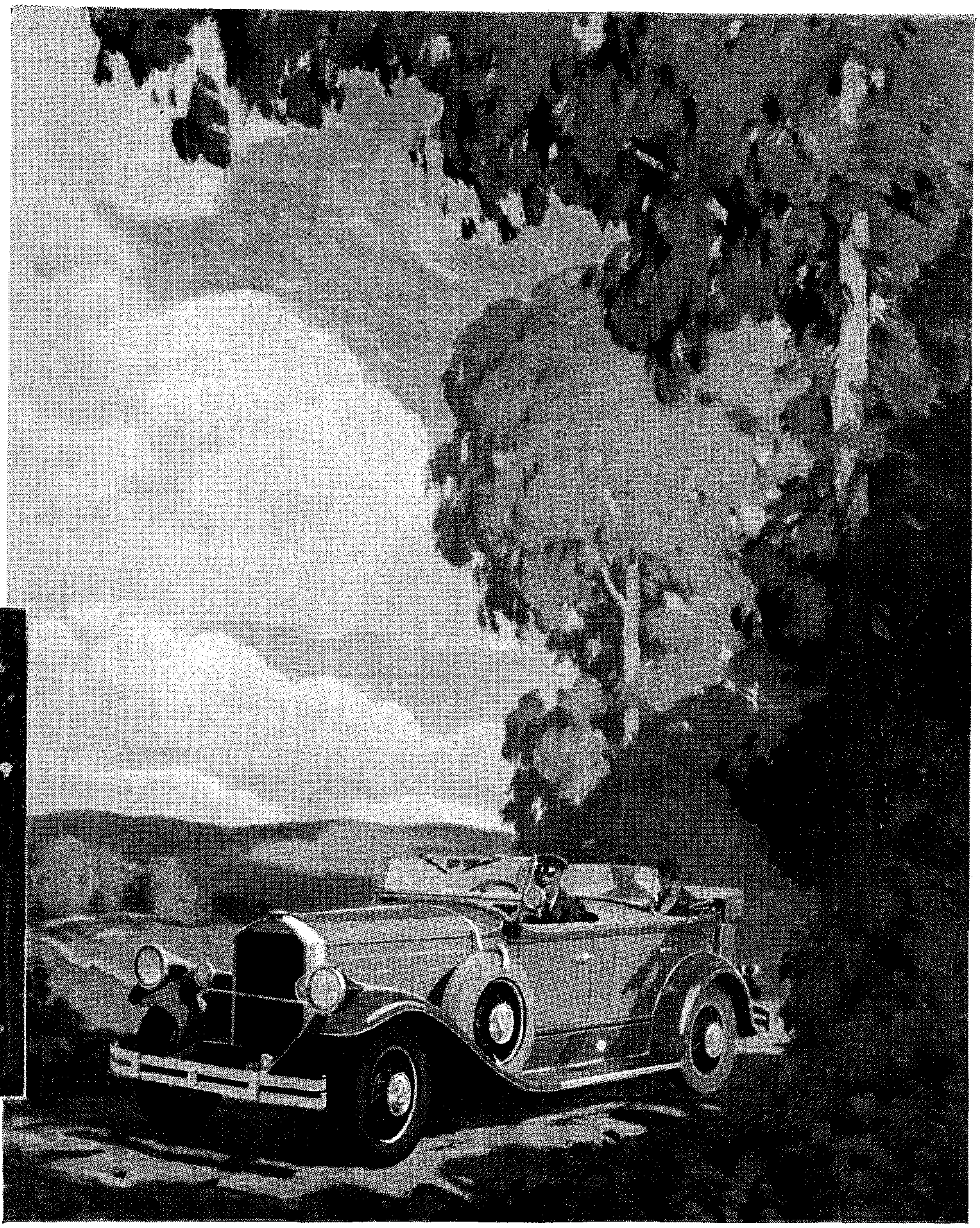

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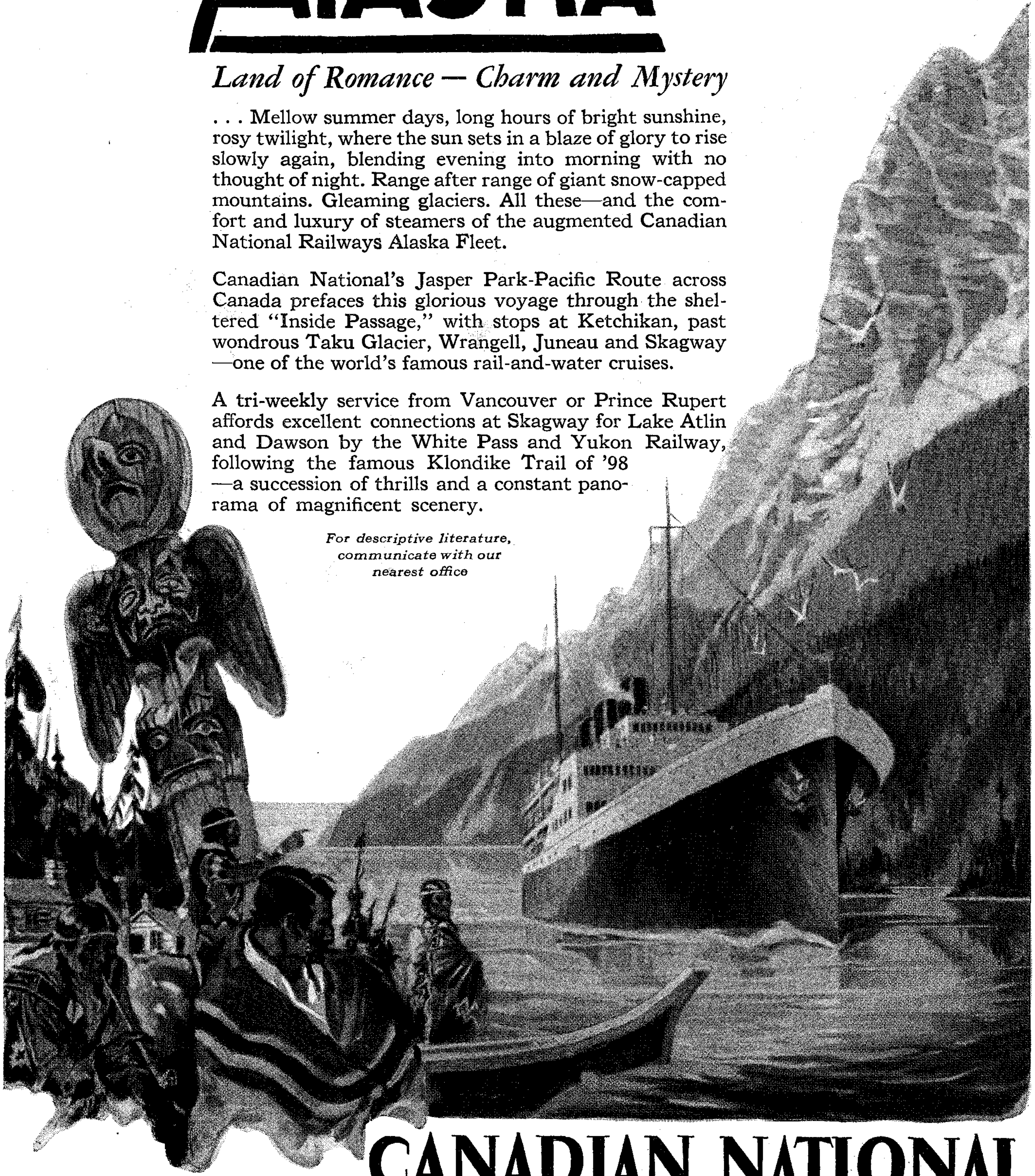

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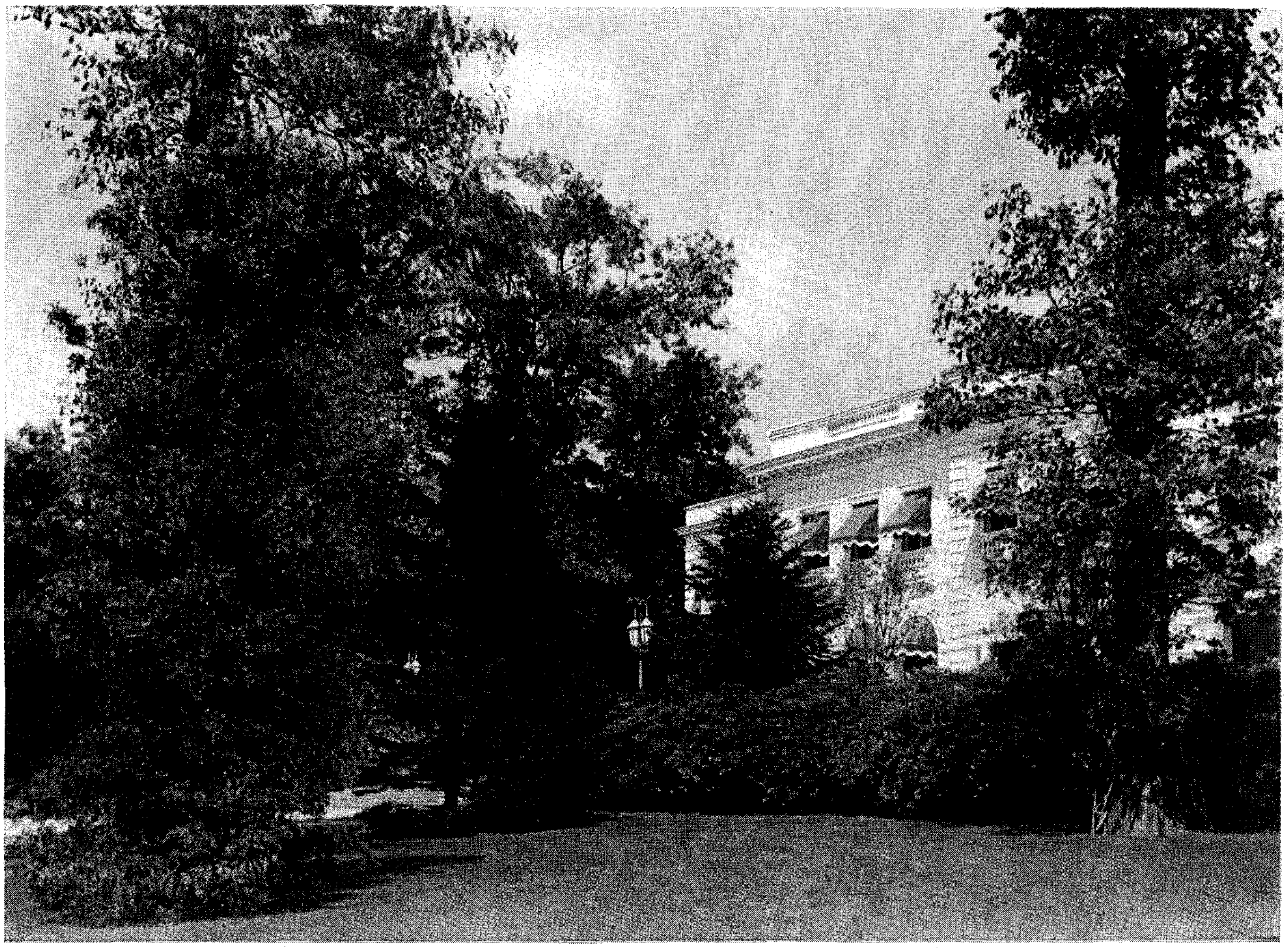

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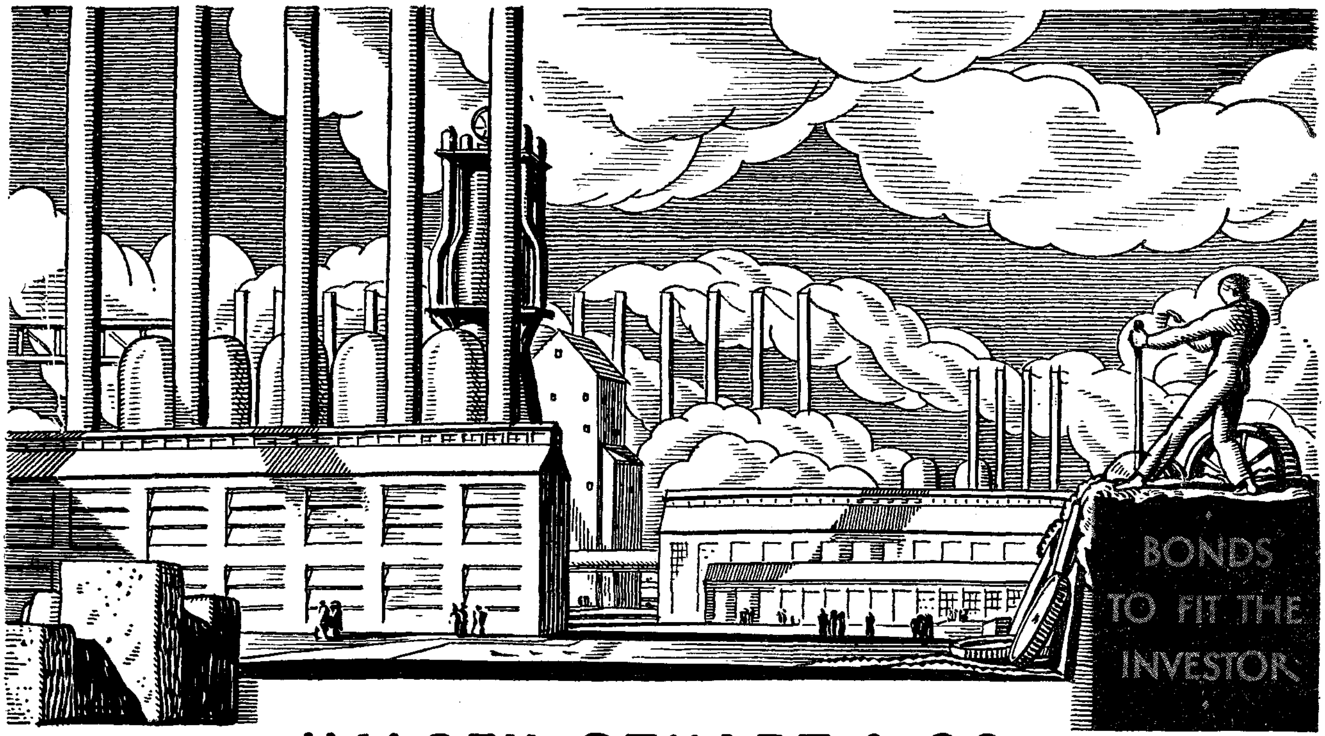

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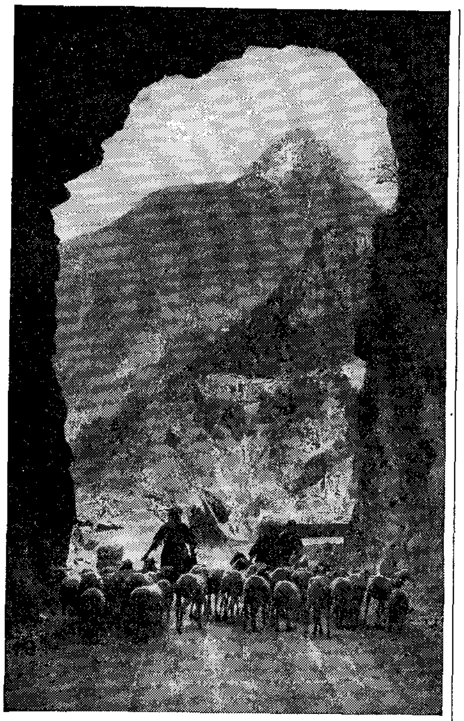

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# TRAVEL

# Astride in the ROCKIES

### by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

The Rockies stretching from Alaska to Arizona invite us to enjoy a holiday as gods or aborigines. To pitch a camp under the direction of competent guides for a one-night stand on the edge of a glacier, at an elevation of anywhere more than five thousand feet, is one of the more comfortable ways of identifying the urban human body with aboriginal non-worry and bliss. Horseback in the Rockies offers many advantages over autoing in Europe, and not the least is that you are completely relieved of responsibility; you enjoy the thrill of constant adventure, but all the worry, if any, is absorbed by your guide and your horse.

A pack trip in the Rockies is within the purse and purview of any pedestrian who can sit astride a horse proceeding in a walk not exceeding sixteen miles a day. Your only responsibility is the preliminary telegraphing and outfitting. First select your railroad; any railroad crossing the Great Divide from Alaska to Arizona will do. Ask the tourist bureau to tell you where to get off and to recommend a guide. Wire him and make your arrangements weeks in advance. Then obey your guide and stick to your saddle.

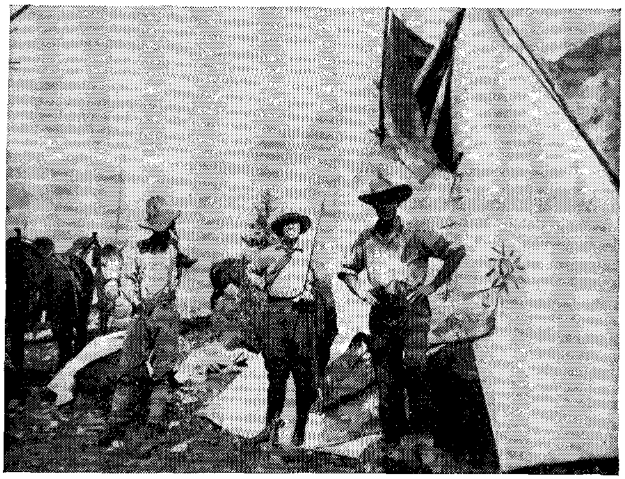


Photo by H. G. Leach

"Three of a Kind"

The pilgrimage on which the Editor of The Forum and his wife plunged into the Rockies, covered a three-weeks' circle from a point on the railroad and back again to the same station. During these three weeks we met no tame creature except occasional guides, pilgrims, horses, dogs like ourselves. We crossed but one road; we saw no tourists. A "tourist" is one who travels by rail or Ford; as soon as he sits astride a horse he becomes a "pilgrim." Wild creatures — trout, fox, deer, bear, elk, mountain sheep and mountain goat, gopher and marmot — we met in daily procession. There were fifteen of us in our cavalcade: the guide, Dead-eye Bill, the cook, Trooper Jack, five pack-horses, four mounts, a nursing colt, a mongrel cur, my wife, and I.

As guide and cook divided their attention between the lady, the pack-horses, and the cur, I usually trailed on behind in solitary majesty surveying the mountains and wild nature. When "night drew nigh" and we pitched a new camp, I turned to help, but without any qualms of responsibility. My wife and I fished out our rods and cast for a few rainbow trout for supper. Presently came the call, "Grub pile!" And after supper the cry, "The tepee fire is lit!"

We four crouched in the guides' wigwam to hear Dead-eye recount with his realistic humor another saga of the Rockies. I took down twenty-one of them, one for each night. Then from sleeping bags on balsam

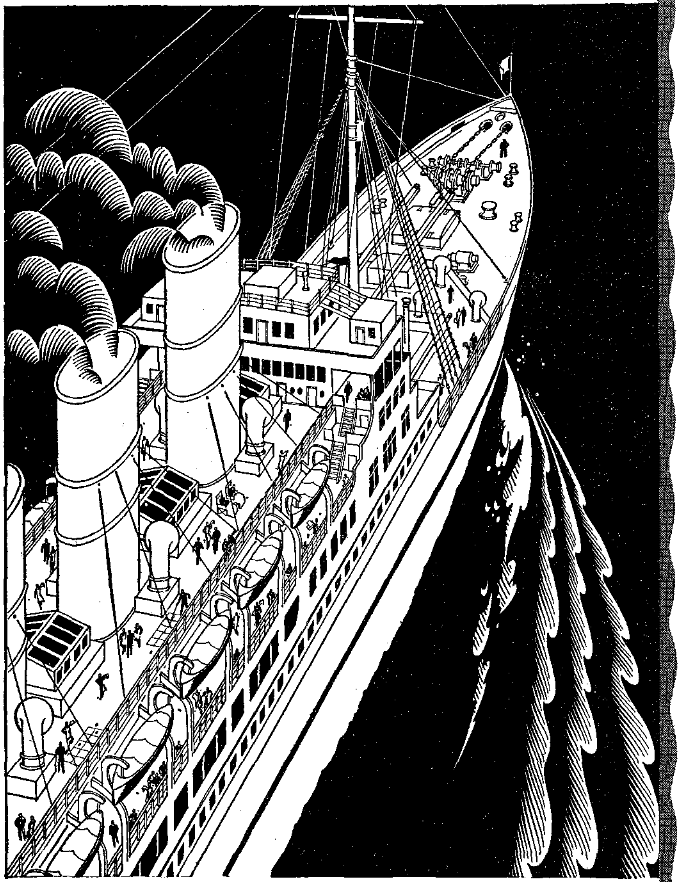
THE FAR EAST

. . . nearer

. . . nearer

. . . nearer

*Baby brother takes the air in Tokyo . . .*



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boughs we looked out between the flaps of our tent upon some peak, perhaps unscaled and nameless, sparkling with snow in the starlight and interrupting the stillness with a terrific roar as it shed a boulder, or a small avalanche of snow and ice broke off and crashed a couple of thousand feet.

Robert Louis Stevenson had it right when he said that the acme of human bliss is to sleep beside a tree under the stars and that this experience is raised to the nth degree when the perfect comrade is also there.

**In the morning** "Grub pile!" again. A timorous but resolute plunge through thin ice, a toothbrush, a comb, and breakfast. Then a hectic half-hour finding our horses, let loose to forage during the night, driving them back with volleys of stones and the most picturesque oaths that English blasphemy is able to concoct. The more unquotable the oath, the more urgent the impression on the impervious cajuse. The normal pack-horse can be reached more effectively through his ear than through his hide. He seems to be innately religious, and is grievously shocked at any insult to the Ruler of the Universe. Whereas he will bear a mere command with stolid indifference, and a good-sized rock will produce only a contemptuous flick of his ears, he will jump and canter fully ten yards at the mere mention of the Blessed Virgin. These mountain oaths, though shocking, are at bottom so innocent that I am sure the guides' Recording Angel always sheds a blotting tear.

Having heard Saint Peter and Saint Paul also invoked for a propitious day, the fifteen members of our party, even including our gopher-gutted cur, are finally assembled, the tents are dismantled, the packs strapped on the unwilling beasts of burden, the two clumsy pilgrims successfully mounted, and the cavalcade is off again on another sixteen miles through the mountain defiles.

**Despite the** innocent professional profanity of the Rockies, clergymen like to make this trip. Every other summer a Presbyterian pastor went out with our guide. He took Dead-eye to task for his oaths; said they were unnecessary. One morning the parson made a wager that he could corral the cajuses without profaning the King's English. The clergyman used cajolery; he employed the eloquence that had brought hundreds of human sinners to the altar. But the pack-horses were unmoved. He pelted them with rocks, but they only looked up contemptuously from their grazing. The clergyman gave it up. Triumphant, Dead-eye let loose a volley of oaths and the cajuses started on the run.

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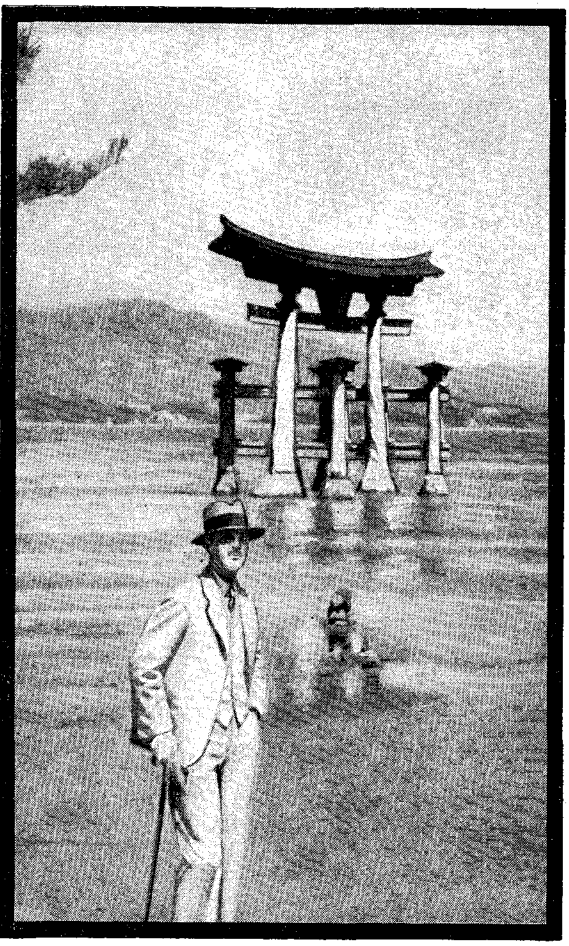
MODERN ROMANCE
THE TEA-HOUSES AND TENNIS IN JAPAN



Young lovers make sentimental pilgrimages to the graves of Gompachi and Komursaki, the Abelard and Heloise of the East . . . or go to the baseball games played in keen rivalry by the Japanese colleges. Bright-hued pilgrims make merry on their way to the cycle of blossoms . . . or play tennis at the vivacious resorts. The ageless past colors finely the progressive and industrious present where fast trains and hurrying machines speed through enchanting landscapes and by picturesque villages. Everywhere the visitor meets the grace of heart-warming hospitality, and the vivid fun of contemporary diversions.

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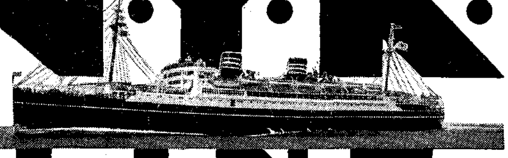
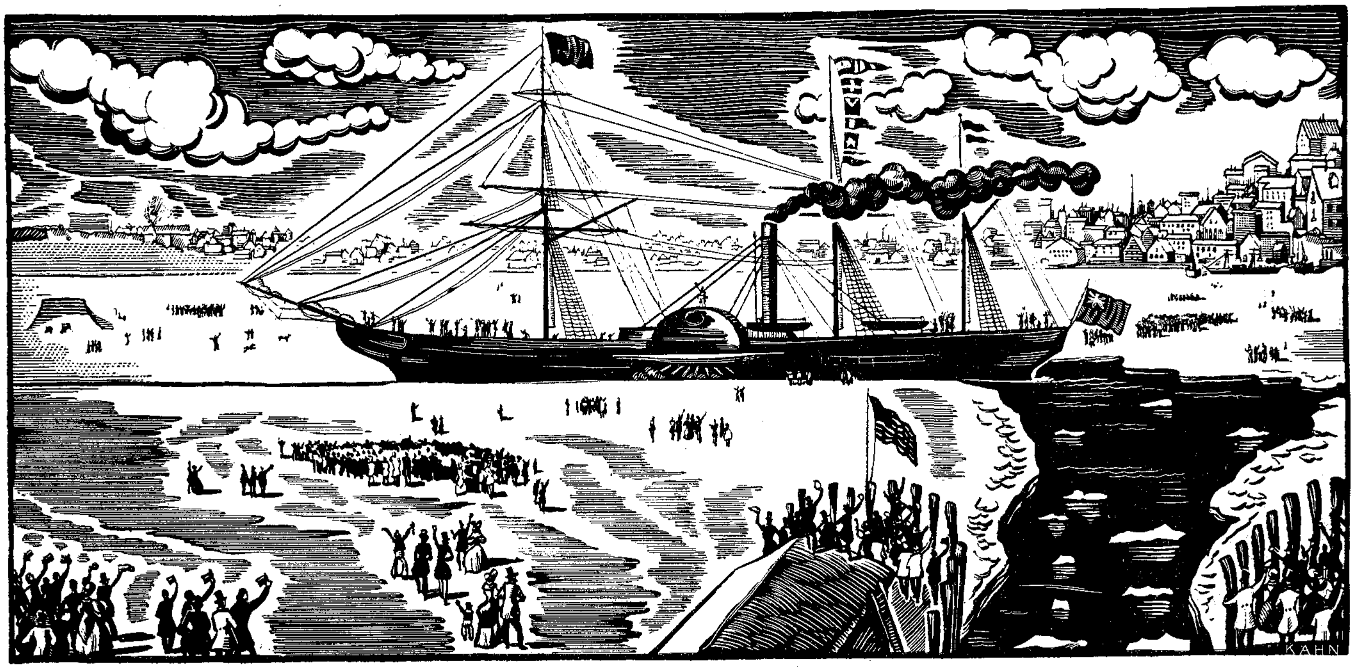


# THE BRITANNIA, ICE BOUND-1844



# What SAMUEL CUNARD did for Boston Boston never Forgot

The Boston 'Change

IT was the 30th day of January in the year 1844. The people awoke to a strange and awesome sight. There lay before them the entire Boston Harbour "from the Ferryway to the Narrows," a solid sea of ice. And wedged tight in the ice, helpless and unable to turn a paddle, was "Boston's most beloved ship"—the Britannia—with her sailing date only 3 days away; Europe awaiting her mails; and 65 persons booked for the passage.

The Britannia—the Palatial Passenger Packet of Mr. Samuel Cunard—the same Samuel Cunard who with his great fleet of ships—so says the Memorial History of Boston—had doubled Boston's foreign business and brought to Boston new workers and great prosperity.

A great wave of sympathy and friendliness sweeps the people—Mr. Martin Brimmer, Boston's Mayor calls the Selectmen and the Merchants to a hurried council at "the Exchange"—money must be raised to cut the Britannia out of the ice. There must be no expense to Mr. Cunard—and on the committee were appointed "such sterling citizens as Ozias Goodwin, Caleb Curtis, Ammi Lombard and Samuel Quincy." $3,000 was raised in a twinkling. And at dawn on February 1st, 1,500 men were hard at work with horses and ploughs, picks and axes and apparatus of every sort. Thousands turned out on the ice on skates to watch and to cheer, and there were horse-sledges and boats on runners and tents for refreshments. THE THIRD DAY SAW THE MIRACLE PERFORMED. A grateful citizenry had cut a great canal in the ice, 10 miles long and 200 feet wide and the BRITANNIA WAS FREE.

All this was a "Labour of Love" for Boston thought of that unforgettable day in July 1840, when the Britannia, the First Cunarder, had appeared in its Harbour—when Ezra Gannett in his sermon in the Federal Street Meeting House had said of her coming: "I confess that no event which has occurred since the commencement of the present century seems to me to have involved more important consequences to this city."

## And now after 90 YEARS

Cunard ships continue to serve the people of America—carrying last year nearly 300,000 passengers. Those ideals and high standards of service upon which the House of Cunard was founded in 1840, remain unchanged.

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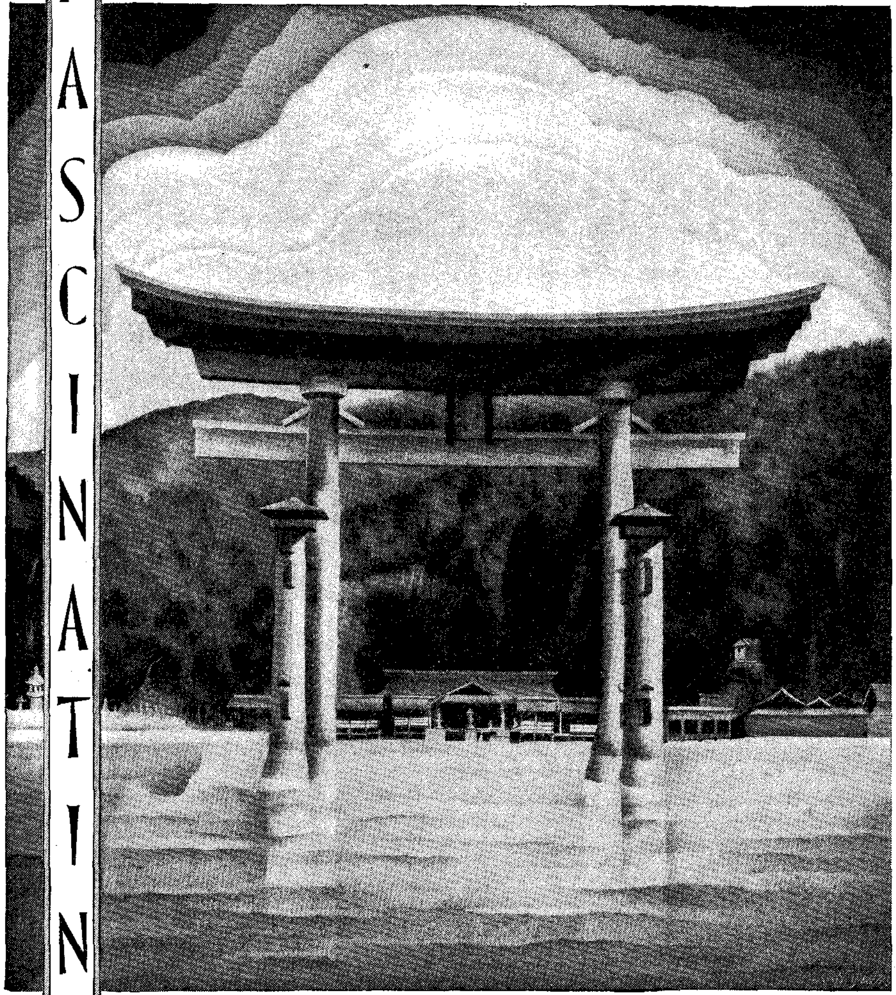
**CUNARD**

A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" *in facsimile form*, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930

FASCINATING JAPAN



FASCINATING Japan . . . land of colour, charm and courtesy, where the East blends with the West and the past with the present. . . .

Everywhere is the scenic majesty that inspires a worship of Nature. Everywhere blossom-framed shrines, temples and pagodas preserve the traditions of the centuries. Everywhere a gentle culture is seen in the festivals of the seasons, the Tea Ceremony, the "Ikebana" or flower arrangement, in the undying art symbolized by the Momoyama screens and the Ukiyoye scrolls.

And everywhere in Japan are the modern luxuries of great railroads, hotels and motor highways as well as facilities for all the smart sports.

*The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the American Mail Line, Canadian Pacific and the Dollar Steamship Line. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the*

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## Travel

The tepee fire is lit, Dead-eye Bill speaking: "Up at the Park we have a herd of buffalo. One year some Indians were invited up there to give an exhibition. Chief 'Old Joe' was showing off to the squaws with his bow and arrow and he got so excited that he shot a prize buffalo through the heart. He ran into town to get 'Him-God' the keeper. He told the keeper that a buffalo had died of heart disease."

The tepee fire is lit again. Dead-eye Bill speaking: "You ought to have been here the year the school marms had a conference at Blue Lake. They were all out one day taking a picnic up in the woods when Helen and I came dusting off the trail. Helen was out with me that summer with her pa and ma and her auntie. Helen was only thirteen and she was as wild as any of us fellows, and a good shot, you bet you. We pulled up at the old dames' camp fire. Helen looked like any boy. She had on leggings and her hair was braided up under her hat.

"One old dame came up with a camera and asked if she could take the little cowboy's picture. So Helen posed for her on her cajuse. When the dame got about three yards away, just as she was going to snap the kodak, the school teacher cried out: 'Why, you little wildcat, you're a girl, you are!" Helen didn't talk. She raised up in her stirrups and let out three piercing war-whoops. A Blackfoot couldn't have done it better. She fired her pistol three times in the air and started that cajuse down the trail so fast that when the school teachers lifted their eyes there was nothing there but the smoke. Believe me, those dames thought they had had adventure enough for that day."

A herd of elk following a mountain ridge on our skyline, their antlers against the sky, was perhaps our chief animal thrill. Peggy, our mongrel cur, chased gophers all day, and at evening we pilgrims caught our Dolly Vardons. Mountain sheep and mountain goat we hunted with cameras. My favorite animal, however, was the fluffy marmot, mysterious, elusive, whistling from the high mountain draws within the snow line.

One morning when we were camping at Mystic Lake, Dead-eye and I climbed up to the draw in search of marmots. We followed a mountain sheep trail, scaring away the scampering sheep. At the top we were rewarded by the prospect of another draw, higher than our own, enclosing a kind of bowl in the mountains, and in the hollow before us a pond of the bluest water imaginable. The pond was fringed with snow, broken by green meadow and a few larches, trees damaged and irregular after many a storm, but forming, with their dainty green foliage, a living contrast to the grey rocks and white snow.

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# New Indian-detours

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### *The Frijoles-Puyé Indian-detour*

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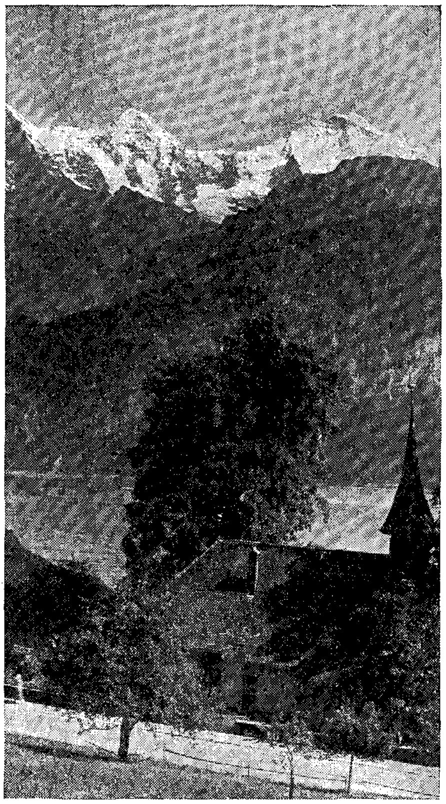

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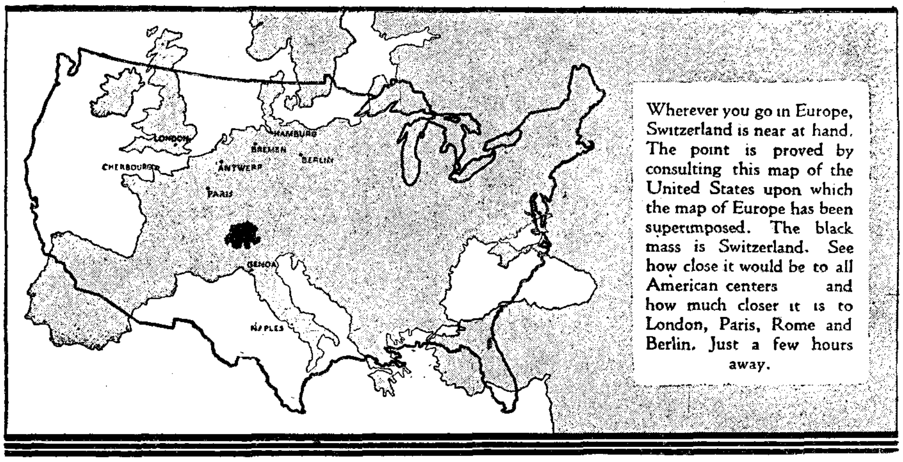


Wherever you go in Europe, Switzerland is near at hand. The point is proved by consulting this map of the United States upon which the map of Europe has been superimposed. The black mass is Switzerland. See how close it would be to all American centers and how much closer it is to London, Paris, Rome and Berlin. Just a few hours away.

SWITZERLAND

## Travel News

### SPRING IS HERE

ACCORDING to the Los Angeles Steamship Company, whose Lassco fleet is a popular line to Hawaii, the Hawaiian islands are actually what many another vacation land claims to be — a country of perpetual spring. In 1927 the highest temperature in Honolulu was eighty-six degrees, and the lowest was sixty. If one insists on variations of climate one must climb. The higher valleys and mountain peaks of the various islands — particularly Maui and Hawaii — afford temperatures so low that warm wraps are necessary. However, the generally inhabited coastal regions are amazingly equable year in and year out. Unless one plans mountain trips, therefore, the usual semi-tropical clothing is sufficient, although ordinary lightweight garments worn on the mainland will be found to be quite comfortable. Of course, warm wraps should be taken for such occasions as the excursion to Kilauea Volcano, which has an elevation of four thousand feet above sea level.

### MOTORING ABROAD

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB of America has issued a booklet which supplies most of the information necessary to those who are planning to take their cars abroad with them, or to hire machines, once having landed. From this pamphlet one learns that an automobile may be taken, uncrated and as baggage, to Europe for touring purposes for a limited time (usually one year) and free of import duty, provided that the owner is a member of some recognized automobile club through which it is possible to obtain the required customs passes and the International Traveling Pass. In the brochure is also contained information regarding foreign motor regulations and a survey of the automobile insurance advisable for foreign tours.

### EASTER LILIES

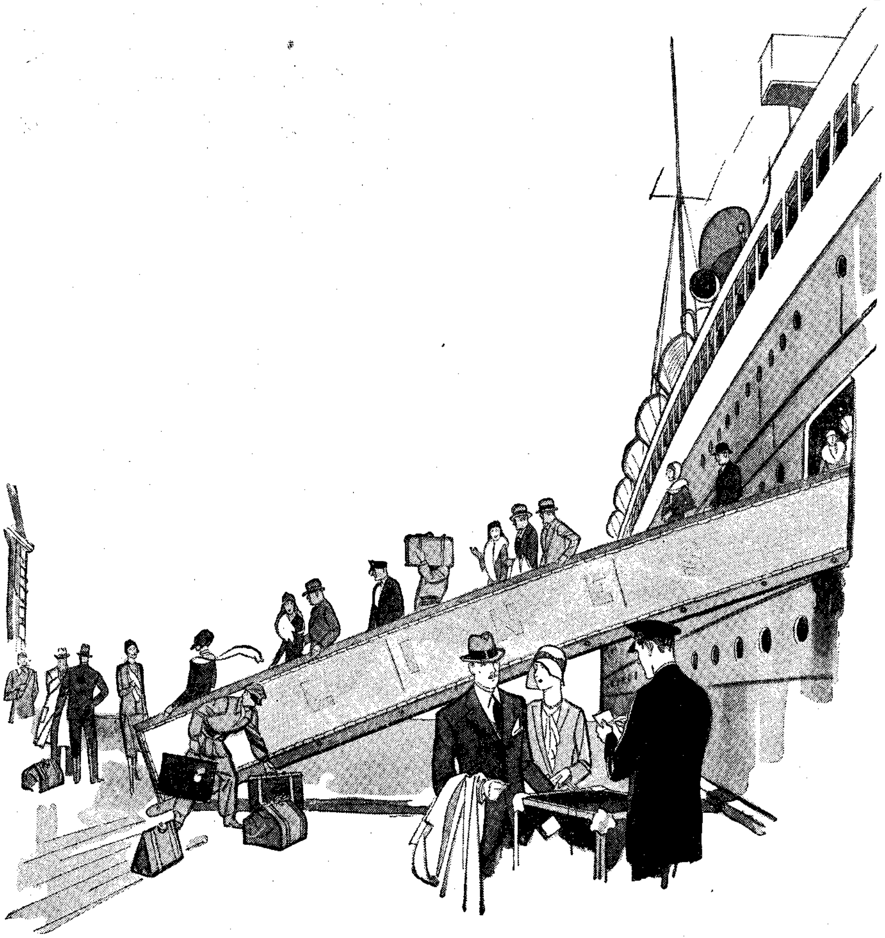
WE HAVE called attention to the attractions of Bermuda before in these columns, but since March and April are the months in which these islands are at their best, perhaps another mention is not unwarranted. At all seasons of the year Bermuda possesses a unique floral charm, but never more than now, when the blossoming fields of Easter lilies provide a spectacle of unrivaled magnificence. A large share of the lilies displayed in our shops at Eastertide have been shipped from these coral islands off our Atlantic coast. To appreciate fully the fragrance and beauty of these flowers, however, one should see them in their native setting: huge plots of ground all white with blossoms which nod their heads above a floor of tender, green stalks.

### IRELAND

Those Europe-bound tourists whose boats call at an Irish port on arrival or departure are strongly urged to make a shore excursion and to visit this comparatively undiscovered (as far as Americans are concerned) island. Even if one has to make a special trip from London, the tour is well worth while. In twelve days one may not only see Cork, Dublin, Belfast, and Killarney, but one may also return to England via Scotland, thus avoiding doubling back on one's tracks. This tour affords sufficient time for pilgrimages to such celebrated shrines as Blarney Castle, with its fabulous stone, and the Giant's Causeway. Few Old World journeys are more restful and soothing than this one. Such a ramble will prove a pleasant postlude in the itineraries of visitors to the Shakespeare Birthday Celebration, held at Stratford-on-Avon beginning April twenty-first.

### PASSION PLAY

This summer again sees the presentation of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, an event which is sure to draw many Americans to the Continent. In order to contradict the various rumors that have been current, the village authorities have advised the German Tourish Information Office in New York that "the Oberammergau Passion Play period will not be extended beyond the thirty-three main performances which, as originally scheduled, run from the eleventh of May to the twenty-eighth of September. Of these, nineteen will take place in July and August. An extension of the play period or an increase in the number of main performances cannot be considered. Besides the main performances, so-called repetition performances are sometimes arranged, as was the case during the last Passion Play period. For these, however, reservations cannot be made, as such showings are decided upon only a very few days in advance and are mainly for the accommodation of the local population." It is estimated that three hundred thousand visitors will come to the Passion Play, which will be given in a completely rebuilt theater seating five thousand persons. The performances will last, as usual, from eight in the morning until noon and, after a luncheon interval, will continue from two until six in the evening. Since a third of the village inhabitants are taking part in the play, the task of feeding and lodging the huge crowd of out-of-town spectators will be no small one.



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Great Peter, leader of the bells in Exeter Cathedral, proudly peals that he and his followers have been rung in the same order for 350 years. Drake listened to their chimes, and Exeter pavements felt the slippers of Elizabeth and her courtiers.

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# OUR ROSTRUM

*These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

## Marriage and Romance

*In the February issue Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Binkley debated that perennial question, "Should We Leave Romance out of Marriage?" Many who read it have been good enough to send in their opinions as to the relative merits of both sides of the question, and the results would indicate that the much-discussed cynicism and disillusionment of our times is only skin deep. For every letter praising the "cold and clammy facts" we received five others pleading for romance. The editors are glad to be able to publish a selection of letters representing both points of view.*

## Down with Romance!

To the Editor:

Professor Binkley is right, and I'm glad that one man among us has the courage to say so. A slow fire burns longer; and most of us would rather be partly warm all the time than to have it roar up the chimney for a while and then sink below zero. Shaw was a brave man when he declared that women were the pursuers and not the men. Here is a new hero to add to the list — Professor Binkley. May he soon recover from his wounds!

Homer Croy
*Forest Hills, L. I.*

To the Editor:

I believe that any marriage that is *based* on the glamour that results from sexual attraction is in danger of being unsuccessful. If, however, the glamour has its origin in the indefinable attraction that one personality has for another, then the alliance is safe. It is far more important that a boy and girl should be happy in each other's company sitting over a fire or walking through a meadow than in moments of the delights of love-making. People can be more easily suited in the latter fortunate intervals of their lives than they can be in harmonious companionship. In my opinion, therefore, marriage should depend more on tested compatibility than on romance.

Llewelyn Powys
*Dorchester, England*

To the Editor:

Romantic love is as much of a liability as romantic religion. Both derive from the doctrine that it is "better to marry than to burn," and better not to marry at all. The aura of perfection surrounding the idealized one of the opposite sex is of the same stuff as the nimbus of the saint — a glowing mist formed of starved desires.

Once lovers, emancipated from the perversions of Christian dogma, learn to assess each other's worth on the basis of mental and physical health and beauty, they will lay up for themselves more treasure from their marital experiences.

Harvey C. Grumbine
*Lebanon, Pa.*

To the Editor:

To attempt to base a practical, life-long association on what is clearly recognized as self-delusion is the height of folly. Romantic love is purely selfish. It cherishes its own subjective ideal and refuses all personality to its so-called object. The only result of such an attitude is to prevent lovers from arriving at an intelligent understanding and appreciation of each other.

Ramon Guthrie
*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## On with Romance!

To the Editor:

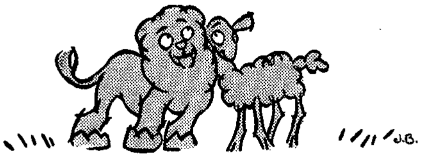
In the case of a marriage arranged and contracted for the omission and avoidance of all romance, it is conceivable that one or both of the high contracting parties might soon be finding romance somewhere else. In fact, a few amiable radicals have already praised this sort of freedom as the most convenient and obvious way to a complete conjugal harmony and understanding, although they have not told us to what extent their enthusiasm is to be interpreted as the fruit of personal experiment and experience. An eminent philanthropist of a past generation once said that a woman whose husband kicked her down stairs every day of her life was happier and more fortunate than a woman with no husband at all. If this philanthropic observation is to be accepted and approved, it would seem that at least a modicum of romance may be taken for granted as necessary for the fulfillment of a thoroughly successful marriage.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
*New York City*

To the Editor:

The criterion of a successful marriage is not only that it has endured, but also that the spirit of the first years is still present. Romance is the mainspring of such a marriage. Not the emotional and sentimental romance of adolescence, which envisages the loved one as both physically and spiritually perfect, but the romance of maturity with its intelligent evaluation of faults and virtues. Not the romance which weakens at the first contact with reality, but that deeper, richer romance which holds to certain fundamental ideals and jealously protects them against the onslaught of relatively trivial difficulties.

HERBERT S. LANGFELD
*Princeton University,*
*Princeton, N. J.*



To the Editor:

Romance sweetens the loaf of life; a sentimental memory tempers many a hard and hasty word. Two young animals contemptuous of the common enchantment which we call romance may join and live together; but what is sadder among human tragedies than two old animals without a fragrant treasure of romance in the chalice of their years?

GEORGE W. OGDEN
*Hollywood, Calif.*

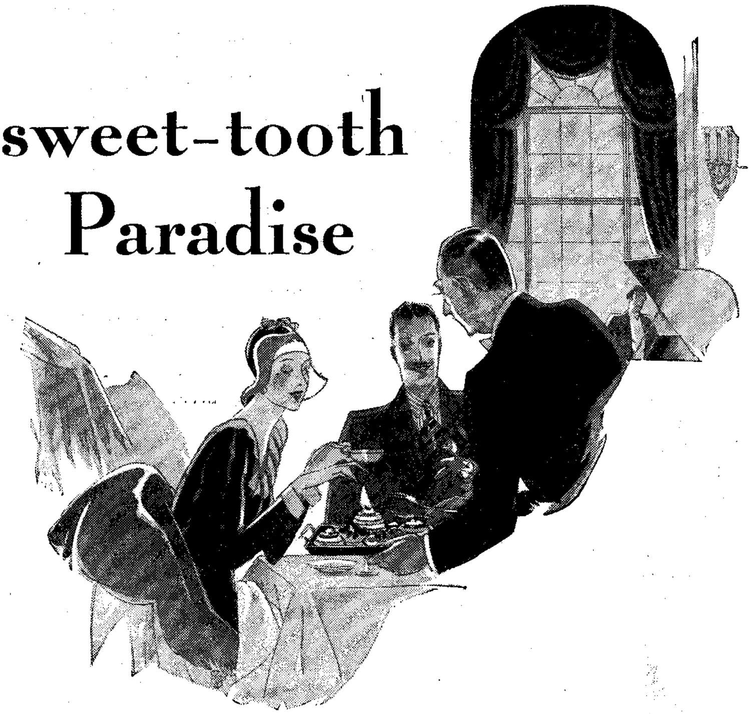
To the Editor:

I think it is better to be lucky than wise in getting married. Romance is an asset, but it is very deceptive. You may fall in love with a person not at all suited to make you a life companion; but if you do not fall in love, marriage seems to me rather a heavy job to be undertaken only by persons of durable character. The advantage of falling in love is that it makes the person affected think better of the object of his hallucination than the facts warrant. If that did not happen, how many marriages do you think there would be? Romance, then, is a kind of lunacy which seems to be very conducive to the matrimonial state.

EDWARD S. MARTIN
*New York City*

To the Editor:

The question of romance in marriage depends on whether marriage is primarily an intimate communion of congenial souls or mainly a business arrangement. I remember vaguely that Mark Twain is said to have had occasion to seek an interview with a business magnate, and when the great man's secretary coldly inquired the purpose of his visit, Mark burst out: "Tell him I came to seek his hand in holy matrimony!" It is to be presumed that Mr.



A sweet-tooth Paradise

THOSE of you who like to top off a good meal with a bit of French pastry, naturally like a little novelty and variety to choose from. At Hotel Cleveland you have thirty-five delicious works of art set before you.

Such an array must be what they meant by "food for the gods." A fourteen layer chocolate cake. "Banana Tart," glace with apricot sauce. "Prune Slice," of flaky pastry filled with sweet beaten prunes. "Hotel Cleveland Slice," of pastry and creams and fruits. "Swiss Cake," of nuts and oranges, and cinnamon, cloves and citron in tasty batter. Hungarian Cheese Cake, fluffy Virginia Crullers, and so on and on, until your mouth waters at the sight, and the fun of choosing is only equalled by the delight of eating.

THAT'S TYPICAL

It's not only in French pastry that Hotel Cleveland offers unusual variety and new and different delicacies to tempt your appetite. Any day in the Main Dining Room or Bronze Room you'll find about fifteen entrees, for instance, as many fish dishes, a score of vegetables— all delicious, all prepared with deft little touches that add rare new delight and that make lunching or dining here a happy adventure.

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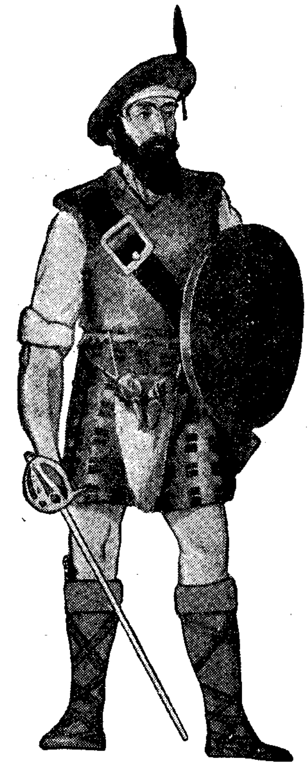

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## Our Rostrum

Clemens was sarcastic, whereas Mr. Binkley appears to be in earnest.

R. T. HOUSE
*Norman, Okla.*

To the Editor:

Judging from a somewhat limited experience, I feel that romance is distinctly an asset to marriage. I question whether marriage is an asset to romance.

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON
*New York City*

To the Editor:

I vote for as much romance as possible to go with every marriage.

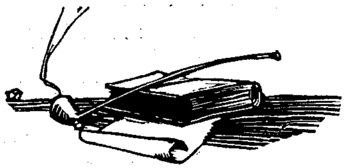
FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, *President*
*Brigham Young University,*
*Provo, Utah*

### A Bachelor's Dream

To the Editor:

I read THE FORUM with great pleasure each month. I think it has the openest mind of any periodical. It makes me want to talk — and there is no one down here to talk to. I am seventy-five years old and I have been reading nearly all the time; being always unmarried, I have also had a better chance to think and have done a lot of it. Sometimes I wish I owned a magazine. I would employ a lawyer to keep me from being sued for libel, and then — what a fine time I'd have!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK
*Tuskaloosa, Ala.*



### There are Books and Books

To the Editor:

An amusing example of unconscious humor occurs in the first book review in your January number. Your reviewer of *America Set Free* airily states in the first sentence that he has not read the book through, and his first specific comment on the book is a charge of superficiality on the part of Keyserling. Please, Mr. Editor, could we have book reviews by someone who has read the books he reviews — even, perhaps, by someone who has thought about them?

LYDIA LANDON GRANDIER
*San Diego, Calif.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE. — *We believe you have taken this reviewer too literally. He confessed that he had not read the book sentence by sentence merely to emphasize his judgment that it wasn't worth careful study. "Some books," said Francis Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."*]

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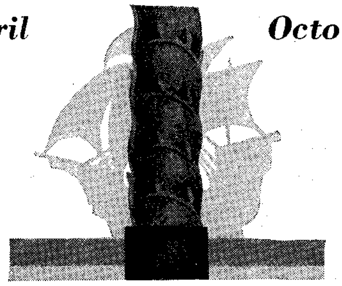
Europe's shop window in 1930 is the great International Maritime, Colonial, Transport and Flemish Art Exhibition to be held at Antwerp, the historical Belgian city, and one of the largest and most modern ports in Europe. The Exhibition, which will be open from April to October of this year, is being supported by the Belgian, British and French governments. Get booklets from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or any travel bureau.



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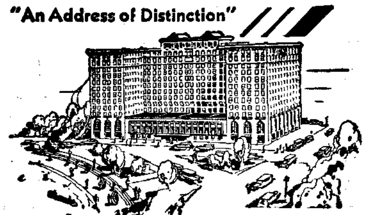

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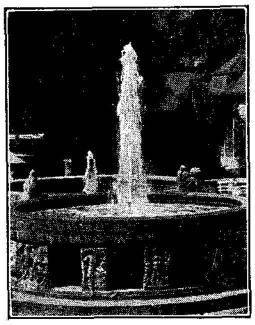

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# Our Rostrum

### Nella Larsen's Story

To the Editor:

Having just finished reading Nella Larsen's story, "Sanctuary," published in the January issue of The Forum, I cannot help noting its striking resemblance to a story by Sheila Kaye-Smith entitled "Mrs. Adis," which was published in the *Century* for January, 1922. Aside from dialect and setting, the stories are almost identical. The structure, situation, characters, and plot are the same. One often finds in Miss Larsen's story the same words and expressions used by Sheila Kaye-Smith in "Mrs. Adis."

Marion Boyd
*Oxford, O.*

[Editor's Note. — *Since receiving this letter and several others to the same effect, we have looked up Sheila Kaye-Smith's story and compared it with Nella Larsen's story. We, too, were impressed by the "striking resemblance" between them, and felt it our duty to call the matter to our author's attention, asking her, in fairness to* Forum *readers, to explain how she came by her plot and the circumstances under which her story was written. She not only complied with this request, but also sent us four rough drafts of the story showing just how she worked it out from the plot stage to its final form in which we printed it. A careful examination of this material has convinced us that the story, "Sanctuary," was written by Nella Larsen in the manner she describes. The coincidence is, indeed, extraordinary, but there are many well-authenticated cases of similar coincidences in history. For example, the incandescent lamp was invented almost simultaneously by Thomas Edison and an Englishman who had never heard of Edison. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" also records how the theory of natural selection was worked out independently, and at precisely the same moment, by Charles Darwin and A. R. Wallace. Nella Larsen's letter of explanation follows in full.*]

### The Author's Explanation

To the Editor:

I have your letter with its astonishing enclosure this morning. I haven't as yet seen the *Century* story, but it seems to me that anyone who intended to lift a story would have avoided doing it as obviously as this appears to have been done — judging from the excerpts which you have sent me.

In justice to The Forum and to myself, I wish to explain exactly how I came by the material out of which I wrote "Sanctuary." The story is one that was told to me by an old Negro woman who, in my nursing days, was an inmate of Lincoln Hospital and Home, East 141st Street and Southern Boulevard, New York City. Her name was Christophe or Christopher.

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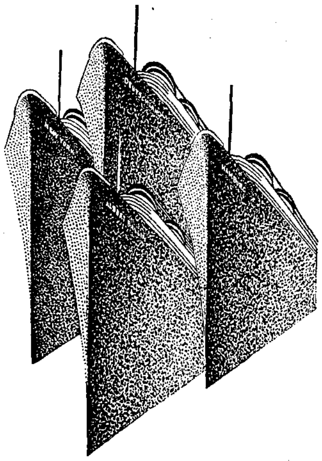

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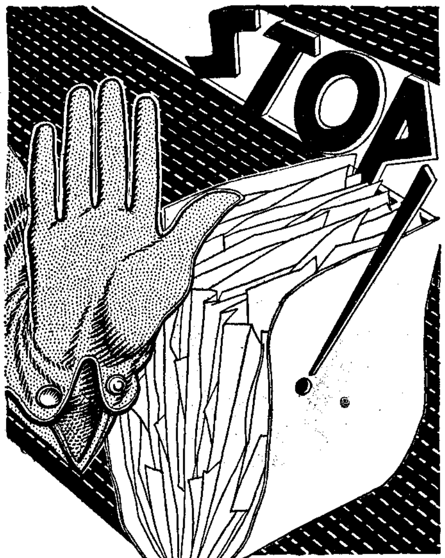

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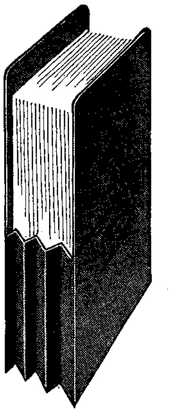

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## Our Rostrum

That was sometime during the years from 1912 to 1915.

All the doctors and executives in this institution were white. All the nurses were Negroes. As in any other hospital, all infractions of rules and instances of neglect of duty were reported to and dealt with by the superintendent of nurses, who was white. It used to distress the old folks — Mrs. Christopher in particular — that we Negro nurses often had to tell things about each other to the white people. Her oft-repeated convictions were that if the Negro race would only stick together, we might get somewhere some day, and that what the white folks didn't know about us wouldn't hurt us.

All this used to amuse me until she told some of us about the death of her husband, who, she said, had been killed by a young Negro, and the killer had come to her for hiding without knowing whom he had killed. When the officers of the law arrived and she learned about her man, she still shielded the slayer, because, she told us, she intended to deal with him herself afterwards without any interference from "white folks."

For some fifteen years I believed this story absolutely and entertained a kind of admiring pity for the old woman. But lately, in talking it over with Negroes, I find that the tale is so old and so well known that it is almost folklore. It has many variations: sometimes it is the woman's brother, husband, son, lover, preacher, beloved master, or even her father, mother, sister, or daughter who is killed. A Negro sociologist tells me that there are literally hundreds of these stories. Anyone could have written it up at any time.

When I first thought of writing the story, my idea was to use Harlem with its peculiar tempo and atmosphere as a setting, as well as the Harlemese language. But that little old Negro countrywoman was so vivid before me that I wanted to get her down just as I remembered her. Had I had any idea that there was already a story with a similar plot in existence, I don't think I would have made use of the material at all; or, if I had, I should certainly have taken the city for background and would have told the story exactly as it was told to me, or much more differently than I have done.

NELLA LARSEN

*New York City*

### Mr. John J. Investor

To the Editor:

I have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Insull's article, "The Real Power Problem," in response to Governor Roosevelt's previous paper. Many folks who are thoroughly well-meaning and genuinely sincere in recommending super-govern-

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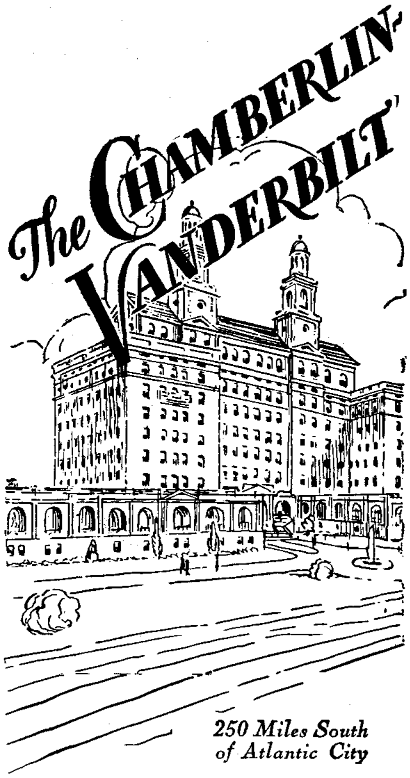

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## Our Rostrum

mental control of public utilities are prone to forget the relatively insignificant individual investor. After all, he is the "bird" who determines whether we shall or shall not have public utilities. If the set-up of any public utility proposition is such that Mr. John J. Investor will not buy the bonds, the proceeds of which are to be used in constructing the public utility, there just isn't going to be any public utility for the government to control.

FRED W. ELLSWORTH
*New Orleans, La.*

### How to Keep Servants

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading Mrs. Roosevelt's article on servants in the January issue and found it very provocative. Human nature being what it is, there will always be some women who cannot keep their servants, just as there are some men who cannot keep efficient stenographers. There are also a great many parents who let their children run the household. A child who defies his mother or father is not blamed half as much as the parents, and anyone who has continual trouble with servants should blame himself. The psychology is the same in all these matters.

GERDA K. WOLCOTT
*Fresno, Calif.*

### American Prose

To the Editor:

Mr. James Stephens in the February FORUM treats American culture with greater generosity and optimism than most foreigners do. And I believe he is wholly right, except where he says, "America has not produced any prose worth talking about." What about Poe, Thoreau, Emerson, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Frank Norris, Dreiser, Cabell, Eugene O'Neill, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, Fannie Hurst, Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Isaac Goldberg, Oswald Garrison Villard, Walter Lippmann, and a number of others? Don't they compare favorably with their contemporary European prose writers?

Most critics of America ignore one vital fact. Our pioneers had a vast wilderness to conquer. They were too busy blazing new trails, carving out homes, and saving their scalps to read the classics — much less to produce them. The ox, the plow, and the gun were needed more than Raphael or Dante or Homer. I think we have done fairly well, considering the difficulties; and judging by our increasing crop of new, first-rate writers, we shall do better to-morrow. Just give us time.

M. B. BUTLER
*Taft, Calif.*

all at sea

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# Our Rostrum

### Official Champions of the Can

To the Editor:

Our attention has been called by a number of your readers to an article by Miss Marcia Clarke which appears in your February issue, entitled "Tinned Food for Tin Gods." While this association takes no exception to advocating the use of fresh foods, it feels justified in making a vigorous protest against the publication of an article like Miss Clarke's, which, appearing in a publication of the high standing of THE FORUM, cannot but have some weight with the reading public.

We know of no evidence, scientific or otherwise, to support Miss Clarke's sweeping charges against canned foods; therefore we do not wish to take her article too seriously. But we want you to know how this association, representing the canning industry all over this country, feels about your publishing an article of this kind.

We are not seeking any publicity as an offset to the harm done by this article to the industry represented by the National Canners Association. I do want you to know, however, that the article is inaccurate and misleading, and that in its publication the entire canning industry and the trade feel that the first principle of business, which is fair play, has been violated.

FRANK E. GORRELL, *Secretary*
*National Canners Association*
*Washington, D. C.*

### Unofficial Ditto

To the Editor:

And so Marcia's taken to writing about the evils of the Royal Order of the Can, has she? More power to her — if she can find a better way of supplying fruits and vegetables in large enough quantities to those whose purse strings and location refuse to stretch to the daily supply of fresh eatables!

THELMA BEALL
*Bowling Green, O.*

To the Editor:

Here's to Ameri-canned goods! Lacking them, we could not have discovered the North Pole. Without them, we could not have won the war. Bereft of them, we would all come out with the scurvy.

A. B. RIPLEY
*Augusta, Me.*

### The United States of Europe

To the Editor:

Among the most interesting articles in THE FORUM are those by Salvador de Madariaga. His information is broad, his sentiment is usually right, and his style is charming. But in his January article he ridicules the idea of a United States of Europe, and I cannot refrain from saying that I have often discussed this question in the course of my travels, and that, almost without exception, I find a general approval of it. Whether my partner in conversation is a banker, a merchant, or an industrialist, a lawyer or a physician, a workman or a clerk, he invariably makes the statement that the United States of Europe must be organized whether they like it or not, if Europe is to survive.

The only discordant note in this whole chorus comes from the big tin horn of the politician.

C. BERTRAND THOMPSON
*Paris, France*

### Too Much Rousseau

To the Editor:

THE FORUM is the most cheerfully intelligent magazine I know. It looks at life with level eyes — and smiles. It is big — and brave — and bright.

Since it is all these things, I am unable to account for the editorial lapse which permitted the publication, in the February number, of the article by Irving Babbitt. The English of this Professor of French Literature reminds me of the story of a certain social climber who was attempting to participate in a round-table discussion of Victor Hugo, which was somewhat over her head. She said cheerfully: "Well, whatever else you may say about Victor Hugo, he certainly wrote good English!"

This Babbitt of language may know all about French, but he certainly knows nothing about English. The only clear, intelligible statement he makes is: "I can scarcely hope, within the limits of an article, to make entirely clear what I mean." Then, as if to prove this to us, he immediately lapses into "obfuscation and obscurantism."

And the professor drags Rousseau in by the heels, because Rousseau is his subject. He is like the puzzled doctor who tried to get the chronic invalid to have a fit, because he was an expert on fits.

SAMUEL A. HARPER
*Chicago, Ill.*

### Christian Science Censorship

To the Editor:

Please accept a humble subscriber's thanks for your attitude concerning Mr. Towne's request that a letter of Judge C. P. Smith of Boston be printed. With all due respect to the late Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Towne, Judge Smith, and those who are in sympathy with their point of view, we who subscribe to your periodical are interested in the views of the editors and reviewers. We are not particularly interested in what others think those views

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should be. This does not apply merely to the subject at issue — as a matter of fact, I am more than sympathetic toward Christian Science — but with equal force to all questions which are subject to divergent views.

M. J. BAKER
*Le Sueur, Minn.*

To the Editor:

As a long-time editor, now retired, I wish to commend your attitude regarding Christian Science press-agenting. I believe the C. S. people are shrewd enough to laugh up their sleeves at the average editor who is afraid he will be a victim of malicious animal magnetism if he treats their copy as he does that from other sources. Bully for you; go to it!

AN EDITOR WHO BALKED
*Santa Ana, Calif.*

To the Editor:

Accept my thanks for your awful boldness in *daring* to talk back to the Eddyites. They will froth at the mouth and swear dire vengeance; but let 'em froth!

SAMUEL RICHARDS GAINES
*Boston, Mass.*

### Catholic Loyalty

To the Editor:

In Our Rostrum for last October the Reverend Boyd Barrett, in response to my article in the September number on Catholic loyalty in America, asks: "How is Dr. Walsh to justify the heresy preached in St. Patrick's to the effect that 'it would be the duty of Catholics' to fight the Pope in order to safeguard their material interests? Dr. Walsh no doubt remembered that a call to arms against the Pope is, in the eyes of the church, a call to arms against God on earth." The Reverend Boyd Barrett's theology has deteriorated, I fear, since he left the Jesuits. That last sentence is surely not what he was taught among them.

What was preached in St. Patrick's was not heresy — far from it; two distinguished theologians, authorities on what constitutes heresy, passed on the expression employed in that sermon and gave permission for its publication as thoroughly in harmony with church teaching. Father Barrett, apparently, has a heresy complex and can find heresy where genuine authorities on the subject fail to do so. But then that is always the way with those who are not quite sure of their own ground and of the boundaries where heresy begins and orthodoxy ends.

In conclusion Father Barrett says that "if our adhesion to Rome in this country had been less sentimental and better founded in reason and scholarship, there would be to-day in America at least double as many Catholics as there are." It is true that there have been losses from the church in this country, but they have been mainly due to the lack of priests and the resultant failure to provide religious services that would hold the immigrants in the faith and confirm the faith of their children. The "thought and spirit of American freedom," instead of exerting a detrimental effect on Catholicity, as Father Barrett suggests, has had just the opposite effect. In no country in the world is attendance at church services more faithful than in America, as our non-Catholic friends who hear us go trooping by on Sunday mornings know so well.

Father Barrett seems to know little of the profound loyalty of Catholic citizens to both state and church. It is always curiously interesting to see how foreigners who have been with us but a short time always know so much more about our people than we do ourselves.

DR. JAMES J. WALSH
*New York City*

### Are Outlines Good or Bad?

*Last month when we published several letters from readers championing Dr. Will Durant's position in his debate with Professor Howard Mumford Jones, we pointed out that not a single letter had been received at that time defending Professor Jones. This is no longer true. Since the last issue went to press, we have been deluged with letters commenting on our January debate, but by actual count they take sides with Dr. Durant in the ratio of eight to one. A great many of those who took the trouble to send us their opinions were professional educators from schools and colleges all over the country, and we were rather surprised to find that all but two of these teachers were thoroughly convinced that the outline books do an immense amount of good. We are recording the fact here for whatever significance it may have.*

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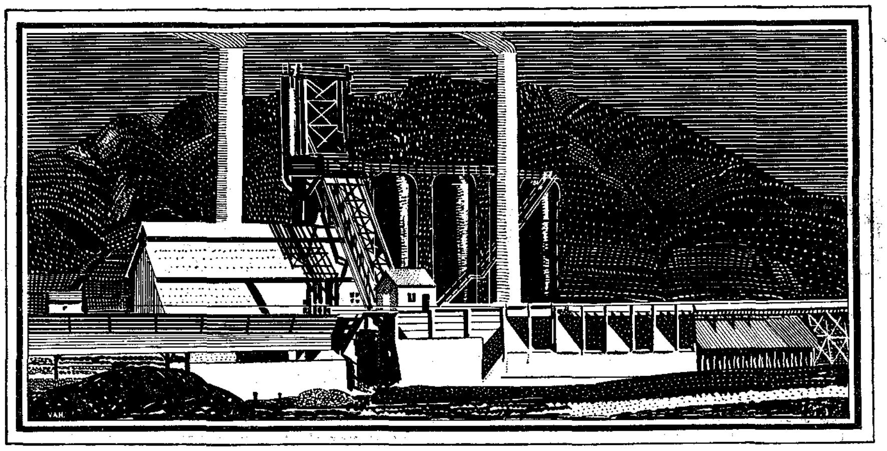

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The FORUM
441 LEXINGTON AVENUE
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# OPPORTUNITIES in Investment Trusts

### by DONALD REA HANSON

In these pages of The Forum last November the writer pointed out, in a discussion of the investment trust movement, that "doubtless it will require an industrial depression or a bear market in securities in this country to determine what the sound principles of investment trust policy are and what the unsound practices are. Until then it will be difficult to separate the sheep from the goats in the list of investment trusts so actively in operation in this country."

Since then the stock market has passed through a major depression and industry has sustained a minor depression. The experience has served to bring out more clearly some of the risks that attend an investment in the securities of an investment trust. It has exposed some of the weak spots in the corporate structure of some trusts and strengthened confidence in the security of others. It has demonstrated to the satisfaction of many expert observers that the tremendous flood of investment trust financing in the first nine months of 1929 was one of the reasons why the collapse in the stock market in the autumn of that year was as severe as it turned out to be. It has demonstrated a few of the weaknesses in the selling arguments used by a number of investment trust promoters, and at the same time brought out more clearly some of the strong points about investment trusts in general.

During the first ten months of 1929 more than $2,000,000,000 worth of new investment trust securities were sold in this country. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the investment trust movement it may be explained here, briefly, that these trusts were organized for the purpose of investing in securities. Subscribers to the stocks of new investment trusts placed their funds at the disposal of managers who reinvested the money in securities, the usual purpose being to secure by the use of large sums of money a much broader diversification of investment than is possible for the investor with a small sum at his disposal. As the securities in the portfolios of the investment trusts rose in value the investment trust shares would appreciate in price, thus increasing the capital of the shareholders. And by investing the trust funds in a large number of different types of securities it was believed that the risk of loss would be minimized, since not all the eggs would be in one basket, as is often the case when the investor goes it alone.

## ONE CAUSE OF THE BREAK

Looking back over the records of the 1929 bull market it seems altogether clear now that the rapid growth of the investment trust movement last year contributed heavily to the remarkable expansion in security prices on the New York Stock Exchange and elsewhere. The aggregate value of all stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange increased from $67,400,000,000 on the first of January to $89,670,000,000 by September 1, a rise of over $22,200,000,000. Apologists for the investment trusts ridicule the idea that the flotation of $2,000,000,000 worth of investment trust securities and the consequent investment of a large share of this money in stocks, could elevate aggregate prices by ten times this amount. But the argument does not carry conviction. It should be understood that it is the floating supply of stock in Wall Street that determines the market value of a given issue. For instance, only about one-fifth of the outstanding stock of the United States Steel Corporation is traded back and forth on the stock exchange in the form of "street certificates." Most of the other four-fifths of the stock is held by investors who are not greatly concerned with the varying market price so long as dividends are paid regularly. But the one-fifth that is traded in Wall Street determines the market value of the other four-fifths and the purchase of $10,000,000 or $20,000,000 worth of Steel common, which often has marked the price of the stock up five or ten points in a day, might expand the market value of the 8,132,000 shares listed by as much as $40,000,000 or $80,000,000.

Just what proportion of all stocks listed

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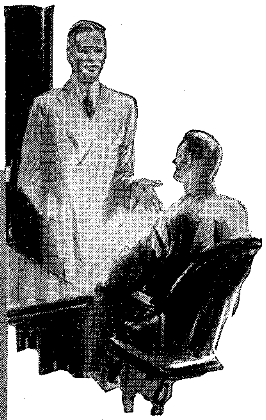

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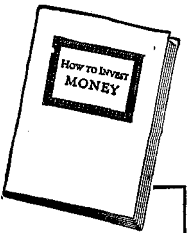

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is in the form of street certificates cannot be determined exactly, but it seems probable that about $10,000,000,000 of the $67,400,000,000 listed on January 1, 1929, was the floating supply of stock. This is based on the knowledge that brokers were borrowing about $6,500,000,000 at that time and on the average the margin requirement was about 35 or 40 per cent. Accordingly the investment of $2,000,000,000 of investment trust money in a floating supply of $10,000,000,000 or less was likely to have a powerful effect on prices, and apparently did. Prices soared to heights that were all out of reason, in many cases. The higher they went the more people wanted stocks and the more money they were forced to borrow to buy them. With the first sign of hesitation in the advance there was a scramble to realize profits. The movement grew to gigantic proportions and the break was on. It seems altogether reasonable to expect that as the various factors leading up to the break stand out more clearly in retrospect, the great activity in flotation of investment trust securities in 1929 will be numbered prominently among them.

### SPECULATIVE MANIA

In the course of the speculative mania which gripped people all over the country, from the backwoods of Maine to California, there was a tendency for the public to lose all sense of proportion so far as values are concerned. Frequently the mere announcement that a well-known banking house would sponsor an investment trust was sufficient to bring a fancy premium for the shares before the engraver could issue the certificates. One trust which sold its stock to the public at $100 a share jumped to $226 a share in about three months. It was highly improbable that the managers of that trust could have realized a profit of $126 a share in their security dealings within the period covered and subsequent events bear this out. It was fairly evident to most thoughtful observers that an investment trust was worth just about what its liquidating value per share amounted to, plus possibly a five or ten per cent premium where excellent management was assured. But in speculative circles the theory was that a stock was worth what one could get for it. Values did not count. And the records now show some exceedingly sharp disparities between values and prices during the boom. The result was a painful deflation process later.

Now the investment trust situation has changed radically. Last year the public was paying a price in excess of the net worth per share for investment trust stocks, defending its position on the ground that it was paying a premium for

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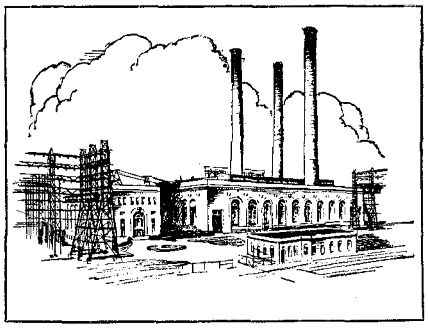

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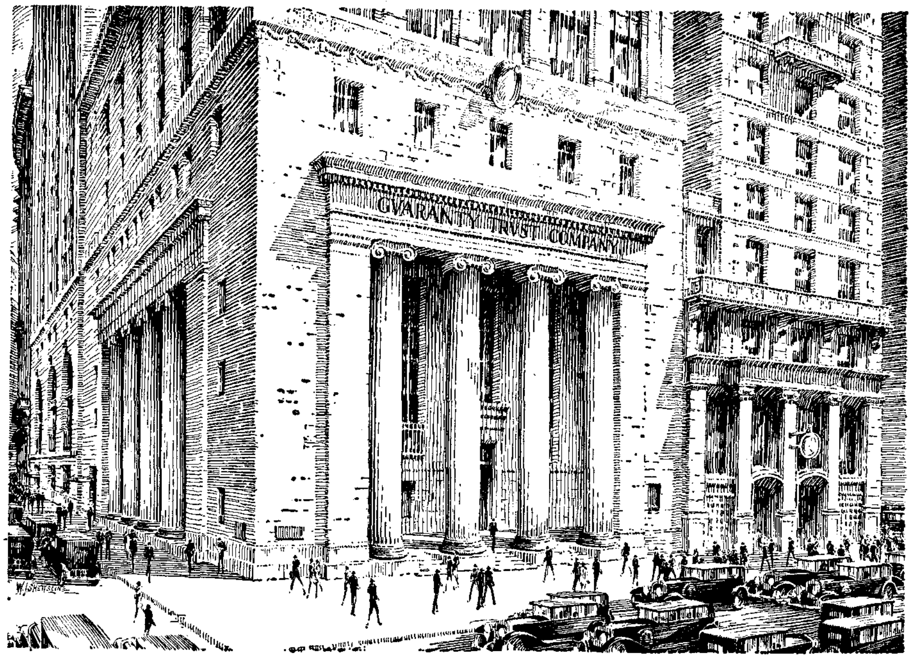

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expert management. As this is written a large number, if not the majority, of trust stocks are selling at a discount from the net worth of the shares. We may be pardoned for surmising that the public is now discounting the factor of management, realizing that investment trust managers are only human, and accordingly not immune to error. The facts bear this out. Out of twelve investment trust annual reports, taken at random, only two were able to show a market value on December 31, 1929, in excess of the actual cost of securities carried in their portfolios.

### TRUSTS AS INVESTMENTS

EXAMINATION of the relation between the market price of the trust shares on December 31 and the actual liquidating value of those shares on that date revealed that the stocks of these twelve trusts were selling at an average price equal to about 78 per cent of their net worth. The average price in the open market on December 31 was $32 per share, as against a net worth, based on the market value of securities owned by the trusts on the same day, of $41 a share. Under such circumstances an investment trust share has exceedingly attractive investment possibilities.

Let us take one or two cases as an illustration. One of the larger trusts reported that on December 31 its book value, based on securities owned, was $91 a share. The stock was selling at approximately $75 a share at that time. But this trust held the equivalent of $14 a share in cash and about $19 a share in United States Government bonds, making about $33 per share in cash, or as good as cash. If one bought the stock at $75 a share he could figure that $33 of that was cash and the remainder an investment in securities at the rate then current in the market. On this basis he was buying an interest in $58 worth of securities for about $42. Even at the low prices in November it is unlikely that the securities owned by the trust were worth only $42 a share and on the basis of the subsequent rise they were doubtless worth considerably more than $58 a share.

In another case, one of the older trusts, in fact one organized in 1893, the stock was selling for $23 a share on December 31 and at the same time it had a liquidating value of $29.85, of which about $2 a share was cash or government bonds. In this case the purchaser at 23 was getting an interest in a widely diversified list of stocks at a price about 75 per cent under the market at that time.

In each of these cases the situation was far more advantageous for the investor than it was a few months previous. At that time the stock of the first of these trusts was selling at $136 and the second at about $40. The buyer in this instance was paying a premium of about 45 points for one and 11 points for the other. Considering that the stock market in the meantime has undergone a thoroughgoing deflation, it requires no argument to prove that what at one time was the riskiest sort of a speculation has become of real investment merit.

### TRUSTS HAVE MADE GOOD

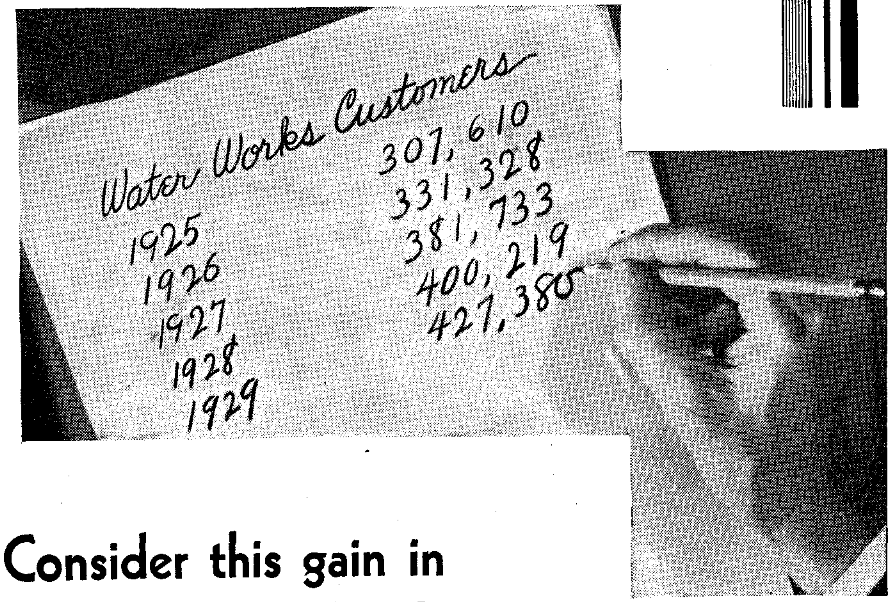
LAST YEAR'S terrific liquidation in the stock market certainly cleared the atmosphere considerably, as far as investment trusts were concerned. In one or two cases receivers were appointed for trusts, but the failures were the result more of gross mismanagement, if not fraud, than because the investment trust theory was unsound. As a matter of fact the way the majority of trusts weathered the storm is a strong argument in favor of this type of common stock investment.

The most notable error was in the time selected for the organization of many investment trusts. A trust organized at the very peak of a bull market is almost certain to lose money for the time being. In one instance a trust was organized in the first week of October, a month after the storm clouds had begun to gather and less than three weeks before the storm broke. In another instance the organizers of the trust made the mistake of issuing bonds, one of the provisions being that if the market value of the securities in the trust dropped below a certain percentage ratio to the bonds outstanding, the bonds could be called. This happened and the trustees under the indenture called the bonds on one of the worst days of the break. Liquidation of the trust's holdings was forced at the bottom of the market. If they could have held on a few more days they doubtless would have come through all right.

On the whole, investment trusts have justified themselves. They have passed through the acid test of a panic. They have yet to pass the acid test of a widespread industrial depression, of the sort that was experienced in 1893, 1908, 1914, or 1921. But as far as can be seen now an industrial depression of this blighting character is not imminent and the longer it is deferred the stronger the position of most of the existing investment trusts will be when they have to face it.

If we have learned anything with respect to investment trusts for common stock investment in the past year, however, it is to lay greater stress upon the relation between the liquidating value per share and the price to be paid for the stock. Those who pay a fancy premium above the book value are assuming a risk that should not be assumed. Those who purchase investment trust stocks at a material discount from their net worth per share are likely to have a very good investment.

**How to Figure** the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



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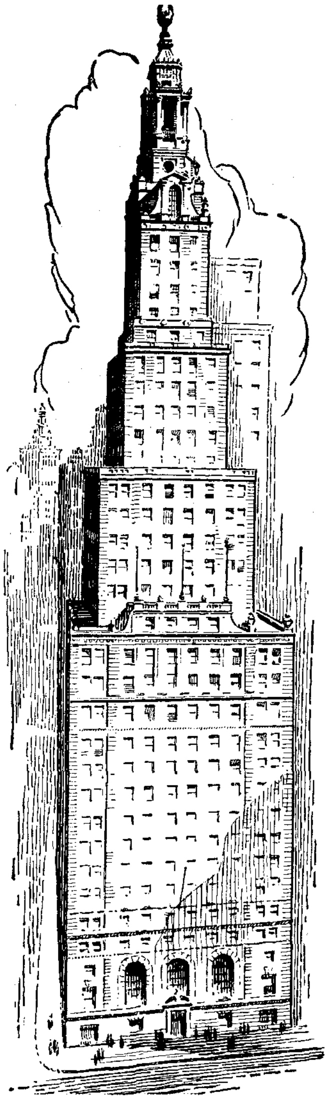

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## Investment Literature

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A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

CLASS A STOCK. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWELVE TESTS FOR INVESTMENT. A booklet particularly valuable for the inexperienced investor. It lists twelve questions which should be satisfactorily answered before purchasing any security, with the reason for each test carefully explained. It also contains a discussion of the relative merits of stocks and bonds from an investment point of view. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

*Continued on next page*

## *Investment Literature*

Choosing Your Investment House. A worth-while booklet designed to assist investors in making perhaps the most important decision in their investment matters — the selection of the bond house by whose recommendations they are to be guided. Halsey, Stuart & Company, 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

The John Hancock Home Budget. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

Reasons Why. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

Profit Sharing Securities. A booklet listing the outstanding convertible securities which give the investor the protection of senior securities combined with the profit sharing opportunities of common stock. Copy upon request. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall Street, New York City.

23 Years of Success. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Copy upon request. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Life Insurance as an Investment. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Knack of Corralling Dollars. An instructive booklet pointing the way to financial independence through accumulation of guaranteed Prudence Bonds. Monthly payment plan with 5½% interest on investor's payments. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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# WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

*The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.*

## I

Power, as it relates to heating and lighting, is a necessary factor in everyday life. The question of its distribution and control should be of equal interest to the consumer. An allied subject and one which is nation-wide in its effects is the merger movement. To merge or not to merge has been the question in small town as well as city industrial organizations. The following suggestions for two papers contain material interesting and authoritative, but not too technical.

A. Power and the People

Edison and the Investor — *Review of Reviews*, July 1929

The Real Meaning of the Power Problem — Franklin D. Roosevelt — Forum, December 1929

The Real Power Problem — Martin J. Insull — Forum, February 1930

Super-Power; a Solution — W. Charles Poletti — Forum, April 1930

The Crises in Electric Power — *New Republic*, July 24, 1929

Several articles in *The Nation*, September 18, 1929

B. The Merger Movement

Types of Mergers — William V. C. Ruxton — *World's Work*, November 1929

The Merger Movement — Albert W. Atwood — *Saturday Evening Post*, August 17, 1929

What of Monopoly? — Albert W. Atwood — *Saturday Evening Post*, October 26, 1929

Mergers of 1928 — Thomas H. Gammack — *World's Work*, January 1929

How Big is Too Big? — S. Crowther — *Saturday Evening Post*, July 13, 1929

## II

"Just now," says Paul Valéry, "poetry is a fashionable subject." It may be fashionable — but to many, modern poetry is unintelligible. The two papers and the book review suggested below are designed to help clarify this subject.

A. Poetry in the Last Decade

American Poetry Since 1920 — Allen Tate — *Bookman*, January 1929

The Cult of Unintelligibility — Max Eastman — *Harper's*, April 1929

The Tendency Toward Pure Poetry — Max Eastman — *Harper's*, July 1929

Ineffable Snark — H. M. Kallen — *Saturday Review of Literature*, August 31, 1929

B. What of Poetry?

Definitions — Forum, August 1928

Poetry — Paul Valéry — Forum, April 1929

The Sage in Meditation — Elinor Wylie — *Saturday Review of Literature*, January 19, 1929

C. Review of "Creative Power," by Hughes Mearns — *Doubleday, Doran*, $3.50

## III

Are you going abroad this summer? That is a question rising now in innumerable families throughout the country. Last year nearly five hundred thousand Americans went abroad. Why? Read Thomas Craven's article in this issue and see if you agree with him.

A. America Goes to Europe

New Innocents Abroad — Thomas Craven — Forum, April 19, 1930

America Sees the World — *New Republic*, January 23, 1929

B. Review of "On Board," by Isaac Marcosson — *Saturday Evening Post*, March 9, 1929

C. Review of "En Route," by Isaac Marcosson — *Saturday Evening Post*, April 20, 1929

D. Recent Books on European Travel

Cathedrals of France — Helen Henderson — *Houghton, Mifflin*, $3.00

Where It All Comes True — Clara E. Laughlin — *Houghton, Mifflin*, $2.50

Little Known England — H. D. Eberlein — *Lippincott*, $5.00

Ireland: the Rock Whence I Was Hewn — Donn Byrne — *Little, Brown*, $2.50

## IV

Among theatre ventures of the last decade two have acquired prominence. One other has been interesting for its unexpected — if brief — popularity. The Civic Repertory Theatre and The Theatre Guild are worth serious consideration. Christopher Morley's Hoboken venture is entertaining. Programs for more detailed study of the first two organizations can be had upon application to the Bureau.

A. Personality and the Repertory Theatre

Youth at the Top — J. H. Preston — *World's Work*, March 1929

A Rebel from Broadway — R. C. Feld — *North American Review*, February 1930

The Lady from Alfaqueque — *Commonweal*, January 30, 1929

Chekhov's World: The Sea Gull — *Nation*, October 2, 1929

Broadway to Date: The Sea Gull — *Arts and Decoration*, November 1929

Tolstoy Revived: The Living Corpse — *Nation*, December 25, 1929

B. The Theatre Guild

The Theatre Guild — Walter Prichard Eaton — *Brentano's*, $4.00

Caprice — *Outlook*, January 16, 1929; *New Republic*, January 23, 1929

Wings Over Europe — *Literary Digest*, December 29, 1928; *Review of Reviews*, February 1929

Dynamo — *Bookman*, April 1929; *American Mercury*, January and March 1929; *Outlook*, February 27, 1929

Karl and Anna — *Nation*, October 30, 1929

The Game of Love and Death — *New Republic*, December 11, 1929; *Commonweal*, December 11, 1929

Meteor — *New Republic*, January 22, 1930; *Nation*, January 15, 1930; *Outlook*, January 8, 1930

C. The Last Seacoast of Bohemia

Hoboken Nights — Christopher Morley — *Saturday Evening Post*, July 13, 1929

Apologia Pro Sua Preoccupatione — *Saturday Review of Literature*, January 18, 1930

Drama in the Last Seacoast of Bohemia — H. H. Lee — *Drama*, February 1929

The Old Rialto — *New Republic*, March 13, 1929

The Black Crook — *Nation*, April 10, 1929; *Commonweal*, March 27, 1929

After Dark — *Nation*, January 9, 1929

Review of "Seacoast of Bohemia" — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Doran*, $1.50

## Forum Definitions

### What is Modern?

The definitions submitted this month have brought out clearly the fact that the word *modern* has many meanings. To the historian it refers to time. To the painter and the poet it means an attitude and technique. To the builder it means plumbing. With so many meanings, dependent upon the whim of the user, there is some question as to whether *modern* really means anything any more.

Even when we narrow it down to one meaning, it is still a slippery word. Consider it from the historian's point of view. When we use *modern* in the sense of time, its meaning is dependent upon the position in time of the man who uses it. Historians still quarrel about the beginning of "modern times." When they begin to speak of Leonardo as the first modern man, or of the Renaissance as the beginning of the modern age, they are bringing in a new concept, however, which is not one of time. They refer then to the intellectual attitude and scientific advancement which they believe characteristic of the present day.

In entering the contest, Upton Sinclair disposed of the word in his usual acid manner: "Modern is the word used by the self-satisfied people of to-day to ridicule the self-satisfied people of yesterday."

The following definitions have been awarded prizes.

1. Modern is a word used by any age to describe the products and the practices of that age, especially when they are sharply and favorably distinguished from those of earlier origin and vogue. (*Howard E. Fuller, Loxley, Ala.*)

2. Modern is anything of, pertaining to, and in spirit with contemporary civilization. (*Ruth M. Zieke, New Hampton, Iowa.*)

3. Modern is anything that bears the stamp of contemporary life or the most recent past, and which portrays some special features that are more or less characteristic of the time we are living in. (*Assen Nicoloff, Evanston, Ill.*)

4. That is modern which emanates from a mind in sympathy with the spirit of its own times, and which clearly mirrors and understandably interprets those times to the contemporary world. Such a mind may live in any age and work in any medium. Its product may be a thing or an idea; a phrase in music or a skyscraper; a motor car or a musical concept. (*Ralph Richmond, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

Next: — *What is* REALITY? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by April 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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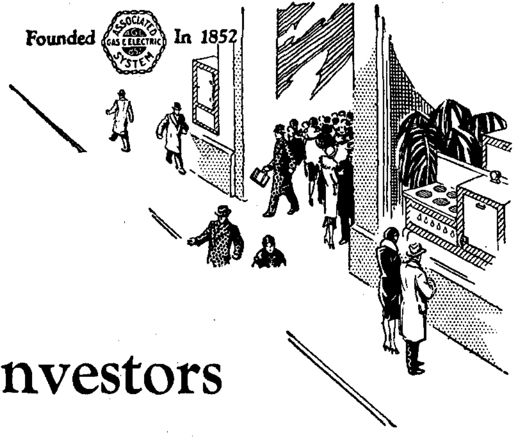

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# TOASTS

After having been associated for some years with Dr. Sigmund Freud and his school of psychology in Vienna, in 1911 Dr. Carl Jung broke away and started his own school in Zurich. Here he has carried on the work in mental and nervous diseases which has placed him among the three most eminent men in that field. Among the main points in Dr. Jung's system — which he prefers to call analytical psychology, rather than psycho-analysis — are his classification of men as introverted and extroverted types; his distinction of the four primary functions of mind as thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuition; and his emphasis on the creative impulse in man.

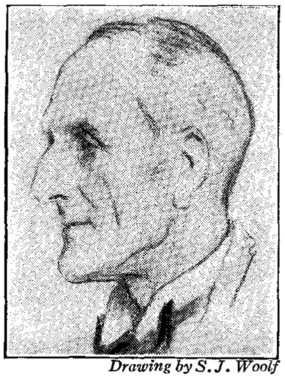
After several months in Southern France — where she went to escape the New York climate — Lillian Symes is eagerly awaiting Spring and her return to New York. Miss Symes hails from San Francisco, where she has spent most of her life in newspaper work, editorial work, publicity, and industrial research. The last piece of such research nearly put an end to her career, for it resulted in a serious illness. However, hard as it was on Miss Symes, it brought about the cleaning-up of an entire industry and increased wages for thousands of factory girls.

Herschel Brickell came to New York from the South ten years ago, having served various newspapers in that section in every capacity from cub reporter to editor. For several years he was on the city staff of the New York *Evening Post*, and later took over its book column. As "H. B." he wrote six columns a week for two years — and then one day a great weariness of New York came over him and he sailed for Spain, where he remained as long as possible. He returns to Spain at every opportunity. At present Mr. Brickell is editor of the general publishing department of Henry Holt and Co. Books — old, middle-aged, or new — architecture, travel, and the Old South — or any period in the South before Fords replaced good saddle horses — are Mr. Brickell's hobbies.

As recently as last January, the old rumor of the escape of Mata Hari was revived by the Paris *Liberté*. It called attention to the fact that a mysterious woman recently picked up on the shore of a seaside resort bore features strikingly like those of Mata Hari. Although the woman insisted that she had fallen from an English ship, many people in France appear to believe that she is indeed the famous spy. But this last installment of Major Coulson's story tells what really happened to Mata Hari.

Sir Arthur Keith, Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is one of the foremost authorities on anthropology and evolution. As President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science — one of the most famous societies of learning in the world — Sir Arthur delivered an address declaring that Darwin's position was so strong that it could never be shaken. Sir Arthur is an insatiable student and confesses that he is miserable when kept out of his laboratory or study. One other habit he admits: "I am a slave to cigarettes and yet I would count it a disaster if any wizard were to heal me."

From mathematics to journalism may seem a somewhat long leap, but Fabian Franklin, former professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, took this step, feeling that the standards of accurate thinking necessary to a mathematician are equally necessary to a journalist. After some years in Baltimore, Mr. Franklin became associate editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a position which he resigned in 1917 owing to a sharp disagreement with the *Post's* semi-pacific attitude in the crisis preceding our entry into the war. Since then Mr. Franklin has written for newspapers and magazines and has lectured on economics.


*Drawing by S. J. Woolf*

Sir Arthur Keith

During twenty-seven of his fifty-two years, psychiatry has been the profession of Dr. G. V. Hamilton, and yet he has never devoted as much as four consecutive years to his practice. This is because research is his hobby and his greatest delight. Among other things, he has been Assistant Superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane, at Warren, Pa.; an aviator during the war; Director of Research of the Division of Psychological Research, Bureau of Social Hygiene, of New York. He is now psychoanalyzing patients in Santa Barbara. Dr. Hamilton's research has dealt with monkeys, orphans, children from private families, rats, cats, dogs, gophers, horses, Ohio natives, and married people.

When we asked William Faulkner to give an account of himself, he did it thus: "Born male and single at early age in Mississippi. Quit school after five years in seventh grade. Got job in Grandfather's bank and learned medicinal value of his liquor. Grandfather thought janitor did it. Hard on janitor. War came. Liked British uniform. Got commission R. F. C., pilot. Crashed. Cost British gov't £2000. Was still pilot. Crashed. Cost British gov't £2000. Quit. Cost British gov't $84.30. King said, 'Well done.' Returned to Mississippi. Family got job: postmaster. Resigned by mutual agreement on part of two inspectors; accused of throwing all incoming mail into garbage can. How disposed of outgoing mail never proved. Inspectors foiled. Had $700. Went to Europe. Met man named Sherwood Anderson. Said, 'Why not write novels? Maybe won't have to work.' Did. *Soldiers Pay*. Did. *Mosquitoes*. Did. *Sound and Fury*. Did. *Sanctuary*, out next year. Now flying again. Age 32. Own and operate own typewriter."

At his home on Long Island, Thomas Craven is confining his present activities to a book on painting which will deal with the development of the art from Giotto to the Modernists. Rather than a history, it is a dramatic account of the humanities and the spiritual side of man as revealed in the work of great artists.

As the "Dean of American Journalism" and the "Sage of Potato Hill," Edgar Watson Howe, former Editor of *The Atchison Globe*, is known to thousands of readers. Ever since he was twelve years old Ed Howe has been associated with a newspaper, in every capacity from typesetter to editor. Some years ago Mr. Howe sold *The Globe* to his son, and since that time has been spending his summers in Kansas and his winters in Florida. At the inauguration of Hamilton Holt as president of Rollins College, some years ago, Mr. Howe and the Editor of The Forum were fellow recipients of an honorary doctor's degree.

Starting to work when he was twelve, W. Charles Poletti has been store clerk, truckman, farmer, and salesman — and was graduated from Harvard with a *summa cum laude* in political economy. He was awarded the Eleanora Duse scholarship and studied Roman and international law in Italy. Now, after having taken a degree from the Harvard Law School, Mr. Poletti is connected with a New York law firm.